

NOVEMBER

WOULD THE ELECTION OF HUGHES MEAN WAR?

CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

**HAS WILSON FIXED A NEW POLICY IN
PROTECTION OF AMERICAN RIGHTS?**

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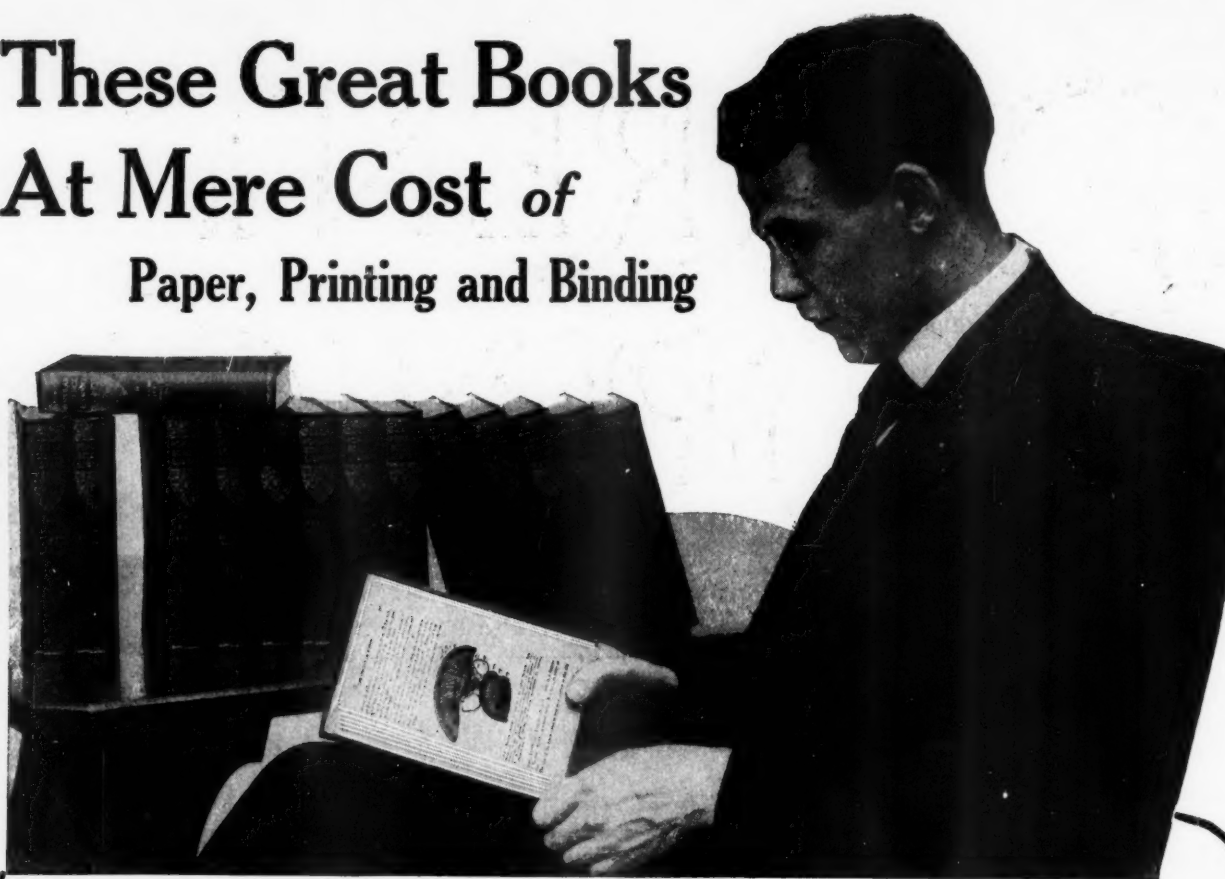
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OF OUR SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE**

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CURRENT OPINION

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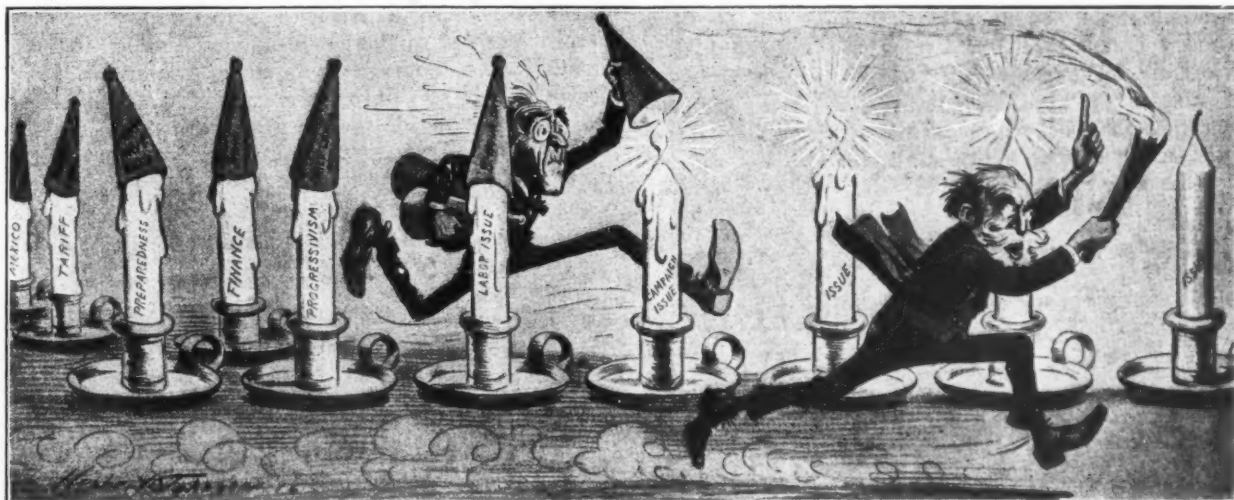
ROBERT A. PARKER

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

NO two presidential campaigns are of the same character. Usually a campaign comes toward the close to revolve around some one dominant issue. The present campaign has failed to do this. It has continued to spread over many issues. The distinguishing characteristic of the campaign may be said to be the emphasis that has been laid upon our foreign relations. Our treatment of Mexico, the case of the *Lusitania*, naval and military preparedness, our diplomatic appointments, the attitude of the German-Americans, have all been stressed in the assaults upon the administration or in the counter-attacks. The Adamson "eight-hour law" and the tariff are the only two domestic

issues that have held their place in the same rank with the foreign issues, and even the tariff has been discussed almost entirely in its relations to the European war and the industrial effects likely to follow it. The Democratic campaign, on its offensive side at least, has been less scattering than that of the Republicans. It has largely centered around the claim that Wilson has kept us out of the war and that the election of Hughes is likely to plunge us into war. The Republicans have countered on this with the claim that it is not a question between peace and war but between peace with honor and peace without honor. If there can be said to be a "dominant issue" this is it.



THE CAMPAIGN OF 1916

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

General Apathy Takes Charge In the Middle West.

RESULTS of the campaign up to the middle of last month were not, so to speak, hysterically exciting. Writing from Chicago on October 5th, David Lawrence, special correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, which has been neutral in this campaign, says that the one absolute fact about the campaign is that the people



REVIEWING THE TROOPS

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*

of the middle West are *not* interested in politics, "unless it is the wet and dry fights of their cities and States or the issues of clean government as opposed to graft and corruption." The N. Y. *Telegraph*, which leans toward Tammany, said about the same time: "In spite of all the efforts of the Democratic leaders to prove that there is a 'wave' of enthusiasm for Mr. Wilson, the crowds refuse to foregather and when his picture appears on the screen the response is weak. In spite of the Republican graveyard whistle, which magnifies every Hughes gathering in the West and middle West, calling it a demonstration, there is no spontaneity in his welcome." William Allen White, the Progressive leader, speaking of the campaign in Kansas, says in his *Emporia Gazette* that it has been a "compromise between a memorial service and directors' meeting." Even Roosevelt, we are told, did not stir things up much:

"Into this funeral situation, like a hook-and-ladder wagon into a cemetery, butts the Colonel with his rip-snorting hell-

fire and damnation speech. And does that get anywhere? Nope. A few old penguins on the tombstones flip their atrophied wings and squawk—some in rage, some in approval—and the churchyard is quiet again."

The Campaign Gets Into a Political Snarl.

SINCE then the campaign has livened up considerably, especially in the middle West, which has been recognized as the main battleground. But it is still rather a mixed affair. In Ohio, for instance, there has been Republican embarrassment ever since Mr. Hughes took up the Adamson law as an issue. Only one Republican Congressman from Ohio—Fess—voted against the law and six voted for it. The others and the one Republican Senator—Harding—were absent on roll-call. All the Congressmen who voted for the law are candidates for reelection and they do not like to hear that issue played with the loud pedal down. In California there is also confusion. Governor Hiram Johnson, in his campaign for U. S. Senator, on the Republican ticket, supports the national ticket; but eleven of his appointed commissioners are out for Wilson for President and Johnson for Senator, the three largest "Johnson dailies" in the state—the *Bee* and *Union* of Sacramento and the *Bulletin* of San Francisco—are supporting the same combination and the labor unions in northern California are generally declaring for Wilson as well as Johnson. In Wisconsin the situation is still more mixed. Three men running for the legislature on the regular Republican ticket are openly supporting Wilson for President, several Republican county committees are said to be quietly doing the same thing, and Senator La Follette, running for reelection on the Republican ticket, voted for the Underwood tariff and for the Adamson "eight-hour law," and expressed on the floor of the Senate his general accord with President Wilson's Mexican policy. He is not mentioning either Hughes or Wilson in his campaign, but he does not hesitate to appeal to the voters on his own record on all these subjects. In the state of Washington the Democratic candidate for Senator—Turner—takes the Republican position on the tariff, while the Republican candidate—Poindexter—supported the Underwood tariff. These queer situations are chiefly the result of an incomplete fusing of the Republicans and Progressives. For the most part, however, the general outlines of the campaign remain as we described it three months ago. Both the old parties are united to a degree seldom seen in recent years and the main question that will decide the election is whether this is a Republican or Democratic country this year on general principles.

The presidential campaign is about to settle down to a test of unpopularity.—Jacksonville *Times-Union*.

WILL THE ELECTION OF HUGHES PLUNGE US INTO WAR?

ALL through our Presidential campaign the rumbling of big guns in the north of France, the roar of torpedoes in the North Sea and the crack of rifles in Mexico have been reverberating. It has been evident almost from the first that the most effective claim made for the Wilson administration is that he has kept us

out of war. To that has been added another similar claim, namely, that the election of Hughes would mean the plunging of this country into war, either with Mexico or Germany or both. On the other hand, the center of the Republican attack upon the Wilson administration is that he has sacrificed the rights of

Americans upon the high seas and in Mexico and by a policy of timidity and hesitation invited aggressions that, if continued, must lead to war. Here is the way in which Mr. Wilson launched the attack upon Mr. Hughes, asserting that the "certain prospect," in the event of Republican victory, is war. In a speech on September 30th he said:

"Unfortunately, however, one thing has become reasonably clear, my fellow-citizens, and it is a very serious thing indeed. One thing has become evident, not because it was explicitly stated, for nothing has been explicitly stated, but because it is unmistakably implicit in almost everything that has been said. Am I not right that we must draw the conclusion that if the Republican party is put into power at the next election our foreign policy will be radically changed? I cannot draw any other inference. All our present foreign policy is wrong, they say, and if it is wrong and they are men of conscience, they must change it. And if they are going to change it, in what direction are they going to change it?"

"There is only one choice as against peace and that is war. Some of the supporters of that party, a very great body of the supporters of that party, outspokenly declare that they want war, so that the certain prospect of the success of the Republican party is that we shall be drawn in one form or other into the embroilments of the European war, and that to the south of us the force of the United States will be used to produce in Mexico the kind of law and order which some American investors in Mexico consider most to their advantage."

Mr. Wilson continued the same line of attack in a speech two weeks later:

"The vocal part [of the Republican party] says, 'We wanted war.' The silent part intimates that we wanted peace, but wanted another kind of peace. They never can get over that fundamental uneasiness, gentlemen, that America is in charge of somebody else than themselves. But America knows that the things that were done did obtain peace, and it does not know that the things that might have been done would have obtained peace, so that America knows that it is faced with this choice: Peace, the continuance of the development of business along the lines which it has now established and developed and the maintenance of well-known progressive lines of action, on the one hand; or, on the other, a disturbance of policy all along the line—new conditions, new adjustments, undefined alterations of policy, and back of it all invisible government. . . . At this present moment it is almost impossible to do anything positive in the field of foreign affairs, because foreign nations have been led to suppose that there may be a change in our foreign policy. Foreign nations have been led to believe that a dominant element in the Republican party is in favor of drawing the United States into the European war, and they have been told, with abundant evidence, that it is probable that, if the Republicans succeed, we shall enter upon a policy of exploitation of our neighbors in Mexico."

"The Defeat of Wilson Means War With Germany."

THE foremost champion of the administration, so far as the press is concerned, is the N. Y. *World*. It lost no time in emphasizing this issue. In an editorial entitled, "War With Hughes or Peace With Wilson?" it began as follows:

"Should the American people repudiate President Wilson at the polls next month, they may take it for granted that the German Government will repudiate its submarine pledges to the President.

"A resumption of ruthless submarine warfare on the part of Germany means a severance of diplomatic relations, and a severance of those relations will in all probability result in war.

"There is no escape from the logic of the situation.

"Do the American people want peace with Wilson, or war with Hughes? They must decide that question for themselves November 7."



YET HE WANTS FOUR YEARS MORE OF IT!

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

The *World* goes on to say that the von Tirpitz policy already has a majority in the Reichstag and quotes its own staff correspondent, who writes: "The defeat of President Wilson on November 7 would be greeted in the German Empire as a gigantic German victory, and I was told by Cabinet members and business men, soldiers and professors, that flags would be hung out of every window in honor of the occasion." This rejoicing in Germany, the editor goes on to say, will be due to "the belief that Germany has much to expect from Mr. Hughes," and therefore will dare to resume its submarine warfare immediately after election if Hughes is elected. The argument at this point is not quite clear, but it seems to be that war will come not because Mr. Hughes is really a friend of Germany but because Germany thinks he is and will proceed on that assumption at once. It makes no difference, the *World* holds, what the attitude of Mr. Hughes really is:

"The American people cannot play fast and loose with the greatest crisis of modern civilization without inviting war. If war is what they want, well and good; but if they invite it they do it with their eyes open to the full consequences of their action. President Wilson has proved that he can keep the United States out of war. Mr. Hughes has proved nothing.

"To defeat President Wilson is practically to leave the United States without a Government, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, from November 7 to March 4, a period of nearly four months. No man knows what may happen in that time. . . . The American people can change

Presidents in the midst of this great conflict only at their own peril. Every citizen who votes for Mr. Hughes is pushing the United States toward war, whatever he thinks or whatever Mr. Hughes thinks. That is the inevitable

of how not to keep the peace. He quoted the following as the "exact language" in which John Lind was instructed to convey to a representative of a foreign power in Mexico the President's intention: "Huerta will be



BERLIN'S CANDIDATE

—Kirby in N. Y. World

result of a Hughes candidacy whose only hope of success lies in the political power of the German vote."

"Did You Ever Hear a More Preposterous Proposition?"

SO far from being likely to involve this country in war, says Mr. Hughes in rejoinder, a firm policy in behalf of American rights is the surest way to avoid war. In a speech in Lincoln, Neb., October 14th, he referred in the following words to charges made by Vice-President Marshall that a vote for Hughes is a vote for war:

"Did you ever hear a more preposterous proposition to present to men? Our friends on the other side seem to think that everybody who disagrees with them wants war. Well, that would be a very cheerful way for a blind man to consider the situation. Who wants war? I don't want war. Nobody who knows anything of the wastes and horrors of the struggle of arms wants war.

"I am a man of peace. I have been spending my life in maintaining peace. I desire to promote international peace. I do not desire war. I do not desire petty wars. I do not desire war in Mexico to satisfy a personal vindictiveness against a disliked ruler. I believe in correct policies. They will keep us out of war. The sort of thing we have been having will not keep us out of war. It will embroil us in difficulty. It did embroil us in difficulty in Mexico. . . .

"All we need is to secure our just rights and not to be misunderstood when we state them. That is the path of disaster that invites insult, that brings trouble, and sooner or later, with that edging up and edging up to see how much we will stand, the last step will have been taken and we will be embroiled. It is better to have it understood at the beginning, and then we will have peace and honor."

Later on in the campaign Mr. Hughes, at Baltimore, pointed to our treatment of Mexico as an object lesson



AMERICAN DEAD: "YOU DIDN'T KEEP US OUT OF WAR!"

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

put out, if he does not get out. It is the preference of the President that it be accomplished by domestic means, if possible, but, if it cannot be done by domestic means, other means adequate for the purpose will be resorted to." Commenting on this, Mr. Hughes went on to say:

"What does that mean? Talk about a peaceful policy in Mexico? Is not that a direct threat of war? Is it not a threat of war which the Executive had no right under international law to make? Is it not a threat of war which had no foundation in any sound diplomacy? And then shortly after the armed forces of the United States went to Vera Cruz and engaged in battle, invaded soil, slew several hundred Mexicans and a score of our own men fell. What do you call that—a peaceful policy or a policy of war? . . .

"Here was intervention by force of arms, but not for the protection of American citizens; not for the protection of American lives and property, but in a manner which made it impossible to protect American lives and property by evoking the hatred and contempt of Mexicans. It was simple to get rid of a man that was not liked, while our citizens were left to be murdered and their property destroyed."

Disastrous Results of the "Safety First" Policy.

SENATOR LODGE, the ranking Republican in the Senate committee on foreign affairs, resents in the following words the charge made by the President that the Republican party means to engage the country in war:

"This statement comes from a man who is responsible for acts of war in Mexico, and who, by his vacillation and hesitation, has brought the country on several occasions nearer to war than ever would be done by the Republican

party, because the Republican party would be strong and determined and would uphold a policy which would insure national defence and command the respect of other nations. The Republican party, of course, has no such purpose as

"The course of events has amply demonstrated what well-informed diplomats knew all along, that Germany did not want war with the United States. But the action of the United States in Mexico—particularly the seizure of Vera



IN PLACE OF THE ERMINE

—Kirby in N. Y. World

that charged by the President. The Republican party means to keep the peace, but it does not mean to keep it by humiliation and the cowardly abandonment of American rights."

The Kansas City Times (Rep.) insists that President Wilson's policy of "safety first" in Mexico has been responsible not only for the prolonged trouble in Mexico but for our troubles with Germany as well and for the "surrender" to the railroad men. It says:

T. R. and Taft have shaken hands, but they are still occupying twin beds.—Detroit Free Press.



U. S.: "MR. PRESIDENT, IT'S A MIRACLE HOW THESE PEOPLE KEEP OUT OF WAR WITHOUT YOU!"

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

Cruz and the subsequent withdrawal when the situation looked bad—must have convinced the German government that it was dealing with an administration that would go to any length to avoid war. The sinking of the *Lusitania*, followed at once by the 'Too proud to fight' speech of the President at Philadelphia, must have confirmed the theory.

"For over a year the submarine campaign continued in the face of American protests and twenty-three hundred noncombatants were killed."

During a campaign, both sides can tickle themselves with straw votes.—Des Moines Register.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS ABROAD UNDER THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION

TO two policies, according to ex-President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, the country has been thoroly committed by the Wilson administration. One of these is, no war with Mexico; the other is, "no intervention by force of arms to protect on foreign soil American commercial and manufacturing adventurers who of their own free will have invested their money, or risked their lives, in foreign parts under alien jurisdiction." This statement, tho made as part of a long and careful defense of the administration (in the *Atlantic Monthly*), has been seized upon by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Roosevelt and others of the Republican speakers as justification for their indictment of the President's foreign policy. Dr. Eliot says that while the policy of non-intervention has not been maintained with entire consistency, yet the administration "has gone far to establish non-intervention by force of arms for the protection of miners and

commercial adventurers in foreign parts as the American policy." He adds: "America has now turned its back on the familiar policy of Rome and Great Britain of protecting or avenging their wandering citizens by force of arms, and has set up a quite different policy of her own." Neither Mr. Wilson nor any other prominent Democratic leader, so far as we have noticed, has endorsed this forthright statement of policy. It seems to be in direct contradiction of the National Democratic platform of four years ago, which said: "The constitutional rights of American citizens should protect them on our borders and go with them throughout the world, and every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the American government, both for himself and his property." Dr. Eliot's claim that this traditional view of government

has been abandoned in the last four years, not by any act of Congress nor by any resolution of a party convention, but by the acts of the administration in the very teeth of its party's pledges, is hailed by the Republicans as an admission of the truth of what they consider their most serious charge.

**Mr. Root Tells When a
Nation Begins To Die.**

ALREADY, before the publication of Dr. Eliot's article, Ex-Senator Root had made this charge the burden of an eloquent peroration:

"When Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan permitted their Mexican policy to be controlled by an enthusiasm, however generous, for the political fortunes of the Indians of Mexico and interfered in the internal affairs of that country for the purpose, as Mr. Wilson himself has told us, of giving the 80 per cent. a 'look in' in the government of that country, and turned a deaf ear to the 40,000 American citizens who were appealing in peril and distress for protection, they somehow failed not merely in judgment, not merely through being misinformed and deceived as to the true nature of the civil strife in Mexico and the men engaged in it, but they failed in the spirit of their work.

"The spirit that has made America great and free was not in them. Listen to the words of Secretary Evarts, written to Minister Foster in Mexico thirty-eight years ago:

"The first duty of a government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. For this governments are instituted, and governments neglecting or failing to perform it become worse than useless. . . . Protection in face to American lives and property is the sole point upon which the United States are tenacious."

"The imminent, deadly peril of the Americans in Mexico was not a mere question of property or of human life. It was a question of national duty and honor and right to existence, for a nation that is indifferent to the oppression and destruction of its citizens anywhere on earth has already begun to die. The President was charged by his office and his oath to perform that duty for the nation which trusted him. But he forgot it."

Mr. Hughes was prompt to make use of Dr. Eliot's words. In his speech in Baltimore, after referring to utterances by Mr. Wilson about Americans "serving the world," he quoted Dr. Eliot's words about non-intervention and commented in the following vein:

"Think of the import of that, you who represent the best genius of the world and are thinking of using it abroad. Think of that, you who it is suggested are to be asked to finance the chief undertakings of the world. Think of that, merchants, salesmen, tellers, clerks, and dealers, who in 'serving the world' take your place, remote from your friends and safeguards, in communities where revolutions are frequent and only respect for your flag and the power it symbolizes may stand between you and ruin, or even death. . . .

"Who are the 'commercial adventurers'? Who are the 'wandering citizens'? Are they a portion of those who represent American enterprise abroad? Have some been tried and outlawed without a hearing? Or does this pleasing description embrace all Americans who, representing the best genius of the world, are performing the American duty of service in foreign parts?

"What right had this Administration to change American policy as to the protection of American citizens? Was their platform 'molasses to catch flies,' otherwise known as American investors? Have they had any mandate from the American people or the slightest authority from the American people to withhold protection abroad?"

**"The Most Brilliant Page In
Our Diplomatic History."**

FAR from accepting this statement of the case, the champions of the administration contend that it has incurred its bitterest hostility here at home by the very fact that it has so vigorously defended American rights abroad. Robert S. Lovett, head of the Union Pacific Railway, a lifelong Democrat, while disapproving of the President's course on the "eight-hour law," defends his course in other matters with enthusiasm. Here is the way he lauds the President's foreign policy:

"His management of our relations to the European war situation is the greatest and most brilliant page in our diplomatic history. He maintained our rights and our honor with unflinching firmness, and put our case with such clearness and force and logic that the most arrogant nation had to yield, while all the neutral nations of the world applauded. He held to a strict neutrality, as becomes the character and dignity of a great, self-respecting nation which is unwilling to become a vassal to either belligerent, like a Balkan State. True, this high-minded neutrality does not please those among us who are so German that they want our own country to be made a battleground for the Kaiser, nor those Americans who are so English that they draw their patriotic inspiration from that country rather than their own, and think we should have rushed into the war at the first excuse."

After speaking of the attitude of the President on various other issues, Mr. Lovett concludes:

"But important as are all these considerations they are, to my mind, insignificant to us as a nation in comparison with one great overshadowing question involved in this election, namely, whether the American people are going to permit an American President to be disciplined and defeated and driven from office by an alien element in our population for daring to insist upon American rights against a foreign government?"

A similar interpretation of events comes from the pen of Thomas Nelson Page, United States ambassador to Italy. He writes:

"Mr. Wilson, as is shown by his record before the people, is the candidate of the people and stands for America against the world. With intrepid courage he has maintained against every challenge, every American right, and has made them to be recognized by every Power of Europe. Never has America stood so strong before other nations as to-day. When, at a crucial time, resolutions were introduced in the Congress to limit the freedom of Americans and forbid them to travel on unarmed merchant ships, Mr. Wilson staked his leadership of the Democracy on the question, and tho ninety-odd Republicans, led by the Republican House leader, voted in the House for the limitation, he saved unimpaired the rights of Americans to travel the high seas unhindered, save according to international law—as he had already saved their right to send their commerce on the seas.

"They revile him for sending notes, as they revile him for everything else that he has done. It was better to send notes than armies, where notes secured concessions such as he got. No more sane, sound, successful diplomacy shines in our annals than that by which Mr. Wilson, following the course of our greatest Presidents, has held the warring nations of Europe to respect the mandates of international law, where our rights are concerned. . . . If Mr. Wilson shall be defeated, it will be because he has been the intrepid champion of the American people and American rights."

Wilson as Bearer of the Standard of International Law.

THAT the President has not departed from accepted practice in his attitude toward American citizens in Mexico is asserted by the *N. Y. Evening Post*. It claims, indeed, that he has followed the same general principles pursued by a long line of Republican Presidents and secretaries of state. "The general principle," it says, "is that an American who goes to a foreign country places himself under foreign jurisdiction. All that his own country can insist upon is that he be given the same protection as natives by the local authorities and the courts. And domestic insurrection or civil war puts an entirely different aspect on the rights of foreigners." Richard Olney, who was President Cleveland's Secretary of State when an abrupt challenge was sent to Great Britain concerning her course in Venezuela, finds no fault with Mr. Wilson's handling of our controversies with the warring nations of Europe:

"At the very outset of the war, and immediately following the invasion of Belgium and the infliction of German frightfulness upon a helpless people, it was declared in many influential quarters that international law had got its coup de grace, and no longer existed. The United States at once controverted that view, and has ever since controverted it. It has consistently and formally asserted that the principles and rules of international law, as established by the concurrent action of civilized States and existing when the present war broke out, continue to be binding upon all the belligerents, and that violations of them constitute acts of unfriendliness and hostility toward whoever suffers by them.

"In thus steadily bearing aloft the banner of international law as the standard under which all civilized peoples must eventually gather, the United States has rendered an inestimable service to belligerents and neutrals and to all mankind."

The "Lusitania" Enters Into the Campaign.

URGED to tell what course he would have pursued different from that pursued by President Wilson when the *Lusitania* case came up, Mr. Hughes said at Louisville:

"When notice was published with respect to the action threatened, I would have made it known in terms unequivocal and unmistakable that we should not tolerate a continuance of friendly relations through the ordinary diplomatic channels if that action were taken; and the *Lusitania* would never have been sunk."

Mr. Roosevelt answered the same question at Battle Creek in these words:

"I have been asked what I would have done if I had been President when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed. I would instantly have taken possession of every German ship interned in this country, and then I would have said: 'Now we will discuss, not what we will give, but what we will give back.'"

The famous phrase used by Mr. Wilson in an address five days after the sinking of the *Lusitania* about being "too proud to fight" was taken up by Mr. Roosevelt in this fashion:

"In all our history there has never been any other American President who has used a phrase that has done such widespread damage to the good name of America. It is one of those dreadful phrases which, as by a lightning flash, illumines the soul of the man using it, and remains forever fixed in the minds of mankind in connection with that man.

"Nor was this phrase an isolated one. Shortly afterward, under date of May 27, the *N. Y. Times* contained the statement that President Wilson declined an invitation to speak at Independence Hall on July 5, and in response to a sug-



HE HAS DUG UP AN ISSUE

—Knox in *Dallas News*

gestion that he should only speak on patriotism, remarked: 'This is perhaps the very time when I would not care to arouse the sentiment of patriotism.'"

Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York City, is so wrought up over the fate of the inmates of a college and an orphan asylum in Asia Minor, of which he is a trustee, and which were raided by the Turks, and by the statements of our State Department that nothing could be done about it that he asks the question, "Is it worth while to maintain our Government?" He answers his own question thus:

"That depends. If the views of the present Administration are correct there is only one answer, namely, no. And for this reason: the sole end of government, certainly of a republican form of government, is to uphold and defend the rights of its citizens. . . .

"The fact that the foundations of international comity are broken up by the European war is no excuse for our apathy; rather it should stimulate a nobler vigilance on our part; else, when the war is over where shall we find ourselves? Of what nation shall we demand respect, in either our political or commercial affairs, when we have so persistently consented that we did not deserve or care for it?"

CORRECTION.—In the sketch of Ex-Governor J. Frank Hanly, now Prohibition candidate for President (*CURRENT OPINION* for September), it was stated that Governor Hanly's tactics in the local-option fight broke party lines and that "he was defeated for reelection by Thomas R. Marshall, now the Vice-President." Under the state constitution of Indiana the Governor is not eligible to succeed himself. The correct statement is that in the gubernatorial election following Governor Hanly's tactics, James E. Watson, Republican candidate to succeed Hanly, was defeated by Thomas R. Marshall. "Mr. Hanly has never been defeated by the votes of the people in any election in which he has been a candidate," writes L. H. McNeil, Secretary.

THE SPECTER OF AN IMPENDING EUROPEAN WAR UPON AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

IS there to be "war after war"? This is a question that is sending a shiver of apprehension down the spines of many American manufacturers, financiers and exporters. Our export trade last year amounted to two and three quarters billions of dollars. Even before the war more than 77 per cent. of all the goods we sent abroad were sent to the nations now fighting. Everybody knows that the vast increase in the last two years can not be maintained after the war is over; but the question that now arises is whether the two groups of warring nations are going to build walls of trade preferences, one around each group, that will not only shut off trade between the two groups but, to a very large degree, trade with neutral nations, especially the United States. Already these walls are being built. A compact was signed in Paris June 17th by representatives of the entente nations that seems likely to change the system of commercial intercourse of the whole world for many years to come. The tariff walls erected in the past may prove to be tiny affairs in comparison with the walls that are to be erected by the "Economic Conference of the Allied Nations" on the one hand and the "Central European Zollverein" on the other hand. The purpose of the latter, as interpreted by the Paris Conference, is to inaugurate "a struggle in the economical domain which will not only survive the reestablishment of peace but at that moment will assume all its amplitude and all its intensity." The purpose of the former body, as proclaimed by itself, is "to conserve for the allied countries, before all others, their natural resources during the whole period of commercial, industrial, agricultural and maritime reconstruction"; and for this purpose they "undertake to establish special arrangements to facilitate the interchange of these resources." To carry out this purpose, the Allies may have recourse not only to tariff walls but to special rates for transportation, to government subsidies, to changes in the laws pertaining to patents, copyrights and trade-marks, and to alterations in the postal and telegraphic systems. These changes are to be not merely for the period of the war nor merely for the period of reconstruction after the war. They are to be, many of them, "permanent measures." After the war of the trenches is over, in other words, the war of industrial reprisals and prohibitions is to continue for an indefinite period.

The Coming Trade War in Europe and Its Effect Upon Us.

THIS change may well prove to be the most important result of the war. It means, according to a pamphlet recently issued by the National Foreign Trade Council of this country, "a conscious return to mercantile ideas of earlier centuries in an extreme form"—a return, that is to say, to the ideas of the Middle Ages, when international trade was considered a form of warfare and was dominated wholly by political instead of economic principles. The way in which this change, which is not merely proposed but already to a large extent consummated, will affect the United States and other neutral countries, remains to be seen. Ostensibly the new alliances are aimed not at neutral nations but at "enemy countries" alone. But according to the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, the process of trade discrimina-

tions must be extended to trade with neutrals. Otherwise Germany, for instance, could evade the blow aimed at her by the simple process of starting factories in neutral countries. The "war after war" therefore "compels the inclusion . . . of all neutral countries on the same level as enemy countries." According to Theodore H. Price, writing in the *Outlook*, the fear of European competition after the war is so general in Wall Street that it is infectious. It is an "open secret," according to Colonel George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, that neutral nations are to be placed in the same category as enemy nations. He goes on to say: "Competition, especially American competition, is to be barred to the limit by the Allies after the war, and, no less surely, in self-defense, by the central powers, to the end that the United States shall be isolated." Colonel Harvey is using this view of the situation to help build up a fervid political attack upon the Wilson administration; but the view, it is evident, is held by many independently of partisan considerations. The National Foreign Trade Council, in the pamphlet already quoted, considers the matter in a very serious manner. The danger is, it says, "that European cooperation and trade preferences may be carried so far as to artificially restrain American foreign trade and carry it below our normal equity in world commerce." It calls attention to two ominous results already seen. One is the immediate formation of the British and Italian Trading Corporation, with a capital of £1,000,000 and the request made by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer upon Parliament for a government subsidy to that corporation of £50,000 yearly. The



"THE POINT OF VIEW"

—Corporal C. Le Roy Baldridge in First Illinois Cavalryman

other ominous result is the formation in Canada of a cooperative export association in the expectation that "the products of Canada will be preferred [throughout the British Empire] against the products of her great natural competitor, the United States, who has stayed outside the war and has borne no part in the great sacrifice of life and money made by the allied countries."

What Weapons Have We for a Trade War?

IF the United Kingdom and its allies proceed to draw their supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials from Canada, Australia and Russia in preference to the United States, where will our surplus crops be sold? If special shipping arrangements are made to create lower rates for the commerce of the allied nations than for that of neutral nations, what will happen to our vast export trade? If Great Britain should demand from South American countries special tariff concessions to British manufactures as the price of including those countries in her proposed system of trade preferences, what would become of our aspirations for an enlarged trade with our Southern neighbors? What weapons have we in our possession with which to combat such efforts? In answering these questions the Trade Association refers to the new shipping bill and the power it gives to the United States Shipping Board to cancel or modify any agreement which it finds unjustly discriminatory against American commerce and to refuse clearance to any vessel refusing to take goods from American firms blacklisted by any government. It refers also to the "anti-dumping" provisions in the General Revenue Bill. But the Association finds that our

present tariff, which puts 95 per cent. of the imports from South America and 60 per cent. of all imports on the free list, is "barren of resources either for concession or retaliation." Moreover, our exporters will be hampered in any trade war by their lack of freedom, under the anti-trust law, to combine to meet the tactics of foreign rivals. Our real hope, however, judging from the comment of economic students abroad, lies in the operation of natural economic laws. Professor Herkner, of Berlin, for instance, told the Central European Zollverein that the idea of a self-sufficient Central European Union is fallacious. Germany must place the fruits of her industry on the world's markets and her allies must do the same. The Manchester *Guardian* warns the British government that the Allies will be weakened, not strengthened, by the refusal of cheap supplies from the Central Powers, which will then go to the neutrals. In the proposed trade war, the *Guardian* can see only "the prolonged impoverishment of both parties to the present war, to the advantage of neutrals, who alone will be free to trade with both sides." A financial specialist in Russia, quoted by the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, calls attention to the fact that a cessation of commercial relations with Germany would mean for Russia simply an increase in the cost of living and an aggravation of the impoverished condition in which her people will find themselves at the close of the war. In Italy as well as Russia, it is reported, the Economic Alliance is received with much less enthusiasm than in England and France. Even in England strong protests are being made by Lord Bryce and others influential in the Liberal ranks against the effort to perpetuate the conflict by a trade war. Their protests seem so far to be futile.

A careful diagnosis of the war babies of Wall Street discloses the sad fact that many are undoubted victims of infantile paralysis.—*New York World*.

America has contributed twenty-eight million dollars to the people of war-stricken Europe, just to show them to what extent we are money-grubbing people.—*Dayton News*.

HOW GERMANY KEEPS THE INDUSTRIAL POT BOILING IN WAR-TIME

HOW can a nation withdraw from industry seven to eight millions of able-bodied men for the purpose of fighting and other millions for the purpose of keeping them supplied with munitions and still keep her factories humming, her mills clacking, her crops growing and all the other activities of life driving ahead full chisel? Answer: She can't. But Germany, in all probability, comes as near to it as any nation present or past could come, and it is interesting to see how she does it. Every modern nation has reserves which no one can estimate until some strain forces them into use. Three years ago no economist thought the economic system of the world would stand the strain the European war has already put upon it; yet now we are assured by students of such subjects that the billions thrown into the cauldron do not represent 10 per cent. of the world's stock of reserve wealth. A study has been made of Germany's industrial activities during the war by Professor Gustav Cassel, of the University of Stockholm. He was invited to do so by German officials, and after stipulating that his study should be for purely scientific purposes, he accepted. The results are just published in this country (The Jackson Press, N. Y.) in a pamphlet entitled "Germany's Economic Power of Resistance." Professor Cassel spent but

three weeks in Germany and he found statistical material limited. He is not able, therefore, to give all the precise information the scientist demands. But his information is of interest.

How Germany Calls Out Her Industrial Reserves.

IN the first eight months of war, we are told, the economic life of Germany was badly demoralized. Since then it has recovered in a large measure, the textile industry showing up worst. The nation has learned to utilize the labor of women, of war prisoners, of elderly men, of children, and even of the soldiers in active service. Says Professor Cassel:

"Behind the German trenches there is carried on a most extensive and varied work for the production of the necessities of life. . . . Army horses, which in this trench warfare are of comparatively little use, are utilized as beasts of burden in this military agriculture. Within the commissariat lines of merely those parts of France occupied by the German forces, there were said to be no less than 60 motor plows at work last autumn; in various tracts tillage was carried on on a most extensive scale. . . . There was one area of some 25,000 acres being farmed as one unit. In addition there is a most extensive system of cattle-farming, with dairies and slaughter-houses,

etc., complete. Both horned cattle and pigs are kept in bomb-proof underground rooms in the neighborhood of the trenches. Agriculture is carried on as close to the scene of actual operations as possible. Hay, for instance, is mown only a few hundred yards behind the trenches."

There are, we are told, 1,200,000 prisoners in Germany engaged in productive work and "fairly contented"



PROPHET OF THE GERMAN GOSPEL OF "ACCEPT ALL SUBSTITUTES"

Herr von Batocki may make good his threat of resigning, according to the German press comment of the month, but he has won the hearts of his countrymen by his approach to them through their stomachs.

to be doing it instead of rusting out in the monotony of a prison camp. It has been found possible to place one or two Russian prisoners on each farm, even tho the men of the farm are away in the army, and their work is on the whole "very satisfactory."

Gretchen to the Rescue of German Industries.

OF course the greatest reserve force brought into play is the labor of women. "It may almost be said that woman's labor has come to the aid of nearly every branch of industry, first and foremost to that of agriculture." The productive capacity of the farming districts, we are assured, has not been reduced "to any essential degree." Women are employed extensively in the tramway service. Their hours are shorter but they are long enough to keep the service fairly regular. In manufactures women are used "on a very large scale." In one establishment alone 10,000 women are employed. They have gone into the banks, one bank in Berlin now having 500 women on its staff, recruited largely from the export trades. Old men have been called into active

life. "In Berlin we can see cabmen who, like their horses and their vehicles, look as tho they had been brought out from some museum of antiquities." In addition to these expedients, the labor-day has been lengthened and Sunday and night-shift work "are resorted to extensively." A staff of teachers, for instance, may have to do 50 per cent. more work than formerly. This extension of the hours of labor, Professor Cassel concludes, must be injurious in the long run, if the war is prolonged; but for the time being the productive standard has been maintained "at a standard not very far below normal." Some statistics that he gives us indicate that in pig-iron the production is "about two-thirds of the normal"; in ingot-steel about three-fourths. The production of coal and lignite has been reduced 15.6 per cent. In other raw materials, "the position is by no means so favorable," and it is significant that the Professor adds: "measures concerning the matter have not been made public," only "general and incomplete statements" being available. Zinc is now drawn into wire and used as a substitute for copper. Slag-heaps and scrap-metal are utilized, large stores of old slag in Belgium being found to contain six to eight per cent. of copper. "Great economy has to be practiced with illuminating oils." The nettle is used for textile purposes and "large mills are already engaged in the manufacture of this raw material, wadding and sacking being some of the articles produced." The scarcity of rubber "is pretty severely felt," in spite of the artificial rubber made by synthetic process. Little definite information is given about rubber, cotton or wool.

Turning Kitchen Utensils Into Weapons of War.

AS for copper, "an enormous supply" has been found in household utensils, to an extent not before deemed possible:

"In every fairly well-to-do German home there was, among other copper utensils, a large copper boiler for washing. The large hotels have proved very rich in copper. Consequently, when a demand was made throughout Germany for all copper utensils, an enormous supply of the metal was obtained. All this copper has by no means been sent to the munitions-factories, but has been stored, and forms a considerable reserve of the metal. . . . The breweries, especially, are said to be perfect mines of copper."

Other interesting details are given of the adaptation of factories to new uses. Manufacturers of lace have devoted themselves to the making of bandages. Manufacturers of chocolates and sweets turned themselves into makers of ammunition.



GRETCHEN IN THE GERMAN COAL FIELDS

EFFECT OF FRENCH SUPREMACY IN THE WAR COUNCIL OF THE ALLIES

DURING the most anxious hour before the Verdun fortress, the question arose of receiving British aid. The officially inspired *Temps* affirmed again and again that this would be unnecessary. There was much discussion among the military magnates, including Foch, Joffre, Haig and Roques. In the end, no British aid was afforded the French at Verdun. The explanation is found by dailies in continental Europe, including German organs like the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in the determination of the French to retain that supremacy in the councils of the Allies without which the war in its newer phase can not be understood. The extent to which the French determine all the issues of the conflict, the influence they exert upon the policy of Great Britain in particular and the importance France has won in German estimation are very little appreciated, the *Rome Tribuna* fancies, among the masses of the English or in the neutral world. The neutral world little realizes that British naval policy is now determined in Paris. The movements of the armies of King George and the Czar Nicholas are in strict accordance with French strategical conceptions. Paris is running the war not only ashore but afloat. Such is the new "unity of action on the united front" of which Briand talks so eloquently.

France Puts New Heart Into Her Allies.

THE next step in the war, which will immensely complicate the position of neutrals, is to be taken at the instance of the French. There will be a blockade—it might be better to say a closing—of the North Sea.



THE GREAT BALKAN DRIVE

—Evans in *Baltimore American*

This step has been foreshadowed in the well-posted *London World*. It has been urged in the *Paris Gaulois*. It explains the defiant tone of the *Paris Temps* in the formal politeness of its remarks regarding American discontent with blacklists and seizures. In a word, the grievances of the neutral world to-day are nothing to what will come. For example, Holland and the Scandinavian countries may have to put up with the volume of their exports in 1913. There seems little doubt that Viscount Grey does not relish the crises with neutrals that must emerge from the more drastic policy soon to be promulgated. The comings and goings between Paris and London of distinguished statesmen, ostensibly engaged in economic conferences, are preliminaries to the tighter sealing of central Europe. If necessary, the whole Atlantic will be transformed into a British lake. The policy is stated succinctly by the *London World*: "To hell with neutrals!" The language is English but the idea is French.

The Amazing Record of the French in the War.

FOR an explanation of the sudden readiness of the British to subordinate themselves to the French we must remember, observes the *Journal de Genève*, the misapprehension of the capacity as well as of the strength of France which prevailed at first in London. Verdun changed all that. The Swiss dailies, speaking with greater candor than that of almost any others except the Italian, ascribe to the deliberations of Petrograd and London all the faults and blunders of the war. England was a long time in finding out that the military genius available on her side is all French. The French, on their side, stood dumbfounded at the recklessness of the British in wasting money and lives on fantastic expeditions when, as Paris has insisted from the first, the vital front is in the west. The British have been taught by disaster after disaster to respect the judgment of their French allies. The trouble came to a head when the Canadians failed to receive support in the charge which cost them so dear. Sir Sam Hughes, as the story goes, was able to quote French expert opinion in a manner that proved disconcerting to the War Office in London when he had his famous discussion with that institution some months ago. The British were unable to evolve a "conception" of the war at all. Their losses taught them to watch the French at work. Italy was wise enough from the first to see the spaciousness of the French design. She moved her fleets in accordance with it, a step to which Great Britain could not humble her pride. The British fleet did patrol work until it was surprised by the dash of the Germans into the North Sea. Here, once more, the judgment of the French was vindicated. Their warnings had not been heeded. The Kaiser's fleet got home, damaged, it is true, but not annihilated. Hence we have a unity of action to-day that embraces the fleets as well as the armies. This point ought to be appreciated by protesting neutrals, observe the Italian dailies. France is the nation which has set her face like a flint against stopping the war until Germany has been humbled in the dust. France, remarks the *Figaro*, is at the apex of power and glory, raised to a pinnacle of splendor recalling the great

period of Louis XIV. The fierce words of Premier Briand before the French Chamber reflect the same mood of elation: "You do not know Germany. A premature peace would mean a war-like peace, and Germany's mystic infatuation would prompt her to try again to-morrow the onslaught upon us in which she has failed to-day. Is that the future you want for your country? France has bled for noble ideas. The wreath of glory glows already about her brow."

Can France Sustain Her Position of Supremacy?

WILL France maintain her present supremacy in the councils of the Allies? The question is put in one form or another by many European dailies and the answer is couched in similar terms by all. As long as the French provide the conception, Great Britain and

Russia will follow her lead as at present. This may be termed the unanimous view of the neutral organs in continental Europe and it finds color in London papers like the *Post* and the *Times*. Not many months ago the *Pais*, the *Correspondencia* and other Spanish papers believed that peace was in sight. Great Britain herself was thought to be giving ear to such suggestions. France put an end to all that talk. Premier Briand is quoted with an appearance of authority as affirming that France, if need be, would fight alone and die fighting. Thus ended the connection of the Spanish court with a peace project of which much was made in a Madrid daily. Thus Alfonso XIII. is out of the peace farce, says the *Tribuna* (Rome). Benedict XV. is out of it. President Wilson is out of it. If any more neutrals care to be snubbed, adds the *London Mail*, they will come forward.

THREATS OF A FRESH INSURRECTION IN IRELAND

INDIGNANT as was the manner of John Redmond in protesting against conscription in Ireland, when he talked to the Commons last month, he did not, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* says, bare his heart completely. He privately informed the Prime Minister that the mere attempt to carry out such a policy would revive the rebellion in all its vigor not in the capital only but throughout the whole south of Ireland. The new chief secretary, Mr. Duke, told Mr. Asquith, the story goes, that the use of the word conscription in a parliamentary debate about Ireland had given the Sinn Fein a new hold upon the country. This, in turn, will drive the orthodox Home Rulers under Redmond into rival bids for the support of the Irish masses. The situation has become so grave that French dailies take it up as well as London organs. Thus we have the *Gaulois* observing that a domestic British crisis is no concern of the French, yet, in view of the critical situation on the continent, the possibility of a fresh Irish insurrection will not be lost upon the Germans. The interests of the allied powers are too closely bound together, it says, to permit the French to ignore a problem so menacing to the "sacred union" into which England has entered. As for the Unionists under Sir Edward Carson, they are urged by the French daily to refrain from an agitation so fraught with peril to the unity of action on the united front.

Distracted State of Ireland To-day.

THE most execrated name among Irish Home Rulers at this moment is not that of Sir Edward Carson but that of Lord Lansdowne. This peer it was who interposed the fatal objection that balked the settlement at the last moment. He would not permit the exclusion of Ulster from the Redmond plan to be provisional. Ulster must be kept out for good. He would not hear of Irish members sitting at Westminster while they sat at the same time in a Dublin parliament. Not that this is the only difficulty he raised. It suffices of itself, however, to win him the hatred of the nationalist Irish press. He is held responsible for the plan of conscription. The military authorities in the sister kingdom have told Mr. Asquith that there would be open rebel-

lion against it. Mr. Duke is so sure of disaster if conscription be attempted that he anticipates a fresh effort on the part of revolutionaries to seize customhouses, post offices and barracks. Mr. Asquith also knows that the pacification of Ireland is apparent, not real. Mr. Devlin is accused of knowing where large stores of arms and ammunition are secreted. Mr. O'Brien is ready to enter the same camp with Mr. Redmond the moment conscription is put on the statute books.



RUSHING INTO WAR

—Murphy in *New York American*

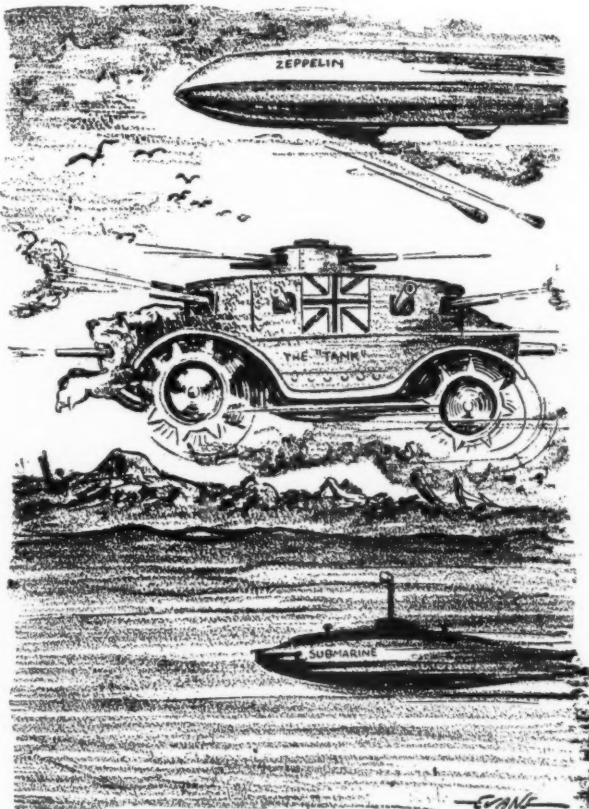
The Question of Irish Loyalty in This War.

NO plan of conscription could be applied to Ireland, so the Liberal dailies agree. The Ulster leader knew this when he brought his scheme forward. What he seeks is to create a prejudicial effect in the English mind. The British are to be favored with an object lesson in Irish disloyalty. Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Brien agree as to this. The plan, as set forth in the organs favorable to Home Rule, embraces a full-dress debate in the Commons. Sir Edward Carson will exploit his arguments. Mr. Redmond will be furious, Mr. O'Brien will be sarcastic. Inflammatory speeches are to be made by various Home Rulers. Ireland will be in a ferment. Episodes of a sanguinary character are to be provoked in Donegal, in Galway. Mr. Asquith will find a hornet's nest about his ears. Mr. Lloyd George is to be sprung upon the country as its savior by his old friends, the Northcliffe press. In brief, one of the familiar Tory conspiracies is being hatched and the quarry is in reality Mr. Asquith. The end, if the conspiracy goes well, according to the *London News*, will be a general election. No pretense could be more idle than the one which makes Ireland a sympathizer with England in the war. Liberal dailies of the type of the *Manchester Guardian* admit this. Mr. Lloyd George is known to have been amazed by the proofs of Irish disaffection encountered by him in the course of his latest visit to Dublin. He knows that the Irish Home Rulers do not really regard the war as their concern. Mr. John Redmond has set an example of loyalty which his people do not follow. They think Mr. Redmond is officially loyal for political purposes only. They must not be asked, much less forced, to participate in the war, which is not waged, as they argue, for the freedom of

their own country. The more Mr. Asquith talks about the freedom of the "little peoples," the more ammunition he puts into the arsenal of the Sinn Feiners.

The Dread in the Heart of John Redmond.

UNLESS something definite be done soon, we are assured by the *London World*, the malcontents in Ireland will be getting the upper hand. Mr. Redmond echoes these impressions in the Commons. Mr. Asquith's course is bound, he says, to increase suspicion of England in the Irish mind. Mischief is brooding to those "high imperial interests" which the provisional agreement was designed to protect. Significant to not a few Liberal organs in England is the mystery which envelopes Ireland. No news of any moment comes out of that country, notes the *London News*, and there may be no truth in the sensational reports that circulate in the House when members like Mr. Swift McNeill, who sits for Donegal, talk of "the dreadful excesses of the military régime." In that constituency, the *London Post* is informed, there are eighty per cent. Nationalists who have furnished five per cent. of the recruits and twenty per cent. Unionists who have furnished ninety-five per cent. of the recruits. The truth is, according to this Conservative organ, that Ireland is disloyal. The men who enlist for the war and lose a limb at the front dare not go back to Ireland even when they are natives of native stock. The mere suspicion of having fought for England is fatal to the prospects of an Irishman in the south of Ireland. No one would dare to employ him. He would run the risk of being stoned. These are the things that would come more fully to light if the full truth were known, avers the indignant organ of the British aristocracy.



MASTERS OF AIR, LAND AND SEA
—Evans in Baltimore American



"WE HAVE CAPTURED THE VILLAGE OF P"—OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

"P": A Charming Village in Northern France.—Tourist Guide.
—Cesare in New York Evening Post

PROGRESS OF POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN GERMANY

DURING the past five or six weeks a series of conferences took place among the most exalted personages in the empire which have been followed with keen interest in Paris and London. What we are witnessing, observes the *Paris Temps*, is a political revolution in Germany so drastic in character that the progress of the war has already been influenced by its effects. The first of these effects is the elimination of William II. as a factor of particular importance in the destinies of the German Empire. He rules his empire now pretty much as George V. may be said to rule Great Britain. Thus is accomplished a revolution foreseen by the Italian press and predicted by the London newspapers when Mr. Asquith declared that the Allies would never treat with a Hohenzollern. With the eclipse of his father, the Crown Prince is also overshadowed. His fate has been hidden from the profane by bestowals of decorations for valor at Verdun. The Crown Prince retains his command, but his glory is purely official. The great general staff at Berlin is taking orders from General Ludendorff. Finally, the influence of the Hohenzollern no longer shields the militarist clique from the displeasure of the new elements at the front, bearers of unfamiliar names who have attained fame in the despatches as leaders of this offensive or of that defense. The south German has combined with the Prussian liberal to erase the old Hohenzollern world from the place of power.

Germany in no Mood of Despair.

ONE of the first effects of this alleged domestic revolution in Germany is the recognition given to commanders in the field. Ludendorff is said to be responsible for a departure from the tradition that all glory goes to the Hohenzollern and to those by whom a Hohenzollern is recognized. The theory is "to encourage genius wherever it can be found," says the well-informed *Manchester Guardian*. The old military machine will be ignored. Such are the first consequences of the appearance in supreme command of a soldier who has not been through the machine of the general staff, who is negligent of its traditions, who does not accept its strategical formulas. Not that William II. and the members of the Prussian court clique take their punishment "lying down." The Crown Prince in particular is credited with plans for a recovery of all his old power and authority over the conduct of events at Verdun. He is wrathful in spite of his decorations and bent upon overthrowing the Bavarians who, with the aid of their King, have brought humiliation upon the Hohenzollerns. The beneficiary of it all for the moment is the Chancellor. The conflict raging around him is big with possibilities, but those possibilities bring peace no nearer. Germany is still bent upon victory. The dailies of the Allies concede not only the determination of the enemy but the plausibility with which the rulers of the fatherland can make out a case at home. For instance, as the *London Post* points out, the German masses believe that the power of Rumania has been wiped out by the offensive under Mackensen; that the project of British and Russians to seize Constantinople turns out a farce; that the Italians are in check; that Russia's offensive has wasted itself in the Hapsburg dominions; that the

Somme push gains not a yard that Germany is not willing to concede for the sake of the new strategical rectification undertaken by Hindenburg and Ludendorff. All this may be far from the truth, but it finds credence among the German people, concedes the *London Times*. The moment the direction of affairs had been taken out of the hands of the favorites of Emperor William, a suspicious and disconcerted people were comforted with rosy views of which these are the gist.

How the Chancellor Faces the German Storm.

THE Reichstag reassembled at Berlin in an atmosphere which made the *Tageblatt* declare that the safety of the empire depended upon a discharge of the lightning in some direction or other. This was but a few weeks ago. Since then the controversy has widened from an issue of strategy involving Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and Admiral von Tirpitz into a pamphlet war that agitates all classes. But it would be the greatest mistake in the world, according to the *Rome Tribuna* and other Italian papers, to imagine that, because a domestic political crisis is in progress in Berlin, Germany is weakening in the face of her many foes. Never, we read, was she more determined to face the world in arms. The English do not seem to perceive this as clearly as the Latin belligerents. The former are misled by the pamphlet war that has sprung into being in Germany because dailies are suppressed or censored. Exalted personages are accused of secretly encouraging the flood of pamphlets. They are circulated among the very humblest. Their language is at times violent. They speak of the incapacity of the Chancellor and his advisers. Extracts from these clandestine publications make their way abroad and are quoted in proof of the



SOMME LION!

—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*

assertion that Germany is weakening. It is well, the world is reminded by the Rome *Giornale*, not to confuse campaign utterances with the German idea of what the situation has become at the front. The *Tribuna* is persuaded that Germany is prepared to fight to the last ditch.

A Glance at Germany's New War Policy.

FINDING himself in complete control of the war strategy, Hindenburg, to follow the stories in the *Gaulois* and its Paris contemporaries, traveled with Ludendorff the whole length of the western front. The result confirmed him in a determination to let France alone. This is interpreted to mean no more knockings at Verdun gates, no more rushes towards Calais. The result does not surprise the French, in view of Hindenburg's well-known disapproval of the march on France in the first place. Indeed, the Manchester *Guardian* understands that Ludendorff and his school are saying that Germany should not have gone into France at all. She should have entrenched in the west, with no thought of invading the republic. England would have kept out. France would not be fighting with all her energy. Russia would be wiped out by this time. The followers of von Bethmann-Hollweg take the same view. They want a strategy that pushes east and in the Balkans. They favor a submarine war in strict accord with the pledges given the United States. These facts afford a clue to what is coming. Should the submarine war be

waged again with the ruthlessness desired by von Tirpitz, should France be pushed again in the stern fashion of the advance to the Marne, the world must infer that the Prussian Junker has come back to power and the domestic revolution has failed. The fate of the contest must depend upon the economic condition of the German people. Never was the attitude of the Berlin press more hopeful on this head, as extracts from the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the *Tageblatt* and the *Vossische* prove. The success of Herr von Batocki in his great task of distribution wins him praise even from organs of popular discontent like the *Volkszeitung* of Leipzig. That distrust of the imperial government which finds utterance in Munich does not extend to the food policy. Rumors of crop failures are explicitly denied in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The Socialist *Vorwärts* has been suppressed more than once for complaining about the food; but granting the worst that is said by the Socialist sheets, the fact remains, says the Rome *Tribuna*, that Germany is neither starving nor within sight of starvation. The London *Times* itself has to admit some facts of a nature to disappoint the English:

"There is no clear sign in any quarter that she [Germany] is anywhere near the end of her tether, either in guns and ammunition, in man power, in supplies, or even in finance—undoubtedly the weakest spot in her equipment. The inconveniences, and even privations, caused by the increasing pressure of the blockade are serious, but they are still tolerable, and it will be some time yet before dearth passes into famine."

England is now convinced that Germany has Zeppelins to burn.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The war tortoise, or tank, is our old friend the steam roller after taking a course in Delsartism.—*N. Y. Sun*.

JAPAN SPRINGS A POLITICAL SURPRISE ON THE ALLIES

THE choice of General Terauchi to succeed Count Okuma as Premier in Tokyo has been received by the press of the Allies with amazement. Every arrangement had been made for a transfer of power to Viscount Kato, who has a parliamentary majority at his back, and the fact was hailed as practically accomplished—hailed, that is, by the London *Times* and the Paris *Temps*. French and British newspapers have followed the progress of the crisis in the councils of Emperor Yoshihito with anxiety. The meaning of General Terauchi's assumption of office must be sought in his close affiliation with the militarist clique, which, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, is bent upon the precipitation of a Chinese crisis. More significant still is the fame won by Viscount Kato as the friend of America, or, to be strictly accurate, as the leader of a movement to bring official Washington and official Tokyo into perfect accord upon all questions in dispute. Even prior to the formation of the new ministry, the men about President Li Yuan-hung were known to regard General Terauchi as a firebrand. His support is conceded even in some liberal British organs to be derived from elements which would end the existence of China as a neutral market. If the moderate Viscount Kato be allowed a seat in the new ministry at all, it will be solely for the effect upon the Washington mind. Such is the gist of comment in those newspapers of France and England which emancipate themselves from official inspiration.

Japanese Press Comment on the Tokyo Crisis.

IN the face of the reputation of General Terauchi as a foe to all newspapers, those of Tokyo have commented of late rather freely upon the elimination of Kato from the post of power. The *Asahi*, a very influential and widely circulated organ of the substantial elements, has been warning parliament of the effect upon European opinion of a Jingo ministry. The effect upon the United States, it adds, must be deplorable. Terauchi, it feels confident, is not a representative Japanese. The statement had scarcely been made when he appeared in the capacity of Premier. The development had been foreseen by the Tokyo *Hochi*, supposed to speak for the party behind the late Okuma government. It speaks, evidently with inspiration, of the need of military administrators in an age of war. The influential *Jiji*, organ of the financial and commercial interests, hearing that Kato was to be set aside, referred to the critical importance of American friendship. There exists a firm purpose in some quarters, it fears, to render the relations of Washington with Tokyo difficult. The first act of any new ministry must have special reference to this complication. The governments of the two countries are animated, it feels persuaded, by the friendliest of mutual feelings, but these sentiments are defeated by the machinations of diplomatic adventurers. The *Kokumin*, a somewhat sensational altho important sheet, argues that nothing is to

be gained by courting America in the German fashion that prevailed before the war. It admits, however, that the military party in Japan is unjustly accused of a desire to bring on a crisis with the American republic. The *Nichinichi* sees in the misunderstandings between Washington and Tokyo melancholy evidence of the incapacity of diplomacy all over the world and it does not anticipate anything better from a new ministry. In the delicate situation that has arisen, Viscount Motono, who becomes foreign minister, is regarded by the *Paris Temps* as the most hopeful factor. He has long regarded the complications between his country and the United States as unnecessary, and his conduct of the foreign office, according to the *Paris papers*, must tend to improve whatever calls for amelioration in the situation involving Washington and Tokyo.

Japan's Increase of Her Naval Strength.

AN unexpected result of the new political situation in Tokyo is the increase in the number of battleships to be laid down. It is understood in London that the thirty-thousand-ton *Ise* and *Huyuga* are far towards completion. Additional units are provided for up to 1919 by an ambitious program approved five years ago. Nevertheless, more battleships are to be asked for, a proposition sure to create difficulties with the powerful politicians in the lower house at Tokyo. On the other hand, Japan has been compelled to strike from her naval list within the past year several superannuated warships. Much will be made of the fact that she has but seventeen submarines. Her patrol of the western coast of this country after the opening of the European war had to be seconded by the British and in South American waters she proved unable to maintain an adequate squadron. Indeed, the *Kokumin* in Tokyo admits that an exaggerated impression of the strength of the Japanese fleet prevails among the western powers. The fact that Premier Terauchi means to strengthen

the navy appreciably is but a normal development. If the ships authorized be delayed much longer, Japan might be unable to maintain her present position, concedes the *London Times*, even in her home waters. Important sections of American opinion, it notes, are altogether misled on the subject of Japanese shipbuilding in recent years. The United States always hears of the additions to the fleet of Emperor Yoshihito, but it is never told of the withdrawals of units from active service.



THE ARTS OF WAR
—De Ball in Chicago Evening Post

If you forget to mail your wife's letters improve your memory by memorizing the names of the new Greek Cabinet.—*Los Angeles Times*.

London is respectfully informed that the question of submarines touching at American ports is not arbitrable, either.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

THE DIPLOMATIC WAR GOING ON IN THE VATICAN

THERE is no basis whatever for reports in Rome that Cardinal Gasparri will resign his post as pontifical secretary of state, declares the well-informed clerical *Gaulois* (Paris). Yet in the face of this explicit denial, authorized, it seems, by the Vatican itself, these rumors persist. At last accounts, the Cardinal had retired temporarily, for reasons of ill health, to a villa near the sea. He was perturbed, according to tales in the anti-clerical Italian press, by the withdrawal of Sir Henry Howard from the post of British envoy to the Holy See. The retirement of the British representative created a painful impression, it seems, for he was supposed in the foreign office at London to have misconceived the real object of his mission. He failed to impress the Vatican with the determination of the Allies to fight the war to a finish. He lent himself too readily to the Pope's policy of restoring peace to the distracted globe. That is the idea of the clerical *Berlin Germania*, echoing the opinions of the leaders of the Center party in the Reichstag.

Surprise at the Withdrawal of the British Envoy to the Pope.

A CONSIDERABLE degree of success attended the efforts of Sir Henry Howard to modify the attitude of the Vatican in dealing with the Allies, so the *London Post* claims. Before his arrival in Rome, we read, the central empires would have had no one to gain-say them at the Vatican if it had not been for the influence of Cardinal Gasquet. The Teutonic alliance was strong at the court of Benedict XV. The eminent Lutheran, Herr von Mühlberg, represented Prussia. There was an envoy of exalted rank from Vienna and another from Bavaria. The Allies were represented only in the cases of Russia and Belgium. "At the Pope's elbow there sat and still sits the Austrian, Monsignor Gerlach." When Sir Henry Howard came upon the scene, the clerical press seemed decidedly unfriendly to the Allies. The Prussian envoy was constantly closeted with Cardinal Gasparri. The British envoy soon changed all that. Monsignor Gerlach lost his influence

and Herr von Mühlberg was for three weeks without so much as a sight of the pontifical secretary of state. The clerical dailies of Italy began to modify their comment. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Henry was recalled and a Catholic gentleman of far less conciliatory temper is to replace him.

Dissatisfaction of the Allies with the Pope.

WHAT particularly annoyed the French with the Vatican, inspiring severe comment in the *Temps*, which speaks for the Quai d'Orsay, was the failure of Cardinal Gasparri to secure better terms for the civil population of Lille and Roubaix at the time of the now famous "deportations." The Bishop of the diocese protested, indeed, only to be told that the German authorities wanted to "lessen the evil" caused by the British naval blockade and to afford the people concerned "an opportunity of better providing for their subsistence." The matter was at last taken up with the pontifical secretary of state as the result, it seems, of urgent representations from both London and Berlin. The failure of Sir Henry Howard to secure, it is said, anything more than an assurance from Cardinal Gasparri that the matter was in process of adjustment, convinced the Paris government of the need of its own envoy at the Vatican. That is the report in the French press. Cardinal Gasparri feels that there is no immediate hurry for that. The suspicion in the Italian press is that the Cardinal has been driven to the verge of distraction by the difficulties he encounters with the envoys he now has to face daily, and that the appearance of a French envoy just at this time would be particularly displeasing to the Wilhelmstrasse. This suspicion is not without its effect upon the government at Paris. There is an impression abroad that Premier Briand will send at least a special mission of some kind to the Vatican soon. The Roman clerical organ, the *Corriere d'Italia*, observes that no special mission is needed to stimulate the Pope into action on behalf of the deported inhabitants of the north of France. The British and French press have somewhat gratuitously irritated official German opinion, it adds, by spreading reports of outrages that were not perpetrated. Everything possible was being done, the Pope learned, to mitigate the sorrow of a situation entailed by a state of war.

German Discontent with the Pope.

OFFICIAL Berlin is dissatisfied with the Vatican, according to the *Gaulois*, because of the persistence of Cardinal Gasparri in sending as nuncio to Belgium an ecclesiastic whose sympathies are openly with the cause of that country's independence. Monsignor Locatelli presented his credentials to the foreign office which many months ago fled from Brussels to Havre. He conceives it his duty to remove "all suspicion" and "all misunderstanding" in the Belgian mind as regards the policy of the Holy See. Reports appeared in Paris papers that he will labor for the complete restoration of the independence and sovereignty of the Belgians, and he has not authorized any contradiction. These reports have been taken up in pan-German organs at Berlin and have led to more negotiations with Cardinal Gasparri at the Vatican. There was at one time a rumor of Monsignor Locatelli's summary expulsion by the German authorities at Brussels. His continued presence there is interpreted in the *Gaulois* as proof of the determina-

tion of the Vatican to recognize Belgium as a sovereign state, whatever happens. Under no circumstances will Benedict XV. acquiesce in the extinction of a Roman Catholic nation by the vicissitudes of the present war.

Present Policy of Pope Benedict.

EFFORTS of a hostile press in Europe to spread misconception of the policy of Benedict XV. were reproved by Cardinal Gasparri in a recent talk with the representative of the *Paris Journal*. The *Temps* has been scolding the Pope for "subtlety" and "cleverness," but nothing, said the Cardinal, could be simpler in its essentials than the aim of his Holiness. In the first place, Benedict XV. prays for the restoration of peace at once; but he wants a just and permanent peace. Hence it must be a peace that leaves no nation oppressed, a peace that takes into account the aspirations of all peoples so far as such aspirations can be realized. Otherwise the peace would be no peace, for it could not be permanent. While awaiting this peace, the Holy See maintains an absolute neutrality among the belligerents. This neutrality is benevolent as it affects the Roman Catholic peoples, to be sure, but that is because the Roman Catholic peoples are the very ones who have suffered most—"France, eldest daughter of the church; Poland, the Slav child; Belgium, most precious to the Holy See because she has endured the worst." Yet the impartiality of the Pope must not be construed as one that draws distinctions of race or creed. Jews, Protestants and atheists have the right to call upon the Holy See to do what it can to alleviate their sufferings and the Pope will listen to such appeals and do what he can to meet them regardless of pains or expense. The Holy See has denounced violations of international law. It has reminded the most powerful of the belligerents that there are laws of war.

Premier Briand Has His Quarrel With the Vatican.

ONLY the exertion of the personal influence of Premier Briand has prevented an acrimonious debate in the chamber at Paris on the subject of the Pope. In dwelling upon this point, the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) adds that behind the scenes of French parliamentary life a feud is raging among the supporters of the Briand ministry over the old issue of clericalism against anti-clericalism. Clemenceau tells his friends that the Vatican is using the war as an opportunity to regain temporal power. He points out that the monks and nuns who fled at the time of the separation of church and state are flocking back. The problem of France when the war ends, he thinks, will be not one of trade but one of religion. He has tried to put some thoughts of the kind into his *Homme enchaîné*, but the censorship proved too strong for that. However, Mr. Briand does not stifle all expressions of discontent. That is why the *Temps* has been warning the Vatican against "Catholic internationalism," and affirming that "the neutrality of the Pope is a defeat for the papacy." Nor need his Holiness expect to be represented at any world conference on the subject of peace when the war at last spends itself completely. The Pope is even told that the Church in France may be "nationalized." This threat is supposed in German organs which notice it to be a reminder that Gallicanism may transform the hierarchy into what it was just before Bonaparte signed the Concordat.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE MAN OF MYSTERY WHO MAY PROVE GERMANY'S GENERAL OF GENIUS

A GENIUS — what the war lacks is its genius!" These words escaped the lips of the distracted German general, Falkenhayn, in the course of a conference at great headquarters. When they were repeated to Hindenburg, that grim warrior pronounced the name of Ludendorff. It was a little-known name then. All Germany rings with it now. Ludendorff is first quartermaster-general today, a rank so new that there is nothing to define his precise place in the military hierarchy. Had Hindenburg not been forced upon the Kaiser by events, we should never have heard of Ludendorff, for he has come out of the void, the unknown, to snatch that victory for which Germany is now feeling about blindly. So runs the tale in the London papers.

A coolness never ruffled, a courtesy as unflinching as it is becoming — these are the personal impressions of the *Rome Tribune* in its analysis of General von Ludendorff. To which the *Manchester Guardian* adds that he is reticent, discreet, yet "a man of the world." He has been associated with Hindenburg from the first altho the two men are of a different nature altogether. Hindenburg is gruff, quarrelsome, intolerant of all opinions but his own. Ludendorff is suave, deferential, a good listener, albeit obstinate. Hindenburg will resent a suggestion, yet adopt it if it be good. Ludendorff will show an intelligent curiosity, manifest affability, seem convinced, but cling to his own idea. The pair are opposites in temperament. That explains to more than one European daily why they have been brethren in arms for years.

Not so long ago, Ludendorff shared the obscurity as well as the disgrace of his chief. For example, when the great war broke forth, as the *Gaulois* tells us, a visitor to the café des Tilleuls at Hanover might see a solitary old man there in a corner, poring over the newspapers, bulbous of nose, bleary of eye, dry in aspect, disagreeable in man-

ner. That was Hindenburg. In due time a well-dressed, distinguished-looking military man dropped in and sat down at the table over which the solitary veteran reigned. The newcomer was Ludendorff. The two played cards or chess, pausing between games to curse the infatuation of the general

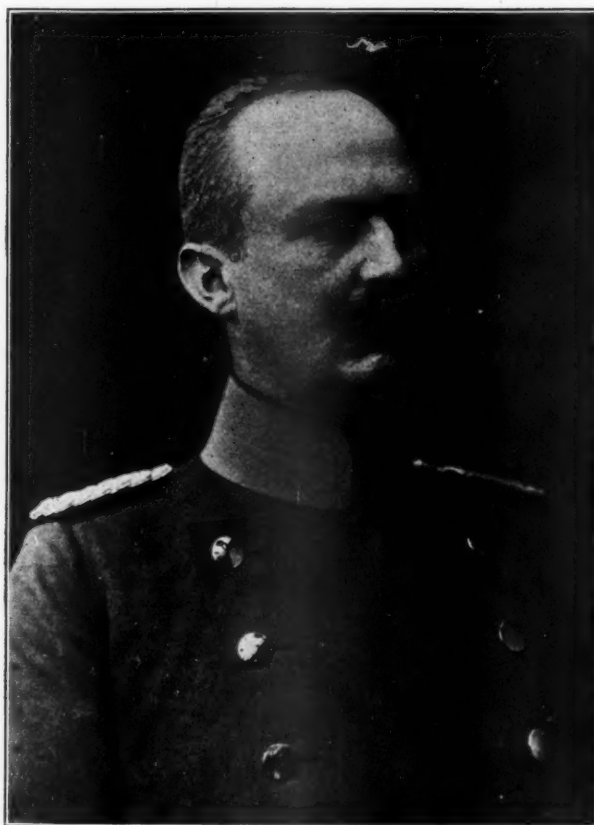
the general staff withhold sympathy. Hindenburg is notoriously irritable, short-tempered, tactless, hard to get along with, a soldier who does not hesitate to find the Kaiser's own tactics incompetent. The Emperor managed to soothe his son with the name of Ludendorff. It was this Ludendorff who secured the call of Hindenburg from isolation in that tavern at Hanover. William II. laughed at the suggestion in the beginning.

The military experts of French dailies are busily discussing the idea for which Ludendorff stands. He is the rebel of the general staff, the heretic it excommunicated. He loathes decisions which are the result of a conference among experts. Germany went into the war upon the von Moltke theory. A resultant of a number of opinions took the place of the will of a chief. In the words of the distinguished Colonel Vachée: "The orders are indeed given in the name of a leader who assumes responsibility for them; but the soldiers know that he is not their author and that he has adopted without enthusiasm a collective creation." This is the von Moltke theory of the art of war which, according to Ludendorff, has brought upon Germany whatever disasters she has suffered. The mere fact of his appearance in a capacity foreign to Prussian military traditions shows the estimate placed upon his genius,

suspects the Italian daily. Hindenburg vouches for his genius. That is much. The pair have been comrades in adversity. They come together into a sudden blaze of glory, Ludendorff a little the later.

Ludendorff is a compound of the Prussian and the Bavarian, the particle "von" having been in the family for generations. It is an ancient family but poor, and Ludendorff was a younger son with no prospects. He did not marry wealth. His long military career has been one of stagnation in small garrison towns.

Hindenburg still has some doubts



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"LUDENDORFF, YOU ARE A GENIUS!"

So said General Hindenburg years ago, when both men were in comparative obscurity. He sticks to that opinion still, even tho he was aghast to find that Ludendorff reads poetry.

staff at Berlin with strategical combinations. Before they parted, the older man slapped the younger on the back, crying: "Ludendorff, you are a genius!" Nobody else, it seems, suspected it until developments disillusioned the mind of Emperor William.

The next episode takes us from Hanover to Potsdam. The Crown Prince is disclosed by the *Figaro* in a fit of fury. He is usually a genial, smiling Crown Prince, good-humored, blithe; but on this occasion his blood boiled. Hindenburg was to be put over him. This his Highness would not endure, nor, to be fair to him, did anyone in

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on the subject of Ludendorff. The *Gaulois* explains them. Ludendorff is too "soft." For example, Hindenburg was shocked to find his brilliant lieutenant on one occasion entertaining the staff with a reading of the *Lorelei*. Heine is one of the favorites of Ludendorff. "Poetry!" gasped Hindenburg, emerging unexpectedly from his den and seizing the volume from the hand of his chief of staff. "I am amazed. I have not read a line of poetry for forty years. That is why I am no milksop!" He bore the volume to the fire and hurled it upon the flames. "General," he said, turning grimly to Ludendorff, "the next time you read aloud, try Clausewitz." Nor does Hindenburg relish Ludendorff's proficiency in the dance; but for the capacity of Ludendorff in the military sense, Hindenburg has the highest praise. Ludendorff's career seemed not long before the great war to have closed in discredit, especially when he disputed the judgment of the general staff that German troops will not stand in line. "Ludendorff is right," Hindenburg cried on one occasion, "but they will not listen to him because he's fond of Strauss." This was a sarcasm at

the expense of the Emperor, who is no admirer of the composer. Hindenburg lost favor with the Crown Prince by referring to his Highness as "that charming young lady"; but Ludendorff restored the balance by observing that France was once saved from the English by a charming young lady. Hindenburg had his own jest when at maneuvers Ludendorff sent for orders after some hours in the Masurian lakes, where he was standing up to his waist in water. "Tell him," said Hindenburg, "to read Heine." When, after a fierce engagement with the Russians later in this very district, Ludendorff bestirred himself to rescue whole regiments of the enemy from a watery grave, Hindenburg demanded: "Why didn't you let the swine drown?" "Oh," retorted Ludendorff, "we needed their boots."

English newspapers make a great mistake in assuming Ludendorff to be merely Hindenburg's chief of staff, according to the *Berner Tageblatt* and its Swiss contemporaries. Ludendorff is referred to by them as a tactician of the highest genius. He is the great discovery of the war on the German side and all the credit for it belongs to Hindenburg.

The tact of Ludendorff saved the Masurian Lakes when Hindenburg had failed to persuade the general staff to block the project for their drainage. Hindenburg merely stormed and fumed, failing to convince. He had given up the fight and was on the eve of return to that tavern at Hanover when he thought of Ludendorff. There was just time to catch a train for Danzig, where the luckless man was pining in some obscure disgrace due, it is said, to connivance with the schemes of the Crown Prince to evade house arrest. Ludendorff's piety is suspected at court and he has been accused of Socialistic proclivities, but the influence of the heir to the throne procured the necessary leave and the grim Hindenburg bore back to Berlin the one man whose reputation as a student of the art of war could not be ignored even by a Falkenhayn. The members of the general staff listened with amazement, as the tale runs, to one who, without a note or a memorandum to guide him, covered maps with pins, foretold the probable conceptions of the enemy and outlined all the tactical factors in a campaign involving Russia.

HOW A LITTLE STEEL BALL MADE WOODROW WILSON PRESIDENT

AS everybody knows, the wheels of a motor-car run on ball-bearings. These ball-bearings consist of little steel pellets. When one of them breaks, as sometimes happens, there is trouble. One of them broke in the late summer of 1910, in a car in Lyme, Mass. It was an important car. It had come to Lyme to take Woodrow Wilson to New London, where he could catch an express train for New York City, which would enable him to reach Deal, N. J., in time to attend a dinner at Colonel Harvey's home. At that dinner were to be ex-Senator Smith, the Democratic "boss" of New Jersey, and Henry Watterson, of Louisville. A decision had to be reached at once whether Wilson was to be the Democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey. Colonel Harvey had for years been preparing for this political coup. On Saturday, Wilson, visiting at Lyme, had wired Harvey that he could not be at the dinner as there was no train from Lyme, on Sunday, that would enable him to get there. Harvey despatched William Inglis to get his guest. That was why the motor-car was at Lyme. There was no time to spare if the train at New London was to be caught.

Mr. Inglis tells the story in dramatic detail in *Collier's*:

"It was not quite half past ten o'clock in the morning when we ran down the broad avenue which is the principal thoroughfare of the ancient village of Lyme, a delightful, smooth road, with long, unbroken grass plots for sidewalks shaded by maples and elms.

"The chauffeur cocked his hat to the right and listened intently for a few seconds.

"Something's gone," he announced as he slowed down and pulled up at the right of the road. He put a jack under the right end of the forward axle and raised the wheel from the ground. A young man on the way to church paused to enjoy the spectacle of a chauffeur at work.

"Do you know where Dr. Wilson is staying?" I asked him—"Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University."

"Why, yes," he replied; "the family are boarding with Miss Maria Griswold—there's the house; you've run past it." He pointed back some four hundred yards, where a lovely and ancient colonial mansion stood framed in venerable trees. I thanked him.

"If you can fix up your car right away," I told the chauffeur, "we'll start in ten minutes or so. We've simply got to get back to New London by twelve-twenty."

"I walked fast to the Griswold home, crossed the lawn, and rang the bell at the big front door that gave on a broad porch. After a few minutes the door swung inward, and I saw that it was being opened by the very man I had come to seek. He

had a hymn book in his hand. I bade him good morning, handed him my card and said: 'Colonel Harvey has asked me to drop in and bring you down to dinner this evening.'

"Oh," he replied, 'I'll have to put some things in a bag. Excuse me.' He stepped briskly to the door of the drawing-room, in which Mrs. Wilson and one of his daughters (I think) were waiting for him to join them on their way to church. I was presented to the ladies; then, anxious about catching the train, made my excuses and hurried away to see how the injured car was getting on.

"As I walked down the avenue I had to laugh at myself a little. From reading Dr. Wilson's telegram Saturday evening I had received the impression that he was averse to being made governor of New Jersey or anything else that would disturb him in his scholastic retreat; therefore I had prepared an argument, intending to show him how urgent was the need for him to accept the nomination and election for governor of New Jersey, and later the nomination and election for the presidency of the nation; also that as a preliminary of the highest importance he really must attend this dinner. But my pleading was all bottled up and the eloquence I had been rehearsing along the jolting road was all unspent and unnecessary. I had simply stated my errand and Dr. Wilson had immediately replied: 'Oh, I'll have to put some things in a bag.' That was all; no debate, no doubt, no hesitation; the summons had come, and he was ready.

"When I got back to the motor car, four hundred yards away, the chauffeur was taking out the jack from under the axle and putting it back in the tool box. He was grinning in triumph.

"We did jolt and bump a lot on that broken road, didn't we?" he said. "We came down so hard that we cracked one of the steel balls in the bearing of the right front wheel. Look!"

"He held out on the palm of his hand a bright, shining ball of steel that had been cracked in two as if it were a hazelnut. 'But how can you run without it?' I

asked, surprised. 'Won't your wheel stick?'

"'Oh, she's fixed all right,' he answered. 'I just happened to have a spare ball in my pocket and it fitted. She'll run.'

"As the car rolled smoothly toward the Griswold residence, the old jingle about the want of the nail, the horse-shoe, the horse, and therefore of the warrior, causing the loss of the battle, began to repeat itself in my mind. This case was just the reverse. Our chauffeur by the merest luck happened to have exactly the right-sized steel ball in his pocket to take the place of the ball that was split."

The result of the dinner is history. Mr. Wilson consented to run for governor. Senator Smith was committed to his candidacy. Wilson's election followed. It seems almost certain, from Mr. Inglis's narrative, that if Mr. Wilson had not been at that dinner he would not have been a gubernatorial candidate and, subsequently, a presidential nominee. The little spare pellet of steel in the chauffeur's pocket played a decisive part in the making of a President.

THE "APPALLING SIMPLICITY" OF HENRY FORD

THAT phrase "appalling simplicity" is Jack Reed's. He has been interviewing Henry Ford for the *Metropolitan*.

He talked with him about war and Prohibition and patriotism and other things and tells us of Mr. Ford's various large aspirations. He hopes to make the farmers all independent of the banks by means of cheap tractors and cheap fuel. He hopes to stop all war by "telling the people about it." He is developing a "single-tax" scheme which he hopes to get applied to Detroit. He is going to put an end to special privilege by advertizing in the newspapers. He is going to abolish unemployment throughout the world by giving work to everybody. He is going to bust up the armies by the same means. When a man combines appalling simplicity and appalling wealth, Utopia seems very near at hand. Says Reed:

"I was talking to him about the possibilities of an industrial smash-up in this country at the end of the war. 'Oh, that's all right,' he answered; 'I can use all the unemployed making tractors. What is more,' he shot at me a little excitedly, 'when I get things going they won't be able to find any men to work in the munition factories. They will be getting better wages here, and sharing the profits, too. You know most men enlist in the army because they can't get a job to pay them a living wage. Well, there won't be any recruits for the army at all pretty soon; I'll be using them all to make tractors. You see, these tractors are going to plow up the Australian bush, and the steppes of Siberia, and Mesopotamia—so we'll need a lot of tractors."

He has a formula "almost perfected" whereby the farmer can make his own fuel for tractors out of his growing crops without harming their food-value. In fact, it will improve the crops! It seems too bad to find a man who lives so close to Utopia and yet has to have all the roads leading to his house constantly patrolled by guards. Reed got by the guards and found Ford.

"I studied the maker of miracles for a

minute. A slight, boyish figure, with thin, long, sure hands, incessantly moving; unshaven—the fine skin of his thin face browned golden by the sun; the mouth and nose of a simple-minded saint; brilliant, candid, green eyes, and a lofty forehead rising to shining gray hair like the gray hair of youth; the lower part of his face extraordinarily serene and naive, the upper part immensely alive and keen. He spoke swiftly, easily, without raising his voice, without hesitating, and his vocabulary consisted mostly of words of one syllable.

"I guess I'm the only businessman in America who can afford to say what he thinks," he began quietly. "I don't care what I say. Do you want to ask me questions, or shall I just ramble along?"

"I said that I wanted to ask some questions, and began to explain that I wanted to be fair. 'That's all right,' he interrupted; 'I know that. I know a man when I see him.' . . .

"Do you think you are a good judge of men?" I asked. He looked me in the eyes, soberly.

"Well, I can pick mechanics, and I can pick businessmen. When it comes to ideas I haven't had much experience. But I'm learning."

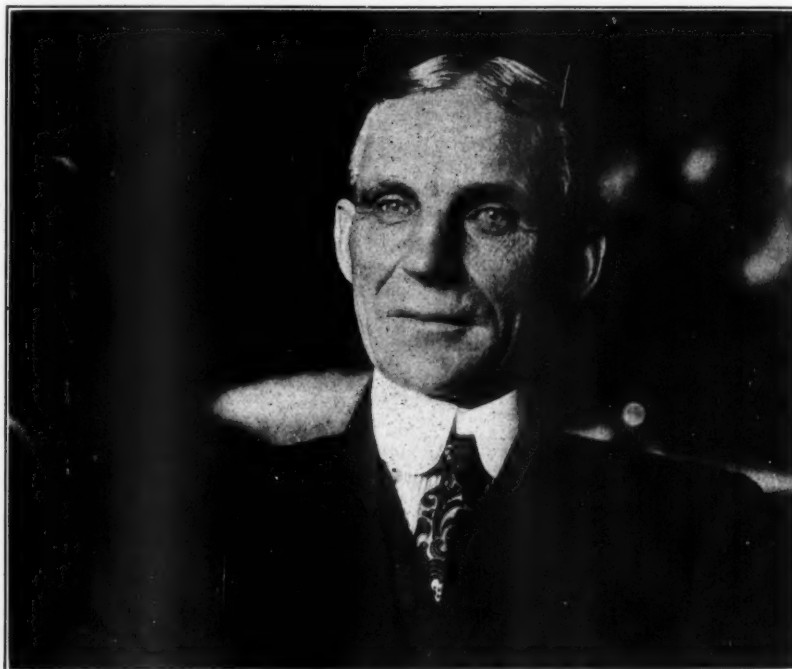
"Are you a prohibitionist?"

"Well, alcohol is poison. I know that the human system can absorb just that much of it in twenty-four hours," he held up his little finger, "without getting hurt. I would like to have people know that. But I don't want people to stop drinking just because I tell them to. What do you think?"

"I said that I thought it depended largely upon the quality of the drink; and I pointed out that in France people drink a bottle of wine with every meal and it doesn't seem to hurt them, and that in Germany they drink beer all day and that nobody gets drunk. He shook his head and smiled. 'I think it does them harm,' he said; 'I think it is one of the causes of the war.'

"How?"

"Well, alcohol makes people suspicious. I think it made the French and Germans suspicious of each other."



IS HE DOWNHEARTED? NO!

The failure to get the soldiers out of the trenches did not long dampen the ardor of Henry Ford. He has other visions of Utopia which he is now pursuing with equal enthusiasm.

"I disputed this, and he burst out: 'I am going abroad in a couple of weeks—not for the peace business, but just to get education. I'm going to find out how men live in foreign countries, and I'm going to find out about this drink business in France and Germany too. Perhaps you're right. I haven't given much thought to it.'

"Did he object to cigars?

"It's the same thing. There's a poison in cigars made by the burning of the paper. Edison wrote me a letter about it. It's called *acrolein*. The human system can stand only a little *acrolein* at a time.'

"I said that I smoked cigars continually. 'Well,' he shot back at me, 'it don't look as tho it did you any harm. Some people don't get hurt. I don't drink or smoke—tho I have had curiosity enough to taste everything—but that don't mean that I'm right. If it doesn't hurt you, why should you quit? That's all. Only I believe in moderation. I don't want to

stop anything, and I don't want to suppress anything.'

"They sneer at Henry Ford because he doesn't know history. I spoke to him about it.

"No. I don't know anything about history, and I wouldn't give a nickel for all the history in the world. The only history worth while is the history we make day by day. I don't want to live in the past. I want to live in the Now. Those fellows over there in Europe knew all about history; they knew all about how wars are started; and yet they went and plunged Europe into the biggest war that ever was. And by the same old mistakes, too. Besides, history is being rewritten every year from a new point of view; so how can anybody claim to know the truth about history?"

"I thought of Gibbon's famous remark: 'History is a record of man's butcheries.'

"I don't believe in boundaries,' he rambled on. 'I think nations are silly,

and flags are silly, too. If the country is rotten, then the flag is rotten, and nobody ought to respect it. Flags are rallying points, that's all. The munition-makers and the militarists and the crooked politicians use flags to get people excited when they want to fool them. I'm going to keep the American flag flying on my plant until the war is over, and then I'm going to pull it down for good; and I'm going to hoist in its place the Flag of All Nations, which is being designed in my office right now."

Mr. Ford doesn't believe in labor unions because they "mean war." They will not be needed when special privilege is abolished, and "when we get the facts before the people special privilege will die out." He expects to get the facts before the people by "advertising in newspapers all over the country."

WHEN JAMES J. HILL STARTED OUT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

ROMANCE will never die; but one form of romance dies when the frontier of a new country vanishes. The early life of James Jerome Hill was full of the romance of the frontier. He was born in a little log house, in the town of Rockwood, forty miles west of Toronto. His youth was that of a pioneer's boy. He did farm-chores, hunted, fished, went to school, and read omnivorously whatever he could get to read—Shakespeare, Burns, the Bible, the dictionary, the "Life of Napoleon." His schooling ended at the age of fourteen when his father died. He clerked in a village store for three years and then, at the age of seventeen, started out to seek his fortune. The story is told in *World's Work*, by Joseph Gilpin Pyle, in the first instalment of a biography of the great railroad king:

"Soon the early environment had been exhausted; it had contributed to development all that it had to give. Already the eager spirit projected itself afar. The mind of the boy, fed by historical reading, full of Plutarch, saturated with the melody of 'Lalla Rookh,' breathing free air with Byron, creating its own congenial environment, had been drawn to that field which has always fired the imagination and with which some of the great projects of the man were to deal—the Orient. Youth built its romance about India; and when young Hill determined to leave home and make for himself a work in the world, it was with the more or less fixed idea in his mind that he would venture to the region where both Alexander and Napoleon had found their lure. At that time any youth whose daring stretched to projects like this turned to the sea as his only highroad; and it was with the idea of shipping as a sailor that James J. Hill began his journey into the unknown.

"Young Hill saved but little capital to finance his adventure. His earnings had

been given gladly to help his mother. The boy of seventeen started out with little other equipment than a sublime faith in himself and his future. Striking southward, his money gave out when he was near Syracuse, N. Y. There he obtained temporary work with a farmer and earned enough to start him again on his way. He went slowly through the state of New York, reached the sea coast, visited Philadelphia and Richmond, but found no suitable opportunity for carrying out his original scheme. In the meantime a more adventurous plan suggested itself to him and was approved as an enlargement of experience and a more sustained invitation to opportunity."

This plan was to strike out for the wild West and make for the Orient by way of the Pacific instead of the Atlantic. At the academy he had known one boy from what is now the Province of Alberta and another boy from the Red River region. He would visit them on the way. So he started for the Plains. This was in 1856, when Chicago was an outpost of civilization.

"Young Hill passed through Chicago when the walls of the old Massasoit House were rising, full of his scheme, and arrived at St. Paul July 21, 1856, only to find that the last brigade for the Red River had left on July 5th. There would not be another departure until the following spring; and he settled down to pass the winter in some occupation that would employ his restless vigor and secure to him means of support which were now exhausted. He was now marooned in St. Paul, the little trading station at the head of navigation on the Mississippi; could make no further step toward the Red River, the Pacific, the Brahmaputra, or the Ganges for many months. He must wait there, and incidentally he must work for a living, until another spring should bring the train of creaking bullock carts down from the north and set him on his way. The vision of boyhood was never

entirely to be fulfilled. In the newest instead of the oldest world his lot was to be cast; and while, in years to come, his ships were to ride in the harbors of Cathay, to-day the circle of prosaic life was bounded by the muddy levee of a little trading settlement whose name had only lately shaken off the indignity of 'Pig's Eye' and become St. Paul."

St. Paul had then a population of 4,716, but was in the midst of a frontier "boom." Prices soared. Flour was \$10.00 a barrel, butter 45 cents a pound, eggs and poultry were almost priceless. Since the currency supply was cut off in winter, people lived happily on notes of hand and orders on business houses that would be paid when lumber and furs and cranberries went out in the spring and cash came back. "The community, at any rate, was heart-whole and care-free; with the splendid audacity of youth and a supreme confidence in its own future. History was in the making, and every man was intensely alive. No weakling could live in such an atmosphere; but to the strong it was like heady wine."

Here, by the accident of travel, young Hill was stranded. Here he sought work and found it on the levee. Here he labored for nine years to achieve economic independence. Here he conceived and carried through the bold plans that made him one of the great empire-builders of the world; and "until he made the bond purchases of a worse than bankrupt system that startled his associates and revealed him as either a lunatic or genius, he had not moved his business office or the center of his active life five hundred feet from the spot on the Mississippi levee in St. Paul where he first found employment and set himself to work with a will."

HOW ADMIRAL DEWEY KEEPS HIS GRIP AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, now in his 79th year, is described as "a picture of ruddy vigor, unwrinkled, unshrunk, and hard as a monkey-wrench." The reason is that he has a system for preserving his health. It seems to consist chiefly of a series of don'ts. Fred C. Kelly tells what these don'ts are in the course of a sketch published in the *American Magazine*:

"'Dinners and funerals kill more people than anything else,' declares Dewey. And so he goes to neither. A while ago one of his old-time friends and associates in the navy died. The man's family expected Dewey to act as one of the pallbearers, but he was obliged to tell them that he adhered strictly to a rule against attending funerals.

"'A funeral,' he says, 'is depressing, and if I went to many I would soon go to my own.'

"Frequently Dewey receives a dinner invitation that he would like to accept. He is tempted to do so. But he knows that the only way to have a rule effective against dining out is to have it inviolate. Otherwise, one would be exciting the animosity of old friends for accepting one invitation and declining another.

"'There has never yet been invented a way to eat your cake and have it,' says Dewey; 'neither can you abuse your health and have it.'

"He looks on participation in social activities by a person of advanced years as an abuse of health. His experience has taught him that a fashionable dinner con-



HE DOESN'T GO TO THE MOVIES

Nor to the theaters. Nor to public dinners. Nor to funerals. He is Admiral Dewey, and at the age of 78 he keeps away from all these things to preserve his bodily vigor.

tains more food than one should eat, of a flagrantly indigestible sort.

"Dewey made up his mind to do one of two things: he would either go ahead with whatever his fancy might dictate, or he would adhere rigidly to a flat rule against everything that could detract in the slightest degree from proper health maintenance. He looked about him, and noted that the world was good to look upon. A long banquetless life appealed to him more than a shorter and merrier one. He made his choice on that basis.

"Every night at nine o'clock finds Dewey in bed, because he was taught as a boy that an hour of sleep before midnight is equal to two hours after midnight. Along about 4 A. M. he wakes up; but he lies in bed and reads until six o'clock, which he regards as a respectable rising hour. After breakfast he reads until time to go to his office at the General Board of the Navy, where he puts in two or three hours a day. If the weather is pleasant he walks to the office and walks back home, about half a mile each way; if the weather is unfavorable he goes in his limousine. In case he has the slightest suggestion of a cold he doesn't go out at all."

The Admiral who had no fear of the Spanish fleet is afraid of theaters as well as funerals and dinners. "There's too much foul air in theaters," he says. The movies are also on his taboo list. He greatly desired to see a recent film play presenting an imaginary invasion of the United States; but he stuck to his rule just the same and decided to stay away.

RECORDS OF UNITED STATES SENATORS WHO SEEK REELECTION

IN Washington these days a little paper is published monthly called the *Searchlight on Congress*. It is the organ of the National Voters' League. It is not only non-partisan but "anti-political in its attitude toward the legislative business of the public," deeming professional politics "the curse of Congress in both its branches." It is conducted by Lynn Haines, with the assistance of an executive committee of sixteen, among whom we note Irving Bacheller, Herbert S. Bigelow, Richard S. Childs, Mrs. Borden Harriman, Frederick C. Howe and Ida M. Tarbell. The business of this journal is "to acquaint the people with their lawmakers," and it does this courageously and specifically.

In the September number it gives a list of outgoing senators who are up for reelection, with facts about the record and character of each. It leans strongly toward the progressive side and this fact should be taken into con-

sideration in weighing the statements below. Here is the record it compiles:

Henry F. Ashurst, Arizona.—Democrat; age, 42; lawyer. Voting record generally good. Speeches and measures indicate progressive attitude. Introduced many local bills and used franking and leave-to-print privileges for political purposes. Not conspicuous in ability, but much above the average in character and activity.

Wm. E. Cinton, West Virginia.—Democrat; age, 58; lawyer. Interested in gas and oil, street car stock and publishing. Voting badly mixed. Missed many roll calls, including 26 of the 69 listed. A politician of the blind, partisan type.

C. D. Clark, Wyoming.—Republican; age, 65; lawyer. Interested in coal mining. Testified before lobby committee that he would use his influence with colleagues to get tariff on coal, and that he saw no impropriety in a lawyer having outside clients while a Senator. Missed nearly half of roll calls. Voting record consistently reactionary. One of the old guard; not very active.

C. A. Culberson, Texas.—Democrat; age, 61; lawyer. Has spent comparatively little time in the Senate. Missed 699 of last 1,199 roll calls, including 39 of the 69 listed. A politician of the partisan type.

Henry A. du Pont, Delaware.—Republican; age, 78. Interested in steel and farm lands; testified that he owned no powder stock. Missed more roll calls than any outgoing Senator. Reactionary record. Either too old or indifferent for active service.

Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Nebraska.—Democrat; age, 57; lawyer. Publisher Omaha *World-Herald*. Missed nearly half of roll calls. Stood for secret sessions. An average Senator, with badly mixed, or indifferent record.

John W. Kern, Indiana.—Democrat; age, 67; lawyer. Majority party leader and strongly partisan, but inclined to be progressive. Specialized, as most Indiana members do, on pension measures. His record an illustration of good natural ability and progressiveness overshadowed by politics.

Robert M. La Follette, Wisconsin.—Re-

publican; age, 61; lawyer; publisher *La Follette's Weekly*. Consistent record of votes and speeches on progressive side of all questions involving publicity, labor, conservation and democracy. Has done more alone to break up machine rule in Senate than all other members. Conspicuously able and active.

Henry F. Lippitt, Rhode Island.—Republican; age, 60; heavily interested in cotton manufacturing, banking and insurance. Rather inactive. One of the old guard group, thoroughly reactionary.

Henry C. Lodge, Massachusetts.—Republican; age, 66; lawyer. Interested in General Electric Co., National Carbon Co., U. S. Smelting and Refining Co., and American Agricultural Chemical Co. Voted against Lorimer, but generally stood with the old guard. An influential reactionary.

James E. Martine, New Jersey.—Democrat; age, 66; farmer and builder. Generally voted with progressives, altho he stood for "senatorial courtesy" and was against woman suffrage. Quite active, but not of the clear-visioned, constructive type. A politician rather than statesman.

Porter J. McCumber, North Dakota.—Republican, age 58; lawyer. Missed many roll calls. Voting record generally reactionary and political. Strongly supported Lorimer, opposed abolition of secret sessions and stood for "senatorial courtesy" in the Rublee case. Voted for direct election of Senators, but made speech in which there were arguments against that change. Asked and secured

an extra clerk for his Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard, which never meets.

G. P. McLean, Connecticut.—Republican; age, 59. Interested in General Electric and several manufacturing concerns. Missed nearly half of roll calls and exerted small influence. Voting record generally reactionary.

H. L. Myers, Montana.—Democrat; age, 54; lawyer. Voting record badly mixed. Was usually for labor and against conservation. Voted with the bipartisan old guard to save secret sessions. As chairman of the Public Lands Committee, Myers aided the anti-conservation forces with several bills. Of ordinary capacity.

C. S. Page, Vermont.—Republican; age, 73. Interested in banking, lumber and hides. Voted to abolish executive sessions, but was generally reactionary. One of the old guard group. Not very active.

Key Pittman, Nevada.—Democrat; age, 44; lawyer. Missed some important roll calls and was not very active. Opposed woman suffrage and supported the Shields' bill. An ordinary, average Senator.

Miles Poindexter, Washington.—Republican; age, 48; lawyer. Voting record good. One of the most able and independent members. Very active and growing in influence.

Atlee Pomerene, Ohio.—Democrat; age, 53; lawyer. General record mixed, leaning toward the reactionary side. Supported the Shields' bill and "senatorial courtesy." Opposed woman suffrage. An average member.

James A. Reed, Missouri.—Democrat; age, 55; lawyer. Missed some important roll calls. Opposed woman suffrage. A half and half record.

George Sutherland, Utah.—Republican; age, 54; lawyer. Interested in sugar and mining. Generally reactionary and not active or very influential.

Claude A. Swanson, Virginia.—Democrat; age, 54. Interested in lumber and cotton. Record generally reactionary. A politician of the old school.

Thomas Taggart, Indiana.—Democrat; age, 60; hotel proprietor. In Senate since March 27, 1916, being appointed to fill the unexpired term of Shively. Has introduced many pension bills. Altho a national leader in Democratic politics, and a machine politician, he fought vigorously against pork in the 1916 river and harbor bill.

Charles E. Townsend, Michigan.—Republican; age, 60; lawyer. Missed 30 of the 69 important tests listed. Spoke against the abolition of the commerce court and has a record generally reactionary. Not active.

John Sharp Williams, Mississippi.—Democrat; age 62; lawyer and cotton planter. An old-school politician, but able and picturesque. Usually opposed progressive measures. Introduced many bills for private claims.

There are nine other members of the United States Senate whose terms expire this year, but they are not up for reelection.

THREE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES—A COMPARISON AND A CONTRAST

THAT was a neat thing Mr. Taft said last month at the get-together meeting in the Union League where he and Roosevelt shook hands and said "how-d'ye-do?" Mr. Hughes had spoken. Roosevelt had spoken. Then Taft spoke, concluding thus:

"We are here to welcome the next President of the United States. And I may say incidentally also we are holding one of those exceptional meetings of the ex-President's Club. It has not a large membership. And the members do not always, or perhaps ever, entertain completely harmonious views. But there is one subject upon which we are unanimous to a point that I can't exaggerate, and that is that we are going to elect in November another member of that club."

For skill in picking up and brandishing a hot poker without injury that equals anything we have heard. If, as Mr. Taft hopes, Mr. Wilson is elected to the ex-Presidents' Club, there will be a membership of three men. An interesting comparison of these three men appears in *Collier's*, written by that shrewd appraiser of character, David Grayson—beg pardon, we should say Ray Stannard Baker. He gives us, first, a picture of the White House at the time of an international crisis, or what looked like a crisis:

"One fragrant summer night not long ago I walked through the unguarded outer gate up to the White House. It was at the height of one of the great moments in the present world-crisis. Newsboys were calling a late extra on the streets: I could hear the curiously disquieting note they contrive, on such occasions, to impart to their voices without catching the words they cried—was it Germany or Mexico, or some new peril? One had the sense of vast impending events.

"But nothing, certainly, could be calmer, more soothing, than that feverish night, than the aspect of the Executive Mansion and the quiet and shady grounds around it. There was a fragrance of flowers in the air and somewhere among the trees I could hear the night twitter of birds. I seemed to have stepped suddenly out of a tempestuous world into a garden of silence. Not a policeman, much less a soldier, was visible, no guards of any kind, and I walked up to the door as one would walk up to the home of a friend—wondering a little what a stranger from a war-torn European capital would have thought of this exhibition of unguarded power.

"Inside there was the same utter quietude—two men at the door—and upstairs, in his private study, a workroom with a typewriter in the corner, a business-looking filing cabinet, a desk piled high with documents and books, sat the President of the United States, quietly, steadily, patiently—and rather lonesomely—working at his enormous and critical task."

This scene Mr. Baker finds characteristic not only of Mr. Wilson's administration but of administrations in general. He proceeds to ruminate in a manner that is refreshing at a time of strenuous partisan contest:

"I think sometimes the flashing impression of such a moment more interpretive than anything actually seen or heard. It all came to me that night—the undisturbed home, the peaceful surroundings, the thoughtful man at his desk—curiously but deeply as a symbol of immense strength. Here at the center of things where the spirit of the nation questioned itself was a great quietude, steadiness, confidence. If the nation were really afraid, if it really distrusted itself or its leadership in this world crisis, there would be evidence of it, some increased palpitation, here at the heart of things. Our American presidents, more than any statesmen in the world, I suppose, are true public men. There are few 'state secrets,' little concealment, much frankness. Mr. Roosevelt told everybody pretty nearly everything and put it all the next day in a letter or a speech. I recall seeing him not long after he was settled in the White House and of coming away quite bowed down with the weight of high Matters of State which had been imparted to me. Outside I met my friend R—. He wore a hunted look and told me in a hushed voice exactly the same secrets, which he had just had from 'T. R.' On

the way down Pennsylvania Avenue we came across W— swelling with the same news, and an hour or so later it was all in the evening paper! Mr. Taft was also a free talker and gave outright opinions both of events and of men; but did any-

one ever see an interview with either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft that contained anything really new?

"So it is to a peculiar degree with Mr. Wilson. I really believe that if every conversation the President has upon pub-

lic affairs with his intimate advisers were stenographically reported and published, little would be added to our essential knowledge either of the man or of his views. Is not this as it should be in a republic?"

MR. ASQUITH AS THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN OF GREAT BRITAIN

TWO generations have come and gone since Abraham Lincoln was being cartooned even in abolition journals as a chimpanzee. To-day all parties in the United States endeavor to conjure with his name. That has become such a commonplace in our politics that it is no longer interesting. What is more unusual is to see the efforts in other countries to conjure with Lincoln's name. The latest instance of that kind is seen in England, where a writer in the London *Spectator*—whose identity has aroused considerable discussion in England—draws a comparison between Mr. Asquith, premier of Great Britain, and the great American commoner.

The likeness drawn between the two men is one of qualities of mind rather than circumstance. Asquith did not rise from poverty. He is not a subject of anecdote. Scarcely a "good" story—in the newspaper sense—is told about him. But the qualities of the two men are found to be very similar—such as clearness of vision, tenacity of purpose, patience and deliberation. Says the *Spectator* writer:

"He [Lincoln] saw clearly—more so than any of his contemporaries—the meaning of the problems of North and South, and having seen he never wavered in the course he set. Nor would there be many, friends or enemies, who would not admit that if there is one quality more than another for which Mr. Asquith is noteworthy, it is that same ability. His clear-sighted judgment has been vindicated on many occasions, but never more than in this war, which at the beginning he envisaged with an accuracy which has not yet received its due. Sometimes that steadfastness, which refuses to be moved by optimism or depression, leads his detractors to accuse him of complacency; but far from being that, it is the calm of a strong spirit. Steadfastness is not a showy quality, and the British people have taken a considerable time to recognize its worth in their leader. The American people did likewise with Lincoln. But as was the case in the Civil War, the serene wisdom of the pilot is recognized, at any rate by some, now that the dawn is breaking."

Next to clearness of vision, the most striking similarity between the two men as seen by this writer is that of deliberation in action:

"Lincoln would never take a step until he was convinced not only that he was

right but also that the time was ripe for movement, a tendency which often brought him into collision with the 'get on or get out' school of his time. That is the case with Mr. Asquith. He moves slowly, so slowly at times that his friends as well as his enemies have doubted if he saw his course; but he moves surely. This deliberation is more than opportunism, with which it is sometimes confounded; it is rather a capacity for waiting for and utilizing the moment when the mind of the people is ready for action in the direction of the statesman's objective. This

is a gift of the highest value in the leader of a democracy, particularly when that democracy is so difficult to lead as is the British. Mr. Asquith has never shown that quality more conspicuously than in the terrific tests of the first eighteen months of the war; he more than any one kept the mind of the people moving towards complete organization for war. That may yet be reckoned his supreme achievement as a War Minister."

Another striking similarity in the two men, we are told, is in their capacity to rise to great occasions, to cope with an unexpected crisis. Lincoln always proved big enough for his task. So has Mr. Asquith, tho he, like Lincoln, has been confronted with the most serious and unexpected crises, "perhaps the most puzzling ever faced by a British statesman." Further:

"Patience has been named by Mr. Asquith himself as the most precious possession of a statesman. Lincoln was one of the most patient of statesmen, and no unprejudiced observer of our politics of recent years, or the course of national events since war broke out, will deny that Job himself might have been envious of the Premier's stock of patience.

"But there is another supreme quality of statesmanship which Mr. Asquith shares with Lincoln, and that is readiness to accept responsibility if it is necessary to do so. Lincoln left much to his Cabinet, and so, it is rumored, does Mr. Asquith; sometimes, however, Lincoln acted without his advisers, and Mr. Asquith has shown that he can do the same. He performed one of the most dictatorial and far-reaching acts of any British Prime Minister when without consulting his colleagues he ended the reign of the Liberal Government and set up a Coalition. It is also said that he gave the famous pledge in connection with recruiting on his own authority, and when it is recalled how deep-seated was the British feeling against anything like compulsion it will be seen how Mr. Asquith can take immense responsibility on his own shoulders."

One may easily push comparisons too far, says the British writer, but as Lincoln's great work was the preservation of the Union, so Asquith's great work has been keeping his country united in the face of an emergency of even greater peril and difficulty than that which confronted Lincoln. "To go further and say that he"—Asquith—"will be known as England's Lincoln in every respect is to anticipate history, which can never safely be done."



HE HAS THE PATIENCE OF LINCOLN

It is now considered superlative praise in England to say of a statesman, He is like Abraham Lincoln. This is what Mr. Asquith's friends are now saying of him, and they give specific reasons that are very interesting.



"MR. LAZARUS"—THE PUZZLING COMEDY OF A PRODIGAL FATHER

A WELCOME relief in the vast stretches of plays mounted in the "new" manner, with its feverish oranges and purples, is the human little comedy, "Mr. Lazarus." This latest play by the successful collaborators, Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, contains but one scene, a shabby, furnished room in a shabby rooming-house of New York's over-advertized Greenwich Village. There are but six characters in the play; but in the effective production made by Miss Helen Tyler at the Shubert Theater (for this play has a woman producer and a woman press-agent as well as a woman dramatist), each of these characters is splendidly cast and becomes both human and humorous. "Such quiet definition and gentle play of character give an almost Howells-like illusion to the little piece," so H. T. Parker writes in the *Boston Transcript*. "More theatrically it abounds in the skilful pointing that is the art of our workaday playwrights in these homely comedies. The turn of a phrase, the touch of an obvious situation that lifts it from the commonplace of the playhouse into suggestion of life, the detail of the instant by which the spectator knows and feels illusion and sympathy, are the little graces in which Mr. O'Higgins and Miss Ford are expert. . . . The quiet of 'Mr. Lazarus' is the quiet that holds the spectator concentrated, interested and pleased within the play, among the personages and nowhere else; while the illusion is the illusion we used to applaud before the days of 'best sellers' and 'the punch.'"

Some twenty years before we are introduced to the characters of the comedy, John Molloy and his bride, traveling on their honeymoon, were the victims of a railroad wreck. The young husband, his bride believes, is killed and burned. She is left to face life with a posthumous daughter, inheriting only Molloy's New York house and his life-insurance. Years pass. She hears nothing of her husband, and finally commits the folly of marrying a rascally suave quack, Dr. Sylvester. She and her daughter Patricia are forced to continue running the rooming-house, however, to pay the expenses of the expansive doctor and his own daughter. Patricia—known as "Pat"—is the drudge of the household. Yet an impecunious young artist

named William Booth has fallen in love with her. The girl has, however, emphatically discouraged his advances. Just as Mrs. Sylvester's domestic perplexities, the artist's financial condition, and Dr. Sylvester's remorseless demands for money are producing a crisis in the affairs of the house, a new lodger turns up, a lodger calling himself "Mr. Lazarus." We suspect at once that he is none other than John Molloy, now uncommonly rich and influential.

In the first act, Mrs. Sylvester calls upon William Booth with the news that he must move to another room, as the one he is occupying is to be given to Mr. Lazarus. The illustrator is finally persuaded to move to another room, and mother and daughter, preparing the vacated room for the new lodger, discuss their unhappy affairs. Mrs. Sylvester confesses that she has sometimes doubted whether Patricia's father was really killed.

The stranger manifests no desire to reveal his identity. He merely desires, we suspect, to find out if all is well with his former wife and daughter. He gazes at the atrocious and supposedly posthumous crayon portrait of himself that hangs over the bed in the room in which he is installed. Then he questions Mrs. Sylvester concerning the father of her daughter Patricia, and that good woman, with whom time has dealt humorously tho not too kindly, tells him that her first husband, John Molloy, was her father. The first act concludes:

LAZARUS. Is he—dead?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Well, he wasn't when the original tintype was taken—

LAZARUS. He died after seeing it?

MRS. SYLVESTER. But he was when the artist—he was killed in a railroad accident—on our honeymoon. He never saw Patricia.

LAZARUS. Oh, you mean she was posthumous?

MRS. SYLVESTER. That's it! I never could think of that word. I always keep saying post mortem!

LAZARUS. And her father never knew anything about her?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Not a thing—no more than she knew about him.

LAZARUS. That's strange—that's strange. I lost a wife myself in a railroad accident.

MRS. SYLVESTER. Did you? Now isn't that a coincidence? Then you know just how he felt. We'd only been married a few weeks.

LAZARUS. Then you have nothing but happy memories of him—

MRS. SYLVESTER. Yes, except that, of course, I really feel sometimes as if I'd hardly known him.

LAZARUS. (*Putting things from bag on table.*) Hardly known him?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Well, we were only engaged a short time—it's all so long ago. So many other things have happened since—

LAZARUS. He was a New Yorker?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Oh, no. He was a Westerner from Australia. He'd been a miner—a prospector, I think he called it—I forget.

LAZARUS. I see.

MRS. SYLVESTER. Sometimes it seems as if the only thing I really remember about him (*shutting her eyes as if to recall some picture*) was that he'd been living out of doors so much—camping—that he didn't like to sleep in a bed.

LAZARUS. Not in a bed?

MRS. SYLVESTER. No, it was the strangest thing. He'd take his pillow and go and lie down on the floor under a window, and I used to find him there every morning. I used to be so nervous on the trains that he'd get out and sleep in the aisle.

LAZARUS. (*Looking at picture.*) Extraordinary man!

MRS. SYLVESTER. Patricia, are all Mr. Booth's things moved?

PATRICIA. Yes. I can manage the rest if you'll take that drawing-board. (*Giving it to her from table. Unstraps blanket and pulls down blind.*)

MRS. SYLVESTER. Well, I'll go then, unless I can help Mr. Lazarus unpack—

LAZARUS. No—your daughter can help me?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Well, good night, Mr. Lazarus.

LAZARUS. Good night, Mrs. Sylvester. (*He pauses, looking after her.*)

PATRICIA. I'll put these on your bed. (*Puts blankets on foot of bed, turns down counterpane, gets suit and shoes that have been left at open chest; she closes it—very busy.*)

LAZARUS. (*Watching her.*) Thanks! Have you always worked like this?

PATRICIA. Oh, yes! (*He opens his bag pausing to look at her curiously.*)

LAZARUS. An Australian miner! You would have expected him to leave his wife better off.

PATRICIA. Yes.

LAZARUS. Wasn't his life insured?

PATRICIA. Oh, yes. Can I put anything away for you?

LAZARUS. No, thank you. It seems to agree with you—work.

PATRICIA. It has to. It has no choice. This is the bathroom.

LAZARUS. I might have had a daughter your age.

PATRICIA. Did you lose her?
LAZARUS. No, I never had one. I might have had, if I hadn't lost my wife.

PATRICIA. Oh—
LAZARUS. Funny thing to think of—you never saw your father and he never saw you, yet here you are with his life living in you—going through you.

PATRICIA. Yes, and his life before me. I don't know any more about it than he knows of my life now.

LAZARUS. Well, I should think you could find out about that.

PATRICIA. No, he had no relatives in this country, and mother didn't know anything about them, and when I was old enough to be curious it was too late.

LAZARUS. Yes, you and your father—you've both been cheated. (*Pat nods and goes to door.*) Patricia Molloy—mighty pretty name—eh?

PATRICIA. (*Smiling at him.*) Yes, if you like the Irish.

LAZARUS. My mother was Irish. Good night, Patricia Molloy! (*Exit Pat. He looks at door a moment, unconsciously takes off coat and vest and puts them on chair. Loosens collar and tie, turns, sees picture over bed, groans "Oh," picks up heavy suitcase and goes quickly into bathroom. A pause. Knock at door. Lazarus calls from bathroom.*) Come in!

BOOTH. (*Entering.*) I left some sketches. Mind if I get them?

LAZARUS. No, take anything you like. (*Booth moves about taking sketches from the wall.*)

BOOTH. I can't say that I like them very much. (*Sees picture over bed, grins. After a pause.*) Say, I suppose you don't know this room's occupied by Mrs. Sylvester's first husband? (*A silence.*)

LAZARUS. (*In bathroom—loudly.*) What?

BOOTH. (*His back to him, nodding toward the portrait.*) The guy up there, over the bed, haunts it.

LAZARUS. Oh! (*Withdrawing his head.*) I'll be glad to meet him. I hear he was a miner himself.

BOOTH. (*About to go, sketches in hand.*) California! Are you?

LAZARUS. No. Colorado.

BOOTH. Well, if he bores you, send him in to see me.

LAZARUS. Chatty, is he?

BOOTH. No, he's one of those silent bores. (*Lazarus enters, tying cord around his bath-robe. He has on night gown underneath, and slippers. He locks door. Puts hand in bathroom and turns out gas. Murmurs, "Phew, New York, huh." Lets up spring blind and throws open window. He deliberately musses up bed. Spreads the two Indian blankets to cover floor. Tosses two pillows on blanket near chest. Sees picture over bed, groans, tosses the counterpane over it. Takes off bathrobe, kicks off slippers. Lies down, tucks blanket around him and keeps rolling until his head reaches the pillows.*)

Dr. Sylvester, who has written a pseudo-scientific book on "instinctive therapeutics," has found a fly-by-night publisher who promises to print the book for the sum of \$500. This he proceeds to get from his wife. A few days later he comes up to explain the work to Mr. Lazarus and to young Booth, who, he is convinced, will be

only too happy to make a series of illustrations for his masterpiece.

DR. SYLVESTER. Do you see this? (*Showing manuscript.*) This is the manuscript of my book. The publisher wants it illustrated, and I can get you the job.

BOOTH. (*Suspiciously.*) Thanks! What's it about?

DR. SYLVESTER. We've called it "The Science of Scognosticism and the Practice of Instinctive Therapeutics."

BOOTH. (*Thoroughly disgusted.*) I can see myself doing a picture of that.

LAZARUS. Haven't a photograph of it, have you?

DR. SYLVESTER. Yes—now, we'll just be serious for a moment, if you don't mind.

LAZARUS. What's this—Scotasculator? scog—what?

DR. SYLVESTER. Scognosticism. It's



A GROWING POWER IN THE AMERICAN THEATER

Harriet Ford, with the aid of Harvey J. O'Higgins, has written a number of successful plays. Her latest has been successfully produced by a woman, Miss Helen Tyler, and boosted by a woman press-agent.

practically a new science that I've formulated. Founded on the discoveries of a great French philosopher, Bergson. Have you ever heard of him?

BOOTH. Can't say I have.

LAZARUS. I never heard any good of him.

DR. SYLVESTER. You will! His theories of course are all—theory. But I've founded a practice on them—the practice of instinctive therapeutics.

LAZARUS. Could you put that into words of one syllable?

DR. SYLVESTER. It's simple enough. When a dog's sick, how does he take care of himself?

LAZARUS. I suppose he goes to a veterinary surgeon.

DR. SYLVESTER. Instinct! It tells him to eat grass. Well, man has such instincts. They're not dead. They're atrophied and that's where I come in. I cultivate them. I restore them.

LAZARUS. You mean if I ate grass—

DR. SYLVESTER. No—no. I mean that you have instincts to protect your health.

(*Clearing his throat.*) Instinct is unconscious intelligence. Intellect is the conscious nucleus of the great mass of blind intelligence. (*Turning pages of his manuscript.*) Listen to this.

LAZARUS. (*To Booth.*) Listen! Get in! Have some—don't leave me. (*Invites Booth, who brings chair from desk and sits.*)

DR. SYLVESTER. Listen to Bergson. This is from his great work on "Creative Evolution." (*Reads.*) "The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life."

BOOTH. That explains me.

DR. SYLVESTER. (*Reading.*) "Instinct is sympathy. If this sympathy could reflect upon itself, it would give us the key to vital operations." Do you hear that? The key! The key to vital operations! That's what I've found. The key!

LAZARUS. I see. The key!

DR. SYLVESTER. (*Reading.*) "There are things," Bergson says, "that intelligence alone is able to seek, but which, by itself, it will never find. These things instinct alone can find; but it will never seek them." (*Closing the manuscript, puts it on table.*) That's it! I've sought, and by the aid of instinct, I've found. I've revolutionized the science of intelligent medicine by means of the science of instinctive therapeutics.

LAZARUS. This is all very instinctive.

BOOTH. (*Putting back chair.*) That sounds convincing.

LAZARUS. With the accent on the "con."

DR. SYLVESTER. No, no. It's simple as A-B-C. It's only the words you don't understand. With a few pictures we'll make it sing.

LAZARUS. (*Still seated at table.*) Well, I guess you've got my life work cut out.

DR. SYLVESTER. We're going to start with a frontispiece, and we want something catchy. You do a sort of bust of me—see? and then—back of me, you put a figure of Hygeia—allegorical figure—without too much clothes on. (*Winking at Booth.*) You see? A girl with a good shape and lots of it showing.

BOOTH. What you call a study from the lewd, eh?

DR. SYLVESTER. (*Laughing.*) You're on! And she's right back of me—putting a wreath—see? (*With a gesture encircling the crown of his head.*)

LAZARUS. Of poisoned ivy.

BOOTH. Fine! What size do you wear?

DR. SYLVESTER. (*Laughing.*) That's the idea! You glance over this manuscript and I'll come up and have a conference with you to-morrow, see? We'll put in as many allegorical figures as the law allows.

BOOTH. Better bring a model with you.

DR. SYLVESTER. Well, boy, I saw a girl last night at the Winter Garden—if we could get her!—Oh!

Mr. Lazarus has now been a week in the house. He has allowed the struggling artist to reinstate himself in the room with the north light. He has discovered the financial difficulties of his former wife. Patricia Molloy has awakened his paternal feelings. He has discovered the oily greediness of the charlatan doctor. But Mrs. Sylvester, whom the hard-struggling

years have converted into a typical lodging-house keeper, does not awaken any desire in his breast to reveal his identity.

Booth has a commission to make a "high life" illustration of a New York cabaret scene for a popular magazine and persuades Patricia to pose for him. She is discovered in what they consider a "compromizing situation" by the doctor and his jealous daughter. Mr. Lazarus enters the room as the family is bringing accusations against Pat and young Booth, and calmly announces that nothing is improper because the couple are engaged. Finally, left alone with "Mr. Lazarus," Patricia Molloy angrily rebukes him for his interference. She is quite able to take care of herself, she informs him:

PATRICIA. How dare you say that I was going to marry him—putting me in a false place like that! What right had you to interfere?

LAZARUS. Patricia, I have a right—

PATRICIA. You haven't—nobody has! I work hard enough to do as I please, and it's nobody's business but my own. Oh, it's shameful, and all for nothing! He was always just nice and friendly, and now you've got me into a place where I look as if I were trying to take advantage!

LAZARUS. I've got something I want to tell you—if you'll promise not to tell your mother.

PATRICIA. (Wildly.) I don't want to hear it—I don't want to hear it! You had no right—

LAZARUS. (Stops her, his hand on her shoulder.) Patricia, I have a right. Pat, I'm your father. (There is a pause. Pat slowly raises her head and looks at him as if in fear.)

PATRICIA. (In a whisper.) My father!

LAZARUS. Yes. (She backs away from him toward the door.) Pat, don't you believe me?

PATRICIA. Oh, no, no! (She goes out quickly, looking back before she closes the door.)

LAZARUS. (Following her.) Pat! (His arm falls helplessly; he leans against door, baffled.)

When Mr. Lazarus learns that Mrs. Sylvester is going to sell the house to furnish money for her rapacious husband, he decides to become the purchaser himself. Booth, Patricia and he try to work out some feasible plan to get rid of Dr. Sylvester. Mr. Lazarus, in the meantime, sorry that he has told Patricia that he is her father, now tries to convince her that he was nothing more than a close friend to John Molloy. But when he presents the deed to the house to the mother and daughter, Mrs. Sylvester's suspicions are aroused. She begins to scrutinize the countenance of her new lodger, and to study his mannerisms. She, too, learns that Mr. Lazarus was a close friend to John Molloy. They begin to discuss the unfortunate death of the latter:

LAZARUS. Well, I'm a lone wolf. I've been out in the open so much that I hate even to be under a roof. I've camped out so much that I'd sooner sleep on the floor, any time, than in a bed. (Mrs. Sylvester looks at him, getting an idea.) I've had some narrower shaves than I had that day in the railroad accident. But I'm hard to kill. My motto is: Never say die—

MRS. SYLVESTER. (Rising, breathlessly.) John! John! (Pat and Booth rise. Booth drops board.)

DR. SYLVESTER. What's the matter with you?

MRS. SYLVESTER. You are! You are! There wasn't any ghost! That's how you knew his mustache was red. It was *your* mustache!

PATRICIA. Mother!

DR. SYLVESTER. What are you saying?

LAZARUS. Why! what have I said?

MRS. SYLVESTER. "Never say die!" I knew you the minute you said it! It brought everything back to me. The last words you said to me—putting me out of that car-window—Never say die!

DR. SYLVESTER. For God's sake, what's all this?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Don't you understand? It's my husband! He's Mr. Molloy!

DR. SYLVESTER. Molloy!

PATRICIA. Mother, don't you believe it. He's deceiving you.

LAZARUS. Deceiving her! What have I said?

MRS. SYLVESTER. No—no! It's your father. Never say die! (Excitedly to Pat.) It was his motto. It was on his ring. (Turning to Lazarus.) John, where have you been? Why did you do it? Why did you never come back before? Leaving me and Pat to struggle alone—what we've been through with that man! Taking every cent away from us! How could you do it? How could you? (She breaks down, weeping, and Pat tries to console her.)

DR. SYLVESTER. Are you out of your mind?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Go away from me! He's my husband. I never should have married you. I don't see how I could have done it anyway. I always said I'd never marry a fat man. You've got to go.

DR. SYLVESTER. Is this true? (To Lazarus.) Are you Molloy?

LAZARUS. Well, that would be very hard to prove.

DR. SYLVESTER. Hard to prove? Yes—but I am asking you—are you her husband or am I?

LAZARUS. I prefer to leave that to her.

MRS. SYLVESTER. Oh, I know, I know!

DR. SYLVESTER. (To Lazarus.) Do you mean you don't deny it?

LAZARUS. Well, that would be a very impolite thing to do, wouldn't it?

DR. SYLVESTER. You're evading me, are you?

PATRICIA. Mother, he isn't my father. I don't believe it.

MRS. SYLVESTER. Why, Pat, he is! How can you?

PATRICIA. He, he isn't! He made up his mind to do this before you came in. I don't believe it.

LAZARUS. What difference does it make whether you believe it or not? Adopt me.

PATRICIA. But, mother, you can't—a perfect stranger—

MRS. SYLVESTER. But he isn't! Pat, what are you trying to do to me?

BOOTH. Why don't you tell her whether you're her father or not?

LAZARUS. I told her once and she wouldn't believe me.

They try to solve the puzzle of the stranger's identity. Dr. Sylvester wishes to release his "wife" for a consideration. Mr. Lazarus will neither declare himself John Molloy nor deny it:

LAZARUS. If John Molloy came back to a wife and daughter and found them needing him as much as he needed them, do you think anything you could threaten would scare him off? Do you know what that sort of life is—without a name, without a past, without a relative or an affection—making money and spending it again, digging holes in the ground and filling them again, buying houses and selling them again. A man with activities and no aim—alive after he's dead and dead while he's living! If I were John Molloy and had got back from that sort of life, do you think any power on earth would ever drive me out?

DR. SYLVESTER. If you're John Molloy, you will pay me for leaving you here or I'll drive you out. If you are John Lazarus, you've no right in this house and you'll go!

LAZARUS. I own it and you'll get out of it! You're a crook, a swindler and a blackmailer. You get out of here.

DR. SYLVESTER. If I do, I'll take my wife and her daughter with me.

MRS. SYLVESTER. No, no, no.

LAZARUS. She's a free woman. She can leave you any time she wants to.

DR. SYLVESTER. We'll see. By God, I'll get you some day! I'll get a lawyer—

LAZARUS. (At door.) Go ahead. You won't bother me. I have to pay my lawyer whether he works or not. (Shuts door on Sylvester.)

BOOTH. Well, that's all right enough, but are you Molloy, or not?

PATRICIA. (Touching his sleeve.) Yes—yes—who are you?

LAZARUS. You won't take my word for it—ask your mother.

MRS. SYLVESTER. Well, I thought I knew until you said that about the ring, and then I stuck to it to get rid of the doctor, and now I don't know whether you're John or not.

PATRICIA. Mother!

LAZARUS. Well! (His hand accidentally finds Pat's. He looks fondly at her and pats her head.) I think I'm Molloy.

MRS. SYLVESTER. John! (Nestling on his shoulder.)

LAZARUS. (About to kiss her.) Jane!

MRS. SYLVESTER. Why, my name's Mary! (Backs away perplexed, Lazarus feeling "he has put his foot in it." Booth throws down knife eraser and goes holding his head in despair. Pat is disgusted.)

After his long life of freedom, the new bonds into which he has stepped prove irksome to Mr. Lazarus. Confident that he is John Molloy, his wife insists upon the instant and final expulsion of her second husband, and tries to convert the returned wanderer



"YOU'RE A BLACKGUARD AND A SWINDLER!"

The situation in the rooming-house becomes tense when Husband No. 1 confronts Husband No. 2.

into the paragon of domestic virtues. He rebels. Pat and Booth become engaged and happy. Mr. Lazarus longs for the open spaces. And the last act is devoted to his amazing and amusing attempts to extricate himself from the web of domesticity in which he has become entangled. He succeeds in confusing not only the two women and the young artist, but perhaps the audience as well. Is he John Molloy or Lazarus? That is the final question of the play, which concludes:

LAZARUS. At first I decided I must be Molloy because I couldn't recall any of my past as Lazarus. But I didn't want anybody to turn up with a charge that I had deserted my wife and swindled an insurance company, so I went to work—to get a birth certificate and establish my identity as Lazarus.

BOOTH. It seems to me you wouldn't have done that if you hadn't been certain you were Molloy.

LAZARUS. Well, you see, I was always having dreams that I was Lazarus—in my sleep. I couldn't tell whether they were real dreams, or memories—and I seemed to remember more of Lazarus's past, in my sleep, than I could remember of Molloy's past when I was awake. That's the way it's been to this day. I'm Lazarus at night, and I'm Molloy in the day time, and I get the dreams and the daytime so mixed up that I can't tell whether I'm Molloy, dreaming I'm Lazarus, or Lazarus imagining I'm Molloy.

BOOTH. Well, I give it up! (*Clapping his hand to his forehead.*)

PATRICIA. But we can't give it up.

MRS. SYLVESTER. Where am I, if we give it up? John, if you're still having dreams like that, you've got to go to a doctor.

BOOTH. If you were not Molloy, how

did you ever find your way to this house?

LAZARUS. I knew Molloy used to live here, and I thought I might come across something that would clear this thing up for me.

BOOTH. Well, you did, didn't you?

LAZARUS. (*Looks up at Pat.*) I thought I did. (*Looks across at Mrs. Sylvester.*) And then I thought I didn't. And when I said I was Molloy, you said I was crazy.

PATRICIA. Yes, but the way you said it—

BOOTH. Well, what are you going to do about it?

LAZARUS. Why do anything about it? What's the necessity? We're all perfectly happy. Pat can get married—and you're out of debt—(*To Mrs. Sylvester*) and we're rid of Sylvester—your mother won't have to worry about a divorce—and I won't have to go to church—and I can smoke as many cigars as I like.

MRS. SYLVESTER. It's the cigars that make you have those awful dreams! You're not well.

PATRICIA. I don't think it's dreams. You must be my father!

BOOTH. I think it's imagination.

MRS. SYLVESTER. Well, whatever it is, he's got to be cured of it. You'll come with me, first thing in the morning, to a specialist. You've got to realize that you're John Molloy night and day. And you've got to be my husband, or I'm still Mrs. Dr. Sylvester.

LAZARUS. All right, all right. But suppose your specialist cured me of the idea that I'm Molloy?

MRS. SYLVESTER. Oh, John! Don't say that!

PATRICIA. Oh! please! I wish you wouldn't think that maybe you're not my father.

LAZARUS. Pat, I'd rather be your father than anybody's father. (*Beside Pat, puts his face down against hers.*) Do we look alike?

MRS. SYLVESTER. I don't know—she's more like what you were when I first met you. (*Booth looks at photo.*)

LAZARUS. Pat, do you like me a little?

PATRICIA. I wish I'd had you all my life.

LAZARUS. (*Rises with her, puts his arms around her and walks with her past Mrs. Sylvester, who is seated.*) Well, girl, it wouldn't make much difference now, anyway. Our life together would be done—with Billy coming in. I wouldn't be a father any more, I'd only be a father-in-law. Heigho! I'm missing my Sunday nap! (*Opens door.*) Patricia Molloy, I'm going to dream I'm Lazarus again. (*He goes out. A pause.*) . . .

MRS. SYLVESTER. Oh dear! I can't stand it! I can't have him dreaming that he's Lazarus. I'm going to wake him up. (*She opens the door and pauses, looking down at letter on the sill.*) Why—(*She stoops to pick it up.*) Here's a letter.

PATRICIA. I'll bet it's from the doctor.

MRS. SYLVESTER. (*Reading envelope.*) It's for you, Mr. Booth.

BOOTH. The doctor! That old spout can't have any more confessions to make! (*Booth takes it, tears it open, glances at it, hands it to Pat, and then rushes out.*)

MRS. SYLVESTER. What is it, Pat? What is it?

PATRICIA. (*Breathlessly.*) It's from him! (*Reads.*) "Good-bye to you all. The dead can't come back." Oh! He's gone! (*Booth dashes in.*)

BOOTH. He's gone!

MRS. SYLVESTER. Gone! That's the second time he's done it.

BOOTH. He couldn't have gone, Pat, if he'd been your father.

MRS. SYLVESTER. How can you? He was!

BOOTH. He was not!

PATRICIA. Well, tell me—will you? Was he or wasn't he? (*Mrs. Sylvester looks at Pat, then at Booth, and sits. Booth and Pat look at each other and sit.*)

THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SUPERMAN OF THE MOVIES

WHEN David W. Griffith first revealed to the American public some of the unsuspected possibilities of the film-play, with his spectacular production "The Birth of a Nation," he not only created new standards and fashions for other directors and makers of "feature films" but imposed upon himself the difficult task of living up to the most spectacular success—both in an artistic and financial sense—known to the American screen.

Could he live up to it? "Intolerance" is Mr. Griffith's answer to this question. The consensus of critical opinion is that the "superman of the American movies" has not only succeeded but advanced the art of the motion picture a step further. "In it," writes James S. Metcalfe, the veteran dramatic critic of *Life*, "he has carried the picture play to the limit of its possibilities so far as doing everything that can be done with the motion picture. . . . 'Intolerance' illustrates admirably the big things the moving picture does do and equally the big things it doesn't do under its present inspiration." The *N. Y. Call* (Socialist) finds that Griffith is "an artist with a vision," who "thinks in masses and reflects it in his films." The critic of the *N. Y. Sun* sums up the mingled excellencies and deficiencies of the film in an apt comparison: "The audience is left with a feeling akin to the one-eyed boy at the three-ringed circus. The feeling is pleasurable and exciting, but there is regret that so much has to be missed."

Granville Barker once defined a play as anything that could be made effective and interesting on the stage by human effort. Mr. Griffith's new film-play, as a writer in the *Boston Transcript* suggests, adequately fulfills this loose definition. In a program note he explains his aim:

"The purpose of the production is to trace a universal theme through various periods of the race's history. Events are not set forth in their historical sequence or according to accepted forms of dramatic construction, but as they might flash across a mind seeking to parallel the life of the different ages. Through all these ages Time brings forth the same passions, the same joys and sorrows, the same hopes and anxieties—symbolized by 'the cradle endlessly rocking.'"

The "universal theme" is indicated in the title; but in developing it there are no less than four main stories in as many widely divergent epochs. The most effective scenes, all critics are agreed, are those of ancient Babylon.

Concerning these "K. M." writes in the *Boston Transcript*:

"But Babylon—Babylon the Magnificent—Babylon, the greatest scene of spectacle ever flashed upon the screen—it is literally tremendous. It is not alone that Mr. Griffith built walls, towers, courts, houses, which covered hundreds of acres; employed tens of thousands in his mobs, and ravaged whole storehouses of costumes. He built well, he made his places a genuine reconstruction of the spirit of Babylon, and he threw his people across them with a hand that had something nearer akin to genius than ever resides in the writings of our archeologists and historians. Mr. Griffith is showing the movies how to give us a vastly precious glimpse at the life of the past. He is reconstructing other worlds for us with a realism that makes their common humanity as fascinating as their bizarre variation from our life to-day."

In contrast to these technical and imaginative triumphs, Mr. Griffith has not acquired the power of handling ideas with the same facility. Mr. Metcalfe praises this producer for daring to introduce ideas into motion pictures, though he confesses that the idea is "completely smothered in the tremendous complexity of the pictures."

The *Transcript* critic, who reveals an unusual familiarity with all of Mr. Griffith's past productions, suggests that had he left the field of photo-spectacle for one of more resolute realism, his effort would have been of infinitely

more value in the struggle to elevate the motion picture to the dignity of an art:

"'The Birth' and its success bound him to a general line of extravagant spectacle and also to the necessity of both exceeding his previous effort and of striking some variation. He did this by the curious and absolutely original expedient of telling four stories instead of one, all of them full of crowds and violence, and all of them reinforcing—or intended to reinforce—a general ethical propaganda. The stories range through all time, from the Fall of Babylon, to Christ's life, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the industrial slums of to-day. The thread of propaganda intended to bind them together is the declaration that a spirit of intolerance filled all four with avoidable human tragedy. Mr. Griffith aimed to excel 'The Birth' not only by the magnitude of the Babylonian scenes, but by the virtuosity displayed in handling four stories in constant alternation, episode by episode, on a single screen."

"That great battle before the walls of Babylon; who could see it without a fascinated longing for still closer intercourse with the past? The long perspective of serried towers; the chariots rumbling along the tops of the great walls and swinging past their feet in a rush of armed hordes; the shining armor, the barbaric engines of war; the scaling ladders and siege towers flung down in dust and blood; sword and flame hurtling through the air; night visions of a fire-topped city; and crowds, crowds, crowds, battling crowds, the thousand details of primeval combat."



A GRIFFITH TRIUMPH

D. W. Griffith is master of the art of conveying on the screen an impression of ever present reality, of presenting the effect both of "sweep" and of detail. He splashes crowds, cities, battles and races on his celluloid as other artists might splash color on canvas.

ARRESTING CAREER OF THE YOUNGEST CREATIVE MUSICAL GENIUS

IF precocity be the test of genius, one of the greatest composers the world has seen is now approaching his maturity. Erich Wolfgang

Korngold, at present nineteen years of age, has been called the "modern Mozart," since, ever since his twelfth year, he has startled the world with successive productions that are, technically at least, equal to those of his most advanced contemporaries. When Mozart, at the age of thirteen, produced his first comic opera he already had no less than fifty compositions to his credit. When Mendelssohn wrote the immortal "Midsummer-Night's Dream" overture at seventeen, he had already turned out four little operas, a symphony, and volumes of chamber music. But, aside from these two examples, the world can point to no such early development until it reaches Korngold. At eleven, to follow Mr. H. K. Moderswell's account in the *Harvard Musical Review*, this "wonder-child" composed a little two-act pantomime, "The Snowman," and when, in October, 1913, the Vienna Imperial Opera produced it, it was found to be "written in a musicianly and dramatically competent manner, and full of ideas." Last season the Chicago Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic both produced his "Sinfonietta" in B major, which in proportions, conception and scoring thoroly belies its diminutive title and which the critics variously hailed as a gigantic work of genius or assailed as a monstrosity of ultra-modernism.

No less a technician than Richard Strauss, upon hearing one of Korngold's compositions, remarked in effect that "it seemed useless for such as himself to make further effort when 'that boy' could outstrip them all." This matter of the tremendous technical equipment necessary for the production of a modern score in a sense places Korngold's case outside the range of comparison with a Mozart or even a Mendelssohn. Imagine a boy in his teens handling an orchestral "palette" consisting of 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, a bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, double bassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, 4 kettle drums, *Glockenspiel*, triangle, side drum, cymbals, 2 bells, 2 harps, celesta, piano and the usual strings—which is the combination for which his last performed work is scored! Consider besides the harmonic and polyphonic intricacies of this work, which are such that Ernest Newman, the eminent English critic, exclaimed that "Korngold begins where Strauss leaves off." Where, in that case, will Korngold leave off?

Korngold was born in 1897 at Brünn,

his father being the present music critic of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. A steady stream of works have come from the young man's pen which have gone through the length and breadth of Europe and America. His two orchestral works have been played in most of the European capitals, as well as in New York and Chicago. There have been Korngold evenings from London to Moscow and from Hamburg to Rome. Korngold is a "strongly-built youngster, just beginning to look mature, with a strong Jewish face."



A MODERN MOZART?

Since the age of 12 Erich Korngold has startled European and American critics with a succession of sonatas, symphonies and operettas which are said by one critic to be as bold and daring as the works of Debussy. He disclosed gifts for musical composition and piano-playing at such an early age that they were looked upon as a miracle by his parents and their neighbors.

He seems quite aware of his importance in the musical world, but takes all his triumphs easily, even playfully, and "would always rather make a joke than an impression."

He has already earned the reputation of an iconoclast, whose harmonic daring makes even radicals gasp and who is suspected of "never having written a pure consonance in his life except by accident." Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*, explains this by the lad's environment. The boy has lived, we are told, from the day of his birth, in an "atmosphere of Wagnerian and more modern excitement which has affected his musical sense of perception—his auditory organs—at the expense of a natural normal development." In speaking of Korngold's piano sonata

in E major, which has been by several critics described as his best work, Mr. Aldrich says:

"Master Korngold in this sonata certainly shows a strange state of mind for a boy of his age. The sonata is perhaps a little more violently extreme than his earlier works, but only a little. It shows nothing of the naturalism, simplicity and directness of boyhood nor does it seem to show freshness and independence of view. He appears to have been trained and instructed and set down to make a beginning at the point where Strauss has brought the art of music at present."

Nevertheless Mr. Aldrich admits that, "discordantly cross and crabbed as it seems to ears not twisted towards the future," the sonata "denotes a remarkable capacity." The critic of the *London Musical Standard*, in writing of Korngold's violin sonata, exclaims that his is literally "the freshest imagination in Europe." He continues in words that must give one pause:

"To pretend that he is as learned as Reger or Strauss is unnecessary; but in the matter of sheer invention he is already their equal. His precocity is marvelous. Individuality from the first has always been in evidence. With such an equipment as he already has—and it seems almost to have come to him as an intuition—his technic attracts by its brilliancy and beauty of impulse. Korngold, if one may look ahead, will be the founder of a new order of music. The whole-tone system will scarcely hold its own against him. We shall have to burn our books on harmony and counterpoint . . . and start anew with a fecund, fertile, imaginative method which admits nature and the whole jarring universe of sounds as the material on which to draw."

A critic of the *N. Y. Musical Observer* expresses the opinion that this most famous of young Korngold's sonatas is, in its opening theme at least, "worthy of a Brahms"; and further calls attention to one example of iconoclasm in the same work which "for boldness and daring must be placed alongside of Debussy." It is for the future to judge the ultimate value of these precocious compositions. Korngold's amazing fertility and originality are, at any rate, facts of the utmost interest. A steady stream of compositions has come from the pen of the Vienna boy. Besides the compositions already mentioned, he has created several piano sonatas, a trio for piano, violin and cello, seven charming "fairy-pictures" for the piano, an ambitious "Overture for a Play" for full orchestra, a sonata for violin and piano, and other similar works. There has seemed to be no dimming of his genius with his passage through the usually turbulent teens, as one Viennese critic notes.

A THEATRICAL WORKSHOP FOR ACTING PLAYWRIGHTS AND PLAY-WRITING ACTORS

A LABORATORY for playwrights, with the motto "every man his own playwright," is a fitting description for the youngest among all the young organizations springing up in all parts of the United States which aim to uplift theater, drama, actor, and audience. This youngest of them all is the group of acting playwrights and play-writing actors known as the "Provincetown Players." Acting, scene-painting, scene-shifting, stage-carpentering and lighting as well as the writing and producing of plays exclusively American, are all included in the work of these arduous dramatists, not to mention the fact that they even become the audience for one another.

Their original theater was a wharf on the beach at Provincetown, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. There they were discovered by other playwrights, writers and artists. The venture, started last summer, has now grown until the Provincetown Players have decided to inaugurate a New York season in their own theater-club-house. During the summer of 1916, according to their announcement, they presented eleven original one-act plays by American authors in the "Wharf Theater." All these plays were written, staged and acted by members of the group. The most expensive production cost less than thirteen dollars. The sale of seats to the associate members paid for the installation of stage, seats, electric lights, curtains, costumes, and scenery. The aim of the group is explained:

"The impelling desire of the group was

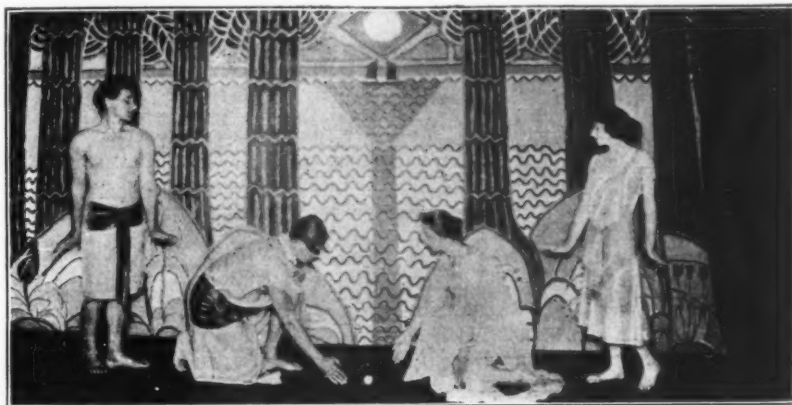
to establish a stage where playwrights of sincere, poetic, literary and dramatic purpose could see their plays in action, and superintend their production without submitting to the commercial manager's interpretation of public taste. Equally, it was to afford an opportunity for actors, producers, scenic and costume-designers to experiment with a stage of extremely simple resources—it being the idea of the 'Players' that elaborate settings are unnecessary to bring out the essential qualities of a good play."

Several of the critics of the Boston dailies attended the performances given in Provincetown, and discovered in these efforts a movement of true significance in the development of community drama in America. "The Provincetown Players, like the Irish Players," we read in the *Boston Post*, "are trying to get away from stage convention, to act naturally and simply, to be

on the stage much as they are off the stage.

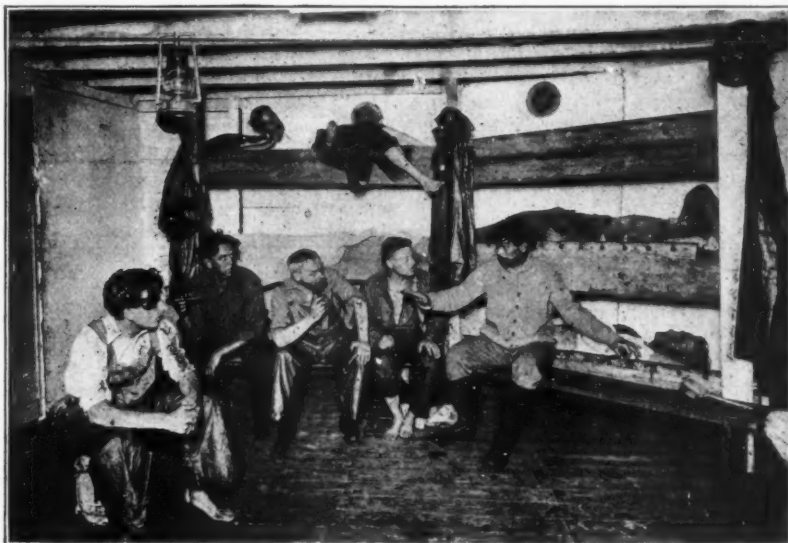
"A number of the plays they have given were written the week before they were to be produced. They find that, knowing their plays are to be produced, makes them want to write plays. And they re-write the plays as they are being rehearsed. The professional actors among them in the scores of rehearsals have hammered the A-B-C's of acting into these intelligent and temperamentally gifted amateurs. The theater is a workshop to them. They find it stimulating to have a place in which to try out their own stuff.

"The Provincetown Players are so modern that they not only write about modern things, but satirize them. In the bill which closed their season they presented 'Suppressed Desires' by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell. It is called a Freudian comedy and is a satire on psycho-analysis."



SYMBOLICAL

"The Game," by Louise Bryant, was offered by the Provincetown Players as an experimental attempt to synthesize decoration, costume, speech and action in one mood. An attempt was made to restore the severe ritual of all primitive poetic drama.



REALISTIC

This is a scene from a play entitled "Bound East for Cardiff." It was written by Eugene O'Neill, son of James O'Neill, famous as a Shakespearean actor and the creator of "Monte Cristo." The scene is the fo'castle of a British tramp steamer, when death comes to one of its motley crew.

A writer in the *Boston Globe* notes encouragingly that the group is not bothered with thoughts about tired business men nor any of the usual and so much despised standards of Broadway. On the contrary:

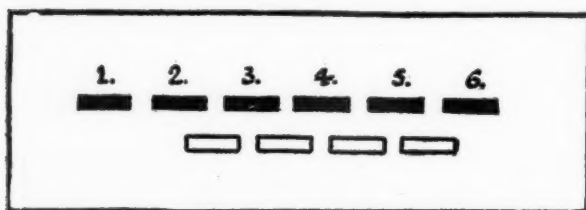
"They are paying more attention to that thoughtful class of people whose numbers seem to be increasing in this country—the class that suffers a little in the mental and spiritual travail incident to the growing life of the times—the class that thinks less about the political economy of profits and more about human aspirations, justice and equality of opportunity.

"And the Players are all artists in that they seem clearly to comprehend the relation of art to emotion, to thought, and to human interest. Their attitude toward their work is that of the student of the coming age in stage matters—forerunners of the forces that will be operative on the stage before many years. At least, that is the belief of many who have seen the little works that have been thus far produced."

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

WHY THE BATTLE-LINE WHICH ALLOWS ITSELF TO BE BROKEN IS DEFEATED

THE most decisive battle of the present European war was in type, according to the British student of military science, Hilaire Belloc, one of those general actions which may be called a defeat suffered from a dislocation of the line, or, more briefly, a battle of dislocation.



A

It is clear, explains Mr. Belloc, in his analysis of the elements of the great war, that even where superior forces are face to face with inferior, the cohesion or continuity of the superior line—unless its numerical superiority be quite overwhelming—is essential to success. I have here (A) six black units opposed to four white units. That is a marked superiority. But if by any accident or folly or misfortune a large gap opens between two sections of my black units and if white takes immediate advantage of this, altho I am superior in number, white will defeat me.

Suppose (as in B) a broad gap is allowed to intervene between two halves of my six black units, the left-hand half and the right-hand half, and white takes immediate advantage of this by stepping into the gap, it is clear that he will have to get upon the flank of unit No. 4 and unit No. 3, as well as holding them in front. Now we know that troops deployed for battle when thus struck in flank are doomed if the stroke can be delivered with sufficient force. For upon an unprotected flank a line is vulnerable in the extreme.*

It is there "blind," weak in men and with no organization for suddenly turning to fight at right angles to its original facing. White is further immediately threatening the communications of the black units 3 and 4, represented by the arrows. Such a situation com-

pels the black units 3 and 4 to fall back at once to positions indicated by the shaded oblongs on sketch C. If they did not so fall back they would be destroyed. But that leaves 5 and 2 similarly exposed, so they in their turn must fall back towards the shaded positions behind them. But this would leave 6 and 1 also exposed, so they

also have to fall back. In practice, of course, when such a gap opens and advantage is taken of it by the enemy, the line thus imperiled does not wait to fall back gradually bit by bit but receives the

order to fall back at once and all together. It has lost its offensive power. It is lucky if it can stop somewhere and stand on the defensive before suffering total defeat.

This is summed up in the simple phrase, so familiar to students of the art of war, that "the line which allows itself to be broken is defeated." In the greater part of actions known to history, where victory has thus followed upon the breaking of a line, such a breach has been due to the deliberately offensive action of the enemy.

The commander of the line which was ultimately broken knew perfectly well that his enemy wanted to break it and, when it broke, it broke not through his ignorance so much as through the superior weight of the blow which the enemy was able to deliver. In other words, the term "break" is, in most such actions, an accurate metaphor.

A line was drawn up and was intended to stand a shock. The shock was delivered. The line failed to stand and was violently and against its will disjoined by the hammer stroke of its enemy.

"You have a line (C), as AB, which intends to stand. You have another line, CD, at one central portion of which, E, a specially strong force is mustered—in the case of Marlborough at Blenheim, his cavalry towards the close of the action. This concentration strikes as hard as it can at the opposing front

of the line, and if the line breaks under the blow AB is defeated.

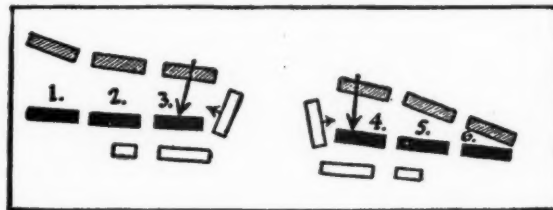
"Napoleon was trying nothing else against Wellington's line during all the afternoon hours of Sunday, June 18, 1815, on the field of Waterloo.

"But that type of action to which the Marne belongs, and which I have called 'The Action of Dislocation,' tho equally an example of the disruption of the line, is not, properly speaking, a 'breach' of that line, but rather what I have called a 'dislocation.' The gap is not produced by the enemy's blow but is created by some fault of the higher command before the enemy strikes and takes advantage of it. The line which is ultimately pierced originally stood intact, then was divided, and showed a hole somewhere in its trace on account of the mishandling of troops, and only after that, and taking advantage of that, did the enemy pour through the opening so formed to his advantage, but not by his own direct effort.

"In other words, of those battles which are decided by the penetration of a line and not by envelopment, there are two categories.

"In the first category, where the line may be said to be broken, the three stages of the action are those in D. (a) When both lines are intact and facing each other; (b) When both are intact, but one has concentrated for a blow upon a particular section of the other; and (c) The state of affairs when this blow has been delivered and has been successful."

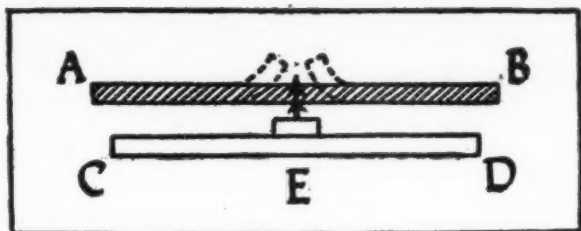
When the second line of action, which Mr. Belloc has called the action of dislocation, has three stages, they rather resemble those of E. We have (a) where the two lines are intact and facing one another, (b) where the one line, through the fault of its own commander, has suffered dislocation and only after that, (c) the gap formed by the dislocation taken advantage of by



B

the opponent who, finding the way open for him, pours through. It is clear that what Mr. Belloc terms a defeat through a dislocation of the line can be produced only by some very

* THE ELEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.



C

grave blunder upon the part of the defeated general. The discovery upon the part of the victor that the gap has

main cause of that result is not the positive action of the victor, but the negative action of the vanquished. It is upon

opened and the rapidity of the decision which enables him to take immediate advantage of the situation are, of course, equally necessary to the result.

"It is none the less true that the

his blunder that the whole affair really turns.

"An immediate consequence of this truth is that a blunder so momentous, tho' arguing, of course, incompetence upon the part of those who commit it, will only appear under conditions of some complexity. The command which allows a gap to develop in its line apart from the pressure of the enemy is rightly condemned as inferior."

The blunder in its worst form is known to military men as separating divisions in front of an enemy in position.

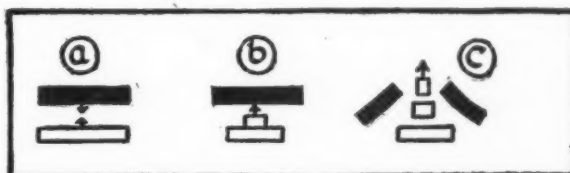
WHEREIN THE PATHOLOGICAL LIAR IS SUPERIOR TO THE TRUTHFUL MAN

PATHOLOGICAL lying, to follow the definition provided by those investigators of the subject, Doctor William Healy and Dr. Mary Tenney Healy, is falsification entirely disproportionate to any discernible end in view, engaged in by a person who, at the time of observation, can not definitely be declared insane, feeble-minded or epileptic. In the course of their investigations these distinguished psychologists, whose labors we find summarized in *The Psychological Bulletin*, traced a connection between the capacity to lie with effect in this pathological sense with a marked development of the power of rhetorical presentation. It was as if fluency were associated with a creative imagination, the effect of the combination forming a kind of ability that literally ran away with its possessor.

In one illustrative case bearing generally upon the capacity to lie a woman of twenty-seven—she stated her age herself as seventeen—had for a long time reveled in her capacity for misrepresentation. Now and then she went to the extent of downright swindling. Alleging herself to be the merest slip of a girl, and unprotected by any tie of family—such was her account—she repeatedly worked upon the sympathies of auditors who, seemingly, were overwhelmed or persuaded by her histrionic realism. One would say the female in question gained thus a luxury of self-expression in the artistic sense. She was unable to exercise due restraint in the exploitation of her brilliant imaginative powers, even when her fanciful improvisations strained the bounds of credulity in the most sympathetic auditor. This course of behavior defeated the material and

selfish interests of this pathological liar in the end, but, knowing that herself, she abandoned herself to the current of her own creative imagination. The exquisite personality of this liar, associated with capacity of the highest intellectual order in her pathological specialty made her a worldly success at a time when she was traveling about under assumed names and evading the pursuit of a family that mourned her as lost. No ordinary aptitude for masquerade was required by one favorite form of amusement of this gifted liar—the simulation of illnesses necessitating treatment in hospitals.

Pathological liars of various types were found by the Healys to manifest in the laboratory the same amazing traits that make them such a baffling problem on the witness-stand and such a source of interest in social life. There are indications of originality in the pathological liar. He or she will not steal the ideas of another for the purpose of achieving effects mendaciously. He or she is not markedly suggestible in the sense of acting with docility upon the suggestions arising in the mind of another. Hereditary influence is strong. At all events, the great majority of cases show striking defects in the stock. "A general observation by practical students of conduct, namely, that females tend to deviate from the truth more often than males, is more than thoroughly borne out." Vice of one kind or another seems to play a subtle part in the mental and spiritual life of the pathological



D

as hinted, in this special language ability sometimes, or it may take the form of a verbal fluency. Verbal fluency is, indeed, an accompaniment of the unusual qualities out of which the pathological liar synthesizes his unusual character. There is hope for him, since he must be met directly upon the level of the moral lapse and it should be made plain that this is known and understood. From this angle, the pathological liar is amazingly sensitive to a moral stimulus. Cases have shown an immensely favorable outcome and the years have gone by with steady improvement. Instructive treatment should utilize the powers of the liar. There should be ample gratification of the desire for self-expression and in the use of the imagination, so glorious in these patients when not abused. A typical instance from this standpoint is that of the pathological liar who found himself capable of "leading a blameless life by becoming a newspaper man."



E

liar. The early mental experiences of many of the group studied by the Healys had been shockingly bad, altho the members of

* The book is in a series published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

CURIOSITIES IN THE TRANSMISSION OF SOUND BY THE ATMOSPHERE

FOR a century, at least, declares Professor Charles Davison, the great English authority on earthquakes, it has been known that the sound of gun-firing may be heard to great distances. The conditions, especially the direction of the wind at the time, must be favorable; but, granted those conditions, there is no reason why the sound should not be heard more than a hundred miles from its source. The firing at Waterloo, it is reported, was heard in the eastern districts of Kent; and there are no reasons for discrediting the statement, tho the distance traversed must be between 130 and 140 miles. There are not, indeed, observations forthcoming from the intermediate area occupied by sea; but the sound of very distant firing possesses a distinctive character of its own, and it is unlikely that, on this particular Sunday morning, heavy fir-

long rolling reports of multitudes of guns. Near the center of the main island of Japan lies the Asama-yama, one of the most active volcanoes in the empire. The last great eruption occurred in 1783. It was followed, as is usually the case after so violent an outburst, by a prolonged interval of quiescence, which now seems drawing to a close. The last ten or eleven years, and especially those from 1911 onwards, have been marked by numerous explosions, which are no doubt the forerunners of another catastrophe. . . .

"These premonitory symptoms are being carefully studied by Prof. Omori and a numerous band of assistants. Some of his most interesting observations relate to the areas over which the detonations are heard. As a rule, they diverge from the Asama-yama as apex towards the east and southeast. Towards the south they may extend to the coast, 112 miles away; towards the northeast to a distance of 168 miles; while towards the

that the wind is an important factor in the propagation of sound-waves by the atmosphere. If the air be still, or practically still, the sound is heard at equal distances in directions which are inclined to one another at an angle of 110° . If the wind be a light one, the sound may be heard twice as far with the wind as against it. With a fresh or fairly strong breeze, the sound of gun-firing may be heard for 139 miles in the direction of the wind, while against the wind it seems deadened within a few miles. This effect of the wind is commonly ascribed to the fact that it carries the sound-waves with it. This no doubt it does, but not to the extent required, as may be shown by a simple arithmetical test. If we suppose the wind to be blowing steadily with the great velocity of 60 miles an hour, or 88 feet per second, and the velocity to be the same at all heights above the ground, then, taking the velocity of sound at 1,100 feet per second, it follows that the distances to which sound would be audible in the directions with and against the wind must be as 1,188 to 1,012. In other words, if the sound were carried 100 miles with the wind, it would be audible for 85 miles in the opposite direction. Or, to put the matter rather differently, we may find what the velocity of the wind would have to be in order that the sound of an explosion may be heard for 168 miles with the wind and only 16 miles against it. The result is more than 600 miles an hour, a velocity which is of course several times greater than the highest velocity recorded anywhere upon the globe.



THE SOUND WAVE ADVANCES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

This is Figure one. The lines represent the position of the wave front at successive equal intervals of time. The wind is in the opposite direction.

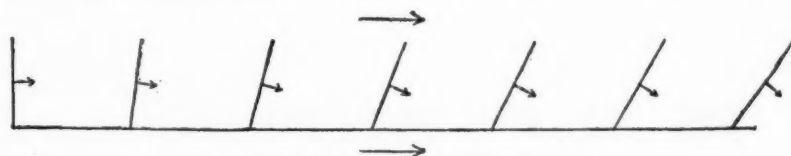
ing took place elsewhere than at Waterloo. Again, on another Sunday morning forty-nine years later (June 19, 1864), when the *Alabama* was sunk by the *Keersarge* nine miles off Cherbourg, the sound of the guns was distinctly heard near Exeter (108 miles from Cherbourg) and near Bridgewater (125 miles). Similar observations have been made since the beginning of the present war, for there can be little doubt that the sounds of artillery actions in Flanders have been audible in the south of Holland and the southeastern counties of England; the paths traversed by the sound-waves in these cases being, roughly, 100 and 120 miles in length. Professor Davison, whose paper we find in the *London Quarterly Review*, says that the transmission of the sound of gun-fire to great distances is less remarkable than the fact that such reports are often inaudible at distances relatively near. A sound from a gun audible nearly a hundred and forty miles off will not be heard—sometimes—only ten miles away. There can be little doubt that these anomalies are connected with the varying condition or direction of the wind at the time:

"I may refer briefly to some further anomalies in the transmission of sound by the atmosphere. These are manifested more clearly in short, sudden explosions of volcanic origin than in the

west the sound may be inaudible at a distance of only 16 miles. This peculiar extension of the sound-area is evidently connected not so much with the variable surface-winds as with the upper winds, which during most of the year travel almost uniformly towards the east or east-southeast. In two cases the form of the sound-area is still more remarkable. It consists of two entirely detached portions, one including the Asama-yama near its western margin, the other lying to the west and separated by a zone of silence fifty or sixty miles in width.

"Another interesting fact recorded by Prof. Omori is that, while the original detonation is single and is heard as one sound for a distance of about 25 miles, there then occurs a zone in which the sound is double. This is followed by another zone, with its nearest margin about 75 miles from the volcano, in which three sounds are heard; and this again is succeeded by a fourth zone, 120 to 150 miles distant, in which two sounds are again heard."

From instances, which might be extended almost indefinitely, it is clear



THE TILTING OF A WAVE FRONT

Here is Figure two, illustrating, as explained in the text, the travel of the sound-wave. The lines indicate the position of the wave front at successive intervals.

feet per second at eight feet above the ground. . . .

"The effect of this difference on the portion of a wave front which is vertical at starting or at any later moment is shown in Fig. 1. In this diagram the sound-wave is supposed to advance from left to right and the wind in the opposite direction. The lines represent the positions of the wave front at successive equal intervals of time. The result is evidently an upward tilting of the wave front so that it would, after traveling for one second against the wind, be inclined at an angle of more than forty-five degrees to the vertical."

As sound-waves always travel in a direction perpendicular to their front, it follows that almost immediately after starting the sound-waves in the direc-

tion against the wind begin to proceed along an upward course, and the only sound heard along the ground is that due to the slight spreading of the lower portions of the waves. Thus, the comparative inaudibility of sound-vibrations in the direction from which the wind comes is due not so much to any enfeeblement in the vibrations as to their being lifted over the heads of observers on the surface of the ground.

If the wind be traveling in the same direction as the sound, the actual velocity of the sound-wave on the same suppositions would be 1,110 feet per second on the ground and 1,120 feet per second at eight feet above it. In Fig. 2, the sound-wave is again sup-

posed to travel from left to right and the wind is now supposed to be in the same direction.

The lines indicate the position of the wave-front at successive equal intervals of time, on the same scale as in Fig. 1. The result is thus to tilt a wave-front that was initially vertical in a downward direction; and also to bring sound-waves that started on an upward course after a time towards the ground.

The propagation of sound-waves to a great distance with the wind is therefore mainly due to the fact that sound-waves that would otherwise be lost in the upper air are deflected downwards to observers on the ground.

WHY ANIMALS ARE WHITER UNDERNEATH THAN ON TOP

A STUDENT of animal life, Professor Horace Hutchinson, has been looking into the probable reason for the patch of vivid white under the modest brown of the tail of animals like the rabbit and the deer. He is persuaded that Nature has some special design in this, and in the London *Westminster Gazette* he approaches the subject as follows:

"If you should happen to be in a rabbit warren, when the little beasts are sitting at the mouths of their burrows, and a far-off gun-shot should sound—even a bursting tire or a sudden thunder-clap will produce the like effect—you may be astonished by the multitude of the unsuspected rabbits that appear and disappear—'visible only in the act of vanishing'—as they start from their feeding and dive down their earth with a flick of their white flag of a tail. It is quite a revelation. The hue of the upper sides of the coney, gray-brown, is very protective, very unobtrusive. It may lie still while its enemies pass close beside it or flit overhead, without betraying itself; but the moment it begins to move, this white scut 'gives it away.' Very seldom will such betrayal be fatal, for the bunny is a cautious little beast, and does not travel far from his burrow. A hop, skip, and jump are enough to take him down it, and there is not much time or chance for an enemy to pounce on him, thus swiftly moving, in this moment of time and in this brief space. As for enemies such as man, who will send a ferret down after him into those depths, or as for the ferret's little cousin, the stoat, which will follow him there all on its own account, there is no defense against them in any color scheme, whether grave or gay. Of course, the imagination has no difficulty in understanding the design of the grave color—the gray dun of the upper fur. The only puzzle is presented by the white flag which advertizes the rabbit's presence. What need has the rabbit of such

advertizement; how is the flag of use to him?"

Altho invisibility is a useful thing in the enemy's presence, it is a disadvantage when friends and lovers are to be expected. They should have some signal by which they may recognize each other afar off. It is just this service, apparently, that is rendered by the hoisting of the white flag. The animals that live in herds and flocks take from each other much of their information for self-preservation. It is not to be thought that there is much signaling with the tail on the part of deer; but any of us who are used to the sport of stalking them know well how quickly information is spread from one to all the herd if only the youngest hind in the company lifts her head and gazes in one direction as if she saw there or suspected some object which threatened peril to herself or all her kin.

"She gazes because she suspects danger, and, seeing her action, the others, having learned by the inherited observation of countless generations to associate such fixed gazing of another with a menace to the common safety, gaze also, trying to discern whether with her, too, it is 'imagination.' Thus the red-deer, as well as most of the beasts and birds that are gregarious, accept hints one from another as to dangers or other causes of emotion which one of them may see or scent or hear. With them the signal is not delivered by any wave of the white flag. But when we consider the case of the antelope on the big level plains, or even our own native bunny in his warren, we have to realize that the white flag is the signal-giver just because it is so conspicuous and because it is discovered chiefly in the moment of alarm. At that moment tails, as well as heads, go up, and when the alarm has become so acute as to set the antelope in quick movement or the bunny at the gallop to his earth

the flag makes undulatory movements that no other animal of the same species, and therefore skilled in Morse signaling of this kind, can possibly misinterpret."

If we consider for a moment the general color scheme of animals, we will realize that with very few exceptions they are far lighter in color below and in the parts hidden from usual observation than on the back and the top of the head, which are the most visible portions:

"Presumably white hair is the most economical. We may suppose that it costs less effort on the part of Nature than any color, because it is white by simple reason of the absence of the pigment cells. For creatures which are comparatively defenseless and have formidable enemies it is of the first importance that they should not be too conspicuous when they are at rest. On the other hand, it is of positive value to them to have the bright color for the attraction of their friends and lovers. Therefore we find a brilliancy in the upper coloring of the wings of butterflies, which yet, when they come to the natural pose of rest, with wings set close together, show an underside matching admirably with their surroundings. The gaudy orange tip rests, for preference, on the flower of the hemlock or wild parsley, where the mottled white and green of the under-sides of the wings makes it scarcely visible. The gold of the yellow under-wing, or the gorgeous crimson of the crimson under-wing, are gaudily conspicuous in flight. At rest the over-wings cover this bravery with a drab shield, beneath which not even the great round eye of the owl can espy them."

If this were a flag which was kept always flying, it is evident that it would be a heavy handicap on its wearer in the struggle for life, for it would announce its owner's presence to those birds of prey from which it is all-important for its preservation that it should be concealed.

A PLAN TO MAKE ALL CHILDREN IMMUNE TO ALL ACUTE INFECTIONS

THERE is reason to believe, according to Doctor Herman B. Baruch, that if children at an early age are injected with the serum drawn and prepared from the blood of their parents or other adult individuals who have suffered from scarlet fever, measles or any other of the immunizing diseases, such offspring will be rendered immune to those diseases. Eventually, he says, it will be possible to breed a race of human beings progressively immune to all the acute infectious diseases. The longevity of the race would then be vastly increased because of the large number of permanent disabilities that are brought on by the so-called "diseases of childhood." The suggestion must, accordingly, benefit posterity even more than it would bless the present generation. Doctor Baruch, whose paper on the subject appears in the *New York Medical Record*, proceeds:

"It has long been known that an attack of certain infectious febrile diseases protects the individual against a subsequent attack. More recently the theory of persistent antibodies has been accepted as the cause of such immunity. The nature of such antibodies is not at all well established, but probably they exist in the blood as hormone secretins, which have been determined to be in the nature of enzymes. As, for instance, in a patient having once been attacked by scarlet

fever: if the disease is successfully combated by the system, it is because the system has reacted to the toxins of the disease and produced an antitoxin or antibody which has been generated under the influence of the hormone secretins which occur in the blood at the time of the attack and are probably produced by the red blood cells and in turn react on the blood cells themselves and cause an increase in the secretion of the antibodies or antitoxins, and when these become great enough in number or strength, the patient is enabled to overcome the toxin or poison produced by the specific organism causing the infection, and the patient recovers.

"In the case of scarlatina, this immunity is permanent or practically so, and there is theoretically always circulating in the blood of a patient recovering from scarlatina an unknown quantity of hormone secretins which are probably in the nature of a ferment. Whenever the toxins of scarlet fever or the streptococcus gain access to the system of such a patient, this toxin immediately reacts on the hormone secretins which, acting as ferments, cause an immediate increase in the antibodies which protect against scarlet fever and cause the toxins of scarlatina to be overcome and the patient is not attacked by the disease a second time."

Not many months ago, experiments in elaboration of the pneumonia serum were proceeding under the superintendence of Doctor Baruch. It was

proposed to conduct, next, experiments with a view to obtain a vaccine or immunization against scarlet fever, measles, and other diseases in which one attack protects against future attacks. The patient having once suffered from scarlet fever, is seldom, if ever, subject to a second attack. Therefore, a permanent antitoxin is circulating in the blood of such a patient and produces immunity. If not, monkeys of the large type could be exposed to scarlatina or measles, or injected with the proper streptococci, or other infectious material and a vaccine or serum worked out in this way.

As yet, the last part of the work is still to be completed. Working along these lines, however, a serum has been obtained which seems successful in a moderate number of cases in equine pneumonia. In this case, the hormone secretins are fugitive, being rapidly eliminated from the patient's system, and for this reason an attack of pneumonia does not confer immunity.

"It may be that experiments will prove that the hormone secretins are found in the red blood cells or in the coagulum rather than in the serum; but a carefully conducted series of animal experiments would readily prove whether the serum alone or a combination of a saline extract of the coagulum would be necessary to produce the desired result."

A STEP BEYOND THE X-RAY IN SURGERY

A DISCOVERY, which is affirmed to succeed precisely where the X-ray fails is heralded as genuine by the *British Medical Journal* and described in a special cable despatch to the *New York Times*. The discovery, it seems, takes up the task of producing pictures of structures hidden far below the surface of the body. There is a point at which the penetrating power of the X-ray ceases to be effective for the purposes of surgery. Here the later development, by its delineation not of dense structures like bone but of soft tissues, enlarges the field of the operator and facilitates treatment. We are told that it is possible in broad daylight to obtain detailed pictures of any organ—brain, liver, kidney, spleen—and to see at a glance by what lesions they are threatened. Hence it becomes possible to study blood vessels in the brain, to observe a clot in that organ, to detect abscesses in the liver and wounds or cuts anywhere. In one case a concretion in the appendix was seen clearly when the picture was completed.

These novel results are secured by utilizing the currents of electricity which the body, according to some theories of the subject, generates. Two electrodes, each ending in a perforated zinc plate, or zinc wire screen, are employed. These are connected with batteries in the ordinary way. They are not placed in contact with the body of the patient. One screen stands on a pedestal in a vertical position near the patient. The other is hung horizontally at right angles to the first one. In this way any electrical field coming from the first screen is always at right angles to that of the second.

"The patient is placed with the part to be examined quite close to the first screen and directly under, but at a distance from the second. The current is turned on. Then the third electrical element, the current from the patient's own organs, is released.

"The inventor believes the results are primarily due to the fact that the process interposes between two alternating electric fields of equal strength and at the precise point where they meet a third electric field, whose facultative potential

force is thus released and can be converted into dynamic power.

"The third field is made to operate a sensitive needle, which works upon a revolving cylinder carrying a waxed paper. The so-called hammer needle moves across the cylinder, tapping out little holes in the wax, and when later the wax is held up to the light a diagram is seen which 'precisely resembles the outline of the living tissues, lying vertically below the second screen.'

"This diagram can be converted into an ordinary photograph by processes familiar in the applied arts. The actual finished photographs are remarkable and show blood vessels in the brain in detail, also wounds, but not the actual brain substance. In other words, differences, such as diseased areas, are shown.

"The apparatus has to be specially timed for each organ. Thus the electrical force residing in blood is very small, so when blood vessels are to be delineated the alternations must be very rapid. Contrariwise, since the electric force residing in heart muscle is great the alternations must be slow when the heart is to be delineated.

"An advantage of this is that when blood or pus occurs in areas where it should not be it shows at once."

AN EMBRYOLOGIST'S WARNING AGAINST THE FANTASTIC TENDENCY OF THE NEW SCIENCE

IT is our privilege to live in a time of almost unexampled progress in natural science, a time distinguished alike by discoveries of the first magnitude and by far-reaching changes in method and in point of view. The advances of recent years have revolutionized our conceptions of the structure of matter and have seriously raised the question of the transmutation of the chemical elements. They have continually extended the proofs of organic evolution but have at the same time opened wide the door to a fresh examination of its conditions, its causes, and its essential nature. Such has been the swiftness of these advances that some effort is still required to realize what remarkable new horizons of discovery they have brought into view. A few years ago the possibility of investigating by direct experiment the internal structure of atoms or the grouping of hereditary units in the germ-cells would have seemed a wild dream. Today these questions stand among the substantial realities of scientific inquiry. And lest we should lose our heads amid advances so sweeping, the principles that guide scientific research have been subjected as never before to critical examination. We have become more circumspect in our attitude to natural "laws." We have attained to a clearer view of our working hypothesis—of its uses and limitations. With the best of intentions, we do not always succeed in keeping them clear of metaphysics—but at least we have learned to try. We perceive more and more clearly that science does not deal with ultimate problems or with final solutions. In order to live, science must move. She attempts no more than to win successive points of vantage which may serve, one after another, as stepping-stones to further progress. When these have played their part they are often left behind as the general advance proceeds.*

In these words, Doctor Edmund B. Wilson, the famous embryologist of Columbia University, begins his appeal for a mechanistic view in exploring organic nature as opposed to the metaphysical tendency which has confused the boundaries between science and non-science by importing the mystical and the transcendental into current ideas of evolution. The plea made a decided sensation when presented to the American Association for the Advancement of Science as Doctor Wilson's presidential address. He noted that in respect to the practical applica-

tions of science we have almost ceased to wonder at incredible prodigies of achievement, yet in some directions they take a hold on our imagination that daily familiarity can not shake:

"Not in our time, at least, will the magnificent conquests of sanitary science and experimental medicine sink to the level of the commonplace. Science here renders her most direct and personal service to human welfare; and here in less direct ways she plays a part in the advance of our civilization that would have been inconceivable to our fathers. Popular writers delight to portray the naturalist as a kind of reanimated antediluvian, wandering aimlessly in a modern world where he plays the part of a harmless visionary; but what master of romance would have had the ingenuity to put into the head of his mythical naturalist a dream that the construction of the Panama Canal would turn upon our acquaintance with the natural history of the mosquito, or that the health and happiness of nations—nay, their advance in science, letters, and the arts—might depend measurably on the cultivation of our intimacy with the family lives of house flies, fleas, and creatures of still more dubious antecedents."

Now, what is the living organism, and how has it come to be? In these two questions, says Doctor Wilson, the sum and substance of biological inquiry may be embodied. We often find it convenient to lay the emphasis on one or the other of these questions, but fundamentally they are inseparable. We are confronted with the old and yet seemingly new truth that the past and the present are one essentially:

"The existing animal bears the indelible impress of its past; the extinct animal can be comprehended only in the light of the present. For instance, the paleontologist is most directly concerned with problems of the past, but at every step he is confronted by phenomena only to be comprehended through the study of organisms as they now are. Our main causal analysis of evolution must be carried out by experimental studies on existing forms. All this seems self-evident, yet the singular fact is that only in more recent years have students of evolution taken its truth fully to heart. And here lies the key to the modern movement in zoology of which I propose to speak. . . .

"Thirty years after the 'Origin of Species' we found ourselves growing discontented with the existing methods and results of phylogenetic inquiry and with current explanations of evolution and adaptation. Almost as if by a preconcerted plan, naturalists began to turn aside from historical problems in order to learn more of organisms as they now are. They began to ask themselves whether they had not been overemphasizing the problems of evolution at the

cost of those presented by life processes everywhere before our eyes to-day. They awoke to the insufficiency of their traditional methods of observation and comparison and they turned more and more to the method by which all the great conquests of physico-chemical science had been achieved, that which undertakes the analysis of phenomena by deliberate control of the conditions under which they take place—the method of experiment. Its steadily increasing importance is the most salient feature of the new zoology.

"Experimental work in zoology is as old as zoology itself; nevertheless, the main movement in this direction belongs to the past two decades. I will make no attempt to trace its development; but let me try to suggest somewhat of its character and consequences by a few outlines of what took place in embryology.

"The development of the egg has always cast a peculiar spell on the scientific imagination. As we follow it hour by hour in the living object we witness a spectacular exhibition that seems to bring us very close to the secrets of animal life. It awakens an irrepressible desire to look below the surface of the phenomena, to penetrate the mystery of development."

The singular fact is, nevertheless, that this great problem, tho always before our eyes, seemed almost to be forgotten in our preoccupation with purely historical questions, such as the origin of vertebrates. Now, these questions are and always will remain of great interest, but embryology, as at last we come to see, is but indirectly connected with historical problems of this type. The embryologist seeks first of all to attain to some understanding of development. It was therefore a notable event when a small group of embryologists headed by William Roux turned away from the historical aspects of embryology and addressed themselves to experiments designed solely to throw light upon the mechanism of development. The full significance of this step first came home to us with Driesch's remarkable discovery that by a simple mechanical operation we can at will cause one egg to produce two or even more than two perfect embryos. It was as if the scales had fallen from our eyes. With almost a feeling of shock we took the measure of our ignorance and saw the whole problem of development reopened. The immediate and most important result of this was to stimulate a great number of objective investigations in embryology.

"It may be doubted whether any period in the long history of this science has been more productive of varied and important discoveries than that which followed upon its adoption of experimental methods. In one direction the embry-

* LAST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office.

ologist went forward to investigations that brought him into intimate relations with the physicist, the chemist, the pathologist, and even the surgeon. A flood of light was thrown on the phenomena of development by studies on differentiation, regeneration, transplantation, and grafting; on the development of isolated blastomeres and of egg fragments; on the symmetry and polarity of the egg; on the relations of development to mechanical, physical, and chemical conditions in the environment; on isolated living cells and tissues, cultivated like micro-organisms, outside the body in vitro; on fertilization, artificial parthenogenesis, and the chemical physiology of development. In respect to the extension of our real knowledge these advances constitute an epoch-making gain to biological science. And yet these same researches afford a most interesting demonstration of how the remotest problems of science, like distant mountain peaks, seem to recede before us even while our actual knowledge is rapidly advancing. Thirty years after Roux's pioneer researches we find ourselves constrained to admit that in spite of all that we have learned of development the egg has not yet yielded up its inmost secrets. I have referred to the admirable discovery of Driesch concerning the artificial production of twins. That brilliant leader of embryological research had in earlier years sought for an understanding of development along the lines of the mechanistic or physico-chemical analysis, assuming the egg to be essentially a physico-chemical machine. He now admitted his failure and, becoming at last convinced that the quest had from the first been hopeless, threw all his energies into an attempt to resuscitate the half extinct doctrines of vitalism and to found a new philosophy of the organism. Thus the embryologist, starting from a simple laboratory experiment, strayed further and further from his native land until he

found himself at last quite outside the pale of science. He did not always return. Instead he sometimes made himself a new home—upon occasion even established himself in the honored occupancy of a university chair of philosophy."

It is impossible, concedes Doctor Wilson, not to admire the keenness of analysis and often the artistic refinement of skill—which so captivates us, for instance, in the work of M. Bergson—with which the latter vitalistic writers have set forth their views. For his part, Doctor Wilson will go farther, admitting freely that the position of these writers may be well grounded. At any rate, it is well for us now and then to be shaken out of the ruts of our accustomed modes of thought by a challenge that forces upon us the question whether we really expect our scalpels and our microscopes, our salt solutions, formulas and tables of statistics to tell the whole story of living things. It is, of course, impossible for us to assert that they will. The more we ponder the question, however, the stronger grows our conviction that what are called technically by this or that term made out of the Greek and conjured forth by modern vitalism are as sterile for science as the final causes of an earlier philosophy—so that Bacon might have said of the former as he did of the latter that they are like the vestal virgins, dedicated to God and barren.

"The scientific method is the mechanistic method. The moment we swerve from it by a single step we set foot in a foreign land where a different idiom from ours is spoken. We have, it is

true, no proof whatever of its final validity. We do not adopt the mechanistic view of organic nature as a dogma but only as a practical program of work, neither more nor less. We know full well that our present mechanistic conceptions of animals and plants have not yet made any approach to a complete solution of the problems of life, whether past or present. This should encourage us to fresh efforts, for just in the present inadequacy of these conceptions lies the assurance of our future progress. But the way of unverifiable (and irrefutable) imaginative constructions is not our way. We must hold fast to the method by which all the great advances in our knowledge of nature have been achieved. We shall make lasting progress only by plodding along the old, hard-beaten trail blazed by our scientific fathers—the way of observation, comparison, experiment, analysis, synthesis, prediction, verification. If this seems a prosaic program we may learn otherwise from great discoverers in every field of science who have demonstrated how free is the play that it gives to the constructive imagination and even to the faculty of artistic creation. . . .

"We can not, it is true, even if we would, conquer the temptation now and then to spread the wings of our imagination in the thin atmosphere of these upper regions; and this is no doubt an excellent tonic for the cerebrum, provided we cherish no illusions as to what we are about. No embryologist, for example, can help puzzling over the problem of the microcosm; but he should be perfectly well aware that in striving to picture to his imagination the organization of the egg, of the embryological germ, that is actually in his hands for observation and experiment, he is perilously near to the habitat of the mystic and the transcendentalist. The student of evolution is far over the frontier of that forbidden land."

THE GLACIATED GRAVE OF THE MAMMOTH IN SIBERIA

THE whole of northeast Siberia is one vast graveyard filled with the bones of animals that have perished within comparatively recent times. Little does the traveler think, says the physical geographer, Doctor D. Gath Whitely, that the ground under him only a few feet below his sled is packed full of the bones of enormous animals which have perished in some mysterious manner since man appeared upon the earth.

The whole of northern Siberia, from the Ural Mountains to Bering Strait, is one vast graveyard filled with animal remains. The bones, teeth and skulls are those of elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes and musk-oxen. These bones occur everywhere. They are found on the banks of the rivers, in the plains, on rising ground and in frozen cliffs. On the shores of the Arctic Ocean there are sloping banks

of ice. These are split and furrowed in all directions with deep chasms. As the traveler looks down into their dark depths from above, he sees that the lower portions of these icy chasms are filled with tusks, bones and skulls in countless abundance. We quote from *Chambers's*:

"In other places on the northern coast of Siberia fronting the Arctic Ocean the low cliffs which rise above the beach and are formed of earth and clay are full of the bones of elephants and rhinoceroses. In the brief summer, which hardly lasts for six weeks, portions of these earthy cliffs thaw and fall on the beach below. Then it is that the traveler who walks along the shore witnesses an astonishing spectacle. Not only does he observe icebergs stranded on the beach but he also sees the tusks, bones, and teeth of elephants (the mammoth) lying on the shore and whitening the beach for long distances! If he leaves the Arctic Ocean behind and journeys inland, the same

signs constantly meet his astonished gaze. He comes, it may be, to a plain where for perhaps half a mile the whole ground seems to be formed of masses of tusks, teeth, and bones of elephants and rhinoceroses welded together in one confused mass in the frozen soil. These mighty beasts must have been destroyed in herds, but how they perished no one knows.

"Still more amazing is the fact that the islands in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia are equally full of the tusks and bones of elephants and rhinoceroses; and on the shores of these islands in the Polar Sea the tusks of elephants can be seen sticking up like trunks of trees in the frozen sand!

"Stranger still, actually the very bodies of these great elephants, with flesh, fur and hair perfect, are seen standing upright in the frozen cliffs.

"When the cliffs thaw, the bodies of these great elephants fall to the ground, and are so perfect, after being entombed for thousands of years, that the wolves eat the flesh!"

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

PROFESSOR PATTEN TRIES TO "MODERNIZE" THE HYMNAL

IT takes courage to suggest that the ancient hymns, hallowed by long association with public worship, can be improved; and Prof. Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, when he undertook his "Revision of Old Hymns to Meet Modern Needs,"* must have anticipated that his effort would arouse indignation and criticism. But the task was evidently dear to his heart. He is convinced that many hymns are out of date and need to be harmonized with advancing knowledge. He aims to stress the social values, modern science, and the supremacy of love.

A fair illustration of Professor Patten's method is afforded by his treatment of Bishop Heber's rhapsodical hymn, "The Holy Trinity." Here is the original version:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Here is what Professor Patten makes of it:

Holy, holy, holy, Creative Energy!
Earth and sky and heav'n show forth
Thy will and honor Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, wonderful in beauty,
All else surpassing are humanity!

If this may be said to illustrate the non-theological and scientific emphasis of Professor Patten's revision, his version of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" may be quoted to show his pacifist emphasis. The old rendering is as follows:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

This is Professor Patten's rendering:

Onward, chosen people,
Christ's glad message spread;
Not thro' strife or battle,
But by Jesus led,
Follow when He calleth,
Heed His cheering word;

May His wisdom shield us
From the flaming sword.

In two conspicuous cases, those of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Charles Wesley, and of "Lead, Kindly Light!" by Cardinal Newman, Professor Patten seems to have been peculiarly unsuccessful. The first verse of Wesley's hymn runs:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

This is changed, in the Patten version, to:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Brother, friend, and comrade dear,
No temptations can control,
While Thy spirit hovers near.
All I treasure from Thee came;
Thy kind deeds all people bless.
Love triumphant is Thy aim,
Peace, good-will and righteousness.

The changes here would seem to be unwarranted from any point of view. A dramatic poem has been converted into something platitudinous.

In the case of Cardinal Newman's hymn, the taste displayed is equally questionable. The hymn begins:

Lead, Kindly Light! amid th'encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from
home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for
me.

These classic lines become under Professor Patten's hands:

Lead, Kindly Light, thro' Heaven's track-
less maze,
Lead Thou me on!
Where roams the star, where suns in
splendor blaze,
Lead Thou me on!
My heart and hand for service ever true
Would much endure to bring Thy light to
view.

The obvious criticism on this kind of work is, of course, that no man has a

right to lay violent hands on another's poetry. "Old hymns," a writer in the *Boston Transcript* observes, "are achieved literature," and are to be taken or left, and should not be rewritten. The *New York Evening Post* says:

"Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, is well and favorably known as an economist. But as a rewriter of the standard hymns there will be few who will vote him a success. His project is too bold. To rewrite 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,' 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light,' with others equally famous, with the purpose of 'meeting modern needs,' will seem to many hardly less a display of effrontery than to rewrite 'Hamlet' or 'Paradise Lost' with the same end in view."

The *San Francisco Argonaut* goes much further. It charges Professor Patten with being guilty of "something more than an impropriety, something that verges indeed upon a literary crime." The *Argonaut* adds:

"Midas is said to have turned everything that he touched into gold. Professor Patten has a somewhat similar power, but he reverses the process. Everything that he touches becomes lead. With an unerring instinct he finds the beautiful, and makes it ugly; the chaste, and makes it vulgar; the delicate, and makes it coarse. A flower of speech seems to incense him, and he cuts it down. A simile infuriates him, and he destroys it."

Unity (Chicago), however, thinks that there is much to be said in favor of readjusting old hymns, particularly when wedded to loved tunes, to the growing thought of humanity, and calls attention to the fact that "most of the 'old hymns' are themselves the result of much tinkering and refining, sometimes consciously, more often perhaps unconscious revisions and readjustments born out of the shifting tastes and inadequate memories of generations gone." The *Chicago Evening Post* also takes a sympathetic view of the new venture:

"We may lay aside Professor Patten's modernizing of old hymns with a smile for its poetic banalities; but we may not deride so lightly the spirit behind the effort. If the church had the vision and the faith he has sought to express, it would breed the writers of a new hymnology attuned to them."

* ADVENT HYMNS. By Simon N. Patten. B. W. Huebsch.

DISAPPOINTING EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF GERMANY

THE influence of the world war on the religious and church life of Germany is proving to be a most interesting chapter in modern history. It will be remembered that from the very outset the Germans endeavored to give to the war a religious stamp and declared it to be virtually a "crusade" for the advancement of that German civilization (*Kultur*), in which the religious and the ethical elements are the chief factors. On the evening of the day when the war was declared, the Emperor closed his remarkable speech, delivered to the tens of thousands around his castle in Berlin, with the admonition that they should go to their churches and on their knees pray to God for help in the great struggle for the right that now was awaiting them. The revival of religious life throughout the Fatherland, the crowding of the churches, the flocking to the Lord's Supper, the popularity of religious hymns and literature in the army—these and kindred facts led the Germans to believe that with the war came a rejuvenation of religious life such as the country had not seen since the Napoleonic period.

Now, at the close of the second year of the great struggle, the church periodicals of Germany are asking themselves the question whether this was a genuine and healthy revival or only a passing phase. It must be confessed that the majority of the expressions in

the church papers express their deep disappointment both as to the thoroughness and as to the permanency of this movement.

Probably the most noteworthy utterance of the kind is that of Pastor L. Gröner, of Frankfurt, on the war, delivered at the Great Church Council in Eisenach and published in the *Allgemeine Lutherische Kirchen-Zeitung*, of Leipzig. In outline his ideas are these:

"There can be no doubt that when the war broke out there was what seemed to be an enthusiastic demand for a restoration of the faith of the fathers throughout the churches of Germany. The nation seemed to feel that it needed the support of strong religious principles and high ethical ideals. There is also no doubt that this was honestly meant. One of the most marked features of this was the sudden silence on all religious differences within the churches. The Roman Catholics joined with the Protestants in singing Luther's great battle hymn of the Reformation, 'A Mighty Fortress is Our God'; Roman Catholic, Protestant and even Jewish clergymen joined in religious exercises and services in the army.

"After the passing of two years it must be openly acknowledged that in all this there was more religious froth and foam than substance. It appears that it was not the expression of a specifically Christian revival so much as of the natural religious emotions of the human heart and its instincts. It is for this reason that those who deny the supernatural element in Christianity now

make loud and long assertions that the religious upheaval in Germany during the past twenty-four months is an evidence that only their type of theology can satisfy the needs of the human heart in a really critical period. Pastor H. Förster, a leading exponent of this type of theological teaching, now speaks of this 'amazing victory of modern theology.'"

The views of Pastor Greiner are not held by the more conservative alone. The chief organ of the "advanced" religious thinkers, the *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, in a recent issue says: "The war has been a justification of Jatho." (Pastor Jatho, of Cologne, was deposed from office about five years ago for teaching an ultra-liberal type of theology.) The *Welt* continues: "We now see realized on a grand scale those things in real religious life that Jatho tried to picture to us so prophetically, namely, that the essence of God is to be found in mankind all around and about us."

Dozens of citations from religious periodicals in the Fatherland could be quoted, representing different types of theological bias, all uniting in the one conviction that only natural religion, but not specifically positive Christianity, has profited by this religious revival inaugurated by the war; and the moral decay, especially in sexual matters, so much deplored in the German Army, is pointed to as an evidence that real Christianity has not gained by the events of the past two years.

THE BEST SAFEGUARD AGAINST THE DANGERS OF THE SEXUAL INSTINCT

THERE cannot be any true education, in the opinion of A. Clutton-Brock, the art-critic of the *London Times*, unless there is freedom; and yet freedom, as we all recognize, is fraught with peril, especially for young people and in sexual matters. "At bottom," Mr. Clutton-Brock observes, in his provocative book, "The Ultimate Belief" (Dutton), "our fear of freedom for the young is a fear of the sexual instinct and all its dangers." He continues:

"We teach our children obedience above all things so that, when they first approach the age of puberty, they may obey us and not their sexual instinct. We do not want them to think for themselves, because we know that the sexual instinct, in its first blind power, may color all their thoughts. It is all very well to talk of freedom of the spirit; but when a boy first reaches the age of puberty his spirit is not free, just as the spirit of a hungry man is not

free; and he cannot, like the hungry man, have that satisfaction which would set his spirit free. The sexual instinct produces a strange confusion and mixture of the desires of the spirit and the desires of the flesh. In love they become one, and that is both the glory and the danger of love. . . .

"Often the sexual instinct has a vast power over a boy's mind because it means mystery and romance in a thoroly prosaic world; and the world has become prosaic to him because all the desires of his spirit have been suppressed. He has learned to care for games and the approval of other boys more than for truth or beauty, or even goodness. He has learned to take everything at second hand, even his notions of pleasure. He has lost all sense of reality, whether spiritual or material; and here is something entrancingly real which comes to him, something in which he is intensely his own individual self and not merely one of a crowd. And it is all the more real to him because it is a guilty secret, and one about which he can talk guiltily and mysteriously and with

a new sense of intimacy to other boys."

The way to meet this problem, according to Mr. Clutton-Brock, is by a new emphasis on the desires of the spirit. This statement is rather vague. The book, throughout, deals in abstractions and hardly comes to grip with concrete realities. But Mr. Clutton-Brock makes it fairly clear what he means. He speaks of the desire for beauty that manifests itself in every human being, and of the passionate delight in that beauty when it comes. "The child feels that delight among spring flowers; we can all remember how we felt it in the first apprehension of some new beauty in the universe." There is the romance of childhood, when the child becomes aware of the desires of the spirit; there is the romance of youth, when the youth becomes aware of the desires of the flesh. Between these two romances there is often a dull, worldly time in which the

romance of childhood is dead, "suppressed by education." But "the object of education," Mr. Clutton-Brock holds, "should be to prolong and encourage the romance of childhood so that youth may not be utterly bewildered and overcome by its own romance." He adds:

"In our present materialistic society youth often is utterly overcome by its own romance, even when it remains perfectly respectable; and that because there is supposed to be no romance in life except this one sexual romance of youth. Our arts are absorbed in that as if there were nothing else in the universe that was not mere routine; and the one freedom that we glorify is the freedom of a man to choose the woman that he loves. There is no romance to us in the freedom of the spirit,

the freedom to pursue goodness or truth or beauty for their own sake. Our notion is that when a youth has exercised his freedom of sexual selection he must settle down to business. He has had his fling, his moment of glory, his taste of disinterested passion; and after that he must do nothing for its own sake and everything for the sake of earning a living, and as plentiful a living as possible.

"But the romance of life is not exhausted by marriage for love. Love itself is only made romantic by that spiritual element in it which should persist and be strengthened through all the activities of a man's life; and if a man only becomes aware of the spirit in sexual love, that is the fault of his education. He should have been aware of it long before he knew anything about sexual love except by hearsay. He should have been trained to be a lover all his life, of all the glory of the

universe and not merely of that glory as it reveals itself to him in one female human being. There is a sense of the glory of the universe, a disinterested passion, in love, which distinguishes it from lust. But do we exist only to propagate our species, and is love only lust made more alluring so that the earth may never be dispeopled? There are people who believe that, because the spiritual element in life is known to them only in love; because in this time of delightful madness, as it seems to them, they are aware of the spirit for the first and last time. But if, by education and the whole purpose and effort of society, they had been made aware of the spirit and its desires from early youth, love would be to them not the one romance of their lives but only one example of the continuing romance of life, the threefold romance of goodness, truth, and beauty."

WILLIAM ARCHER'S PLEA FOR THE SUPREMACY OF MORALS IN EDUCATION

EDUCATION, according to William Archer, the English writer and dramatic critic, falls into three departments, which may be roughly docketed as mechanical, religious and moral. By the mechanical side of education, he means that which is supposed to perfect the mechanism of the mind quite apart from the uses to which that mechanism is to be applied. It embraces reading, writing, the practical side of arithmetic, and formal logic; it also includes the learning of languages. In the department of religion Mr. Archer places all the non-human sciences, but especially astronomy, geology, chemistry and biology. "These are the studies which kindle in us the faculty of wonder. They help imagination to embrace the stupendous theater in which we have to play our part and the marvelous adjustments by which its scenery has been built up, its decorations perfected and its magical effects contrived." When we come to the sciences which regard man as a moral agent, hoping and fearing, enjoying and suffering, forming groups, clans, nations, empires, for the promotion of the real or imagined weal, we are in the third or moral department of education—the department which includes anthropology, sociology, history and (as a branch of history) literature. To William Archer it is clear that a complete education would include all three departments, and that an education would be very incomplete in which any department was entirely neglected. In his eyes it is equally clear that "the moral department is not only morally but intellectually the most important—the one that gives meaning and relevance to all the rest." His views are embodied in a paper printed in

the *Educational Review* (Easton, Pa.). He says:

"So long as religion implies a realization of the miracle and mystery of existence, a reverent wonder in contemplating the inscrutable power behind the veil of the phenomenal universe, even an adoration for one or other of the many names or symbols under which it has been sought to bring this power within the reach of our apprehension—so long, in short, as religion means the effort of the individual soul to enter into relation with the universal soul, or force, or principle—it may be, tho still distinct from morality, its most potent ally. The clearer is a man's realization of the wonder and mystery of life, the greater will be his power of controlling his lower impulses. The world is too marvelous and beautiful a place to be wicked in. But when religion puts on the guise of theology—that is to say, when it imprisons God in formulas, makes a crime of the non-acceptance of a given formula, assumes the power of excommunicating, banning, torturing physically or morally and even threatening with inconceivable torments beyond the tomb—then I say that it is not only distinct from morality, but positively and even violently hostile to it."

He continues:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," says Pope, with true eighteenth-century smugness; but think how many men and women are much more than honest, are magnanimous, valiant, long-suffering, indefatigably helpful, unpretentiously, unconsciously, heroic. Such men and women, I say—often obscure, uncultured, absolutely simple folk—are quite literally the noblest works of God, more adorable than the day-spring, more wonderful than the midnight sky. . . .

"The truth we ignore is that—in a much deeper sense than Pope intended—'the proper study of mankind is man.' From a very early age, the young human being should learn to interest himself in the absorbing story of which Defoe's master-

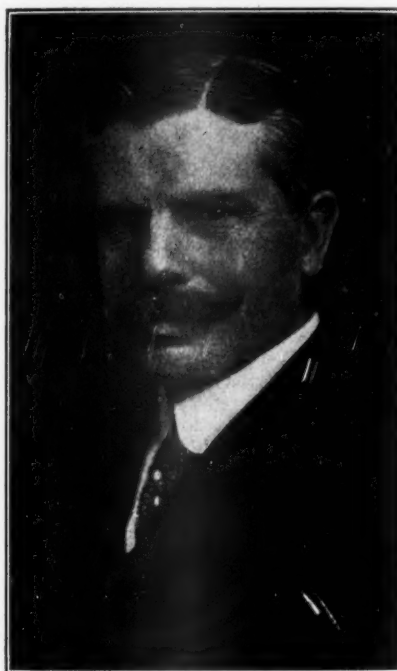
piece is a symbol in miniature—for what is man but a Robinson Crusoe marooned on an island in space, and left to shape a livable life for himself by dint of heroic effort and indomitable will? It is this great story into which everything else should be made to fit. It should give meaning and continuity to everything. As it is, we set children to peck at knowledge at a dozen different points, which, so far as they can see, have no relevance one to another. We make them smug up detached paragraphs of the story of creation—often, indeed, mere unimportant footnotes—and we give them no outline of the plot or the context. Not till we correct this stupidity will moral and intellectual education progress, as they ought to progress, hand in hand."

Theory without practise, Mr. Archer proceeds, is worse than useless. The important thing is that practise should be inspired and guided by large, enlightened, securely founded theory. "And what theory," he asks, "can be better founded or more inspiring than that which shows the individual human being as a soldier in a mighty army, which has won splendid victories (tho checkered here and there with defeats) on its march out of the dim and tragic past, and is clearly destined to far greater triumphs in the immeasurable future, if only each man does, with unflinching loyalty, the duty assigned him?"

"It may be, that, when the soldier falls, as fall he must, the Valkyries will bear him to some Valhalla of rest—or, perhaps, to some spiritual outlook-tower whence he may view, with eye serene, the onward march of the host of human-kind. It may be that, as a living poet has put it, he will simply 'drink a great draught of darkness unawares.' On such points let him by all means cling to whatever expectation or hope his instinct, his reason, or his imagination suggests to him. Here religion has a perfectly legitimate field in which to ex-

patiate; for no other world, no other life, can possibly be more wonderful than this world and the life we unthinkingly treat as such a matter of course. But the great, dominant, all-controlling fact of this life is the innate bias of the human spirit not towards evil, as the theologians tell us, but towards good. But for this bias, man would never have been man; he would only have been one more species of wild animal ranging a savage, uncultivated globe, the reeking battle-ground of sheer instinct and appetite. But somehow and somewhere there germinated in his mind the idea that association, cooperation, would serve his ends better than unbridled egoism in the struggle for existence. Instead of 'each man for himself' his motto became 'each man for his family, or his tribe, or his nation, or—ultimately—for human-kind.' And, at a very early stage, what made for association, cooperation, brotherhood came to be designated 'good,' while that which sinned against these upward tendencies was stigmatized as 'evil.' From that moment, the battle was won, and the transfiguration of human life became only a matter of time."

The prejudice in favor of the idea of good, Mr. Archer asserts, is the fundamental part of our moral nature. "It has an irresistible, a magical, prestige." The argument concludes:



A DISAPPOINTED PACIFIST

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, who sailed with Henry Ford on his "peace ship" last December, now declares: "I have learned that there is no short cut to the millennium."

"We have made, and are still making, a myriad mistakes—tragic and horrible mistakes—in striving for good things which are evils in disguise. A few of us (tho relatively not very many) try to overcome the prejudice altogether, and say, 'Evil, be thou my good!' But, you see, even these recreants and deserters from the great army of humanity have to express themselves in terms of good, and to take their stand on a sheer contradiction. Evil, as such, has simply not a fighting chance. The prestige of good is stupendous. We are all hypnotized by it; and the reason we are so slow in realizing the ideal is not that we are evil, but that we are stupid. The problem of human weal is so complicated that even the greatest intellects can offer but partial and tentative solutions of it, which the mass of mankind is generally too stupid to put to the test of experiment. But nothing could more potentially help to dispel the mist of stupidity than an early and clear recognition of the problem. . . . In cultivating in the youthful mind the innate bias in favor of the idea of good, we should indeed fail of our duty if we did not make it clear that this bias, this prejudice, was the most wonderful, the most patently divine thing in the universe—an emanation from, an evidence of, a Power which, through a myriad obstacles, works ever upwards into the light."

DR. AKED TELLS OF HIS MORTIFYING EXPERIENCE AS A FORD PEACE DELEGATE

ONE of the most prominent of the peace delegates that went to Europe under the financial auspices of Henry Ford was the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked. His recent return is accompanied by a confession of mortification and defeat as a peace crusader in Europe. He tells us (in an article in the Boston *Congregationalist*) that he left his church in San Francisco last November on a few hours' notice, in order to make connections with the "peace ship" of Henry Ford. "The invitation appealed to the dash of healthy recklessness in one's blood. It stirred the imagination. It seemed to throb with bigness and bravery." He spent several months in Stockholm as a member of the international "Neutral Conference" which survived the expedition. He was soon brought to a realization of the futility of the entire enterprise. Upon his return to America, he resigned from the conference and offered to return to his vacant pulpit in California. His offer was not accepted, and he is now in New York, a wiser and sadder man. He sums up his experience: "I have learned what I knew before, only I have learned it better, that the business of a preacher of the gospel is—to preach the gospel."

There were a number of other things that Dr. Aked learned, and he learned

them "in disappointment and pain, in humiliation and defeat and the battlement of great endeavor." He writes:

"I have learned that there is no short cut to the millennium.

"I have learned that the peacemaker must be a peaceable person; that if in his own heart there is not the peace of God which passeth all understanding by the maker of war, he cannot silence the roar of guns and the shriek of shrapnel.

"I have learned that a good 'movement' must be steeped in prayer and saturated with devotion; that the peace propaganda must be baptized into Christ; that the way which is not Christ's way is not likely to lead to the consummation of Christ's purpose on the earth; that peace begins at the cross, and that the tree whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations grows from the seed which fell in an empty tomb. . . .

"I have learned that there may be a guilt in extravagant generosity not less culpable than in extravagant self-indulgence. There was too much money in the Ford Expedition. There was too much money in the Neutral Conference. It was handled recklessly. It was thrown about with both hands. Mr. Ford is making too much money and making it too rapidly. As long as our social system allows a man to own the coat on his back it must allow him to give his money away as he chooses. But our social system is one thing and Christ's gospel of stewardship another! Mr. Ford's money was flung about, never for his own aggrandizement, never by him personally

with an unworthy purpose. It was flung about unselfishly, with prodigal extravagance, yes, with wicked extravagance. It thrust a colossal temptation before the eyes of men and women only too ready to be tempted. It corrupted. It debauched."

Dr. Aked says that he cannot apologize for going with the peace expedition. His motives were "entirely unselfish." The cause seemed to him divine. But he has to admit that the expedition was a failure:

"We went to end the war in Europe. We started more than one war of our own. We breathed an atmosphere of suspicion, of intrigue, of hostility. Jealousy was our meat and drink. Mr. Ford left us a few days after landing, left us without a word of explanation or farewell, left us secretly, in the small hours of the morning, after telling us at night that he would certainly continue the journey with us the next day. Mr. Ford's business representative, who remained, represented to me that it was Mr. Ford's wish that Judge Lindsey and myself should 'see this thing through.' I felt that there was an element of cowardice in running away. I remained. . . .

"We went to Stockholm to establish the Neutral Conference. The evil influence which had been at work in the Ford Expedition dominated the conference. The past was still with us—a terrible present. The strife in the trenches cannot be more bitter nor its hatreds more deadly than the strife and hatred of

our conference. At first I was held by my refusal to be a 'quitter.' I hoped against hope, against reason, against facts, against the deliverances of my own common sense. Later I was held by my contract. Several times I wrote asking for permission to cancel it. I received no reply to my request. I stayed on.

"I believed that if certain changes were made, results could be gained which, in the language of a Detroit newspaper, would give Mr. Ford 'the desire of his heart and a lasting place in the history of mankind.'

"Mr. Ford did not take my view. The conference goes on. But I am free."

The Independent sees in all this a warning and a call worth heeding. "The exaltation of righteousness and social justice," it comments, "the development of clear thinking on ethical

themes, and the cultivation of the spirit of sympathy, mutual understanding and good-will are quite as necessary to universal peace as the creation of social and political organizations commensurate with the advancing needs of civilization." The conservative *Philadelphia Presbyterian* expresses its admiration of Dr. Aked's frankness, and finds much that is "timely, wise and strong" in his article. Dr. Aked's statements seem to it to show "another case of a man led away by modern speculations, returning to the shelter of Christ's cross, the fellowship of his suffering, and the power of his resurrection." It finds his case similar to that of Dr. B. Fay Mills and Rev. R. J. Campbell. The *Chicago Israelite*, on the other hand, is amused by some

of Dr. Aked's assertions and appalled by what it calls his egoism. *The Truth Seeker*, a Free-Thought paper, referring to his words characterizing the Ford delegates as a "crowd of crazy cranks and dreamers," remarks:

"If the Rev. Dr. Aked cannot abide the assembly of cranks and dreamers, he is out of place in reform or progressive work. The earnest worker, having put his hand to the plow, does not turn back because his movement attracts that sort of persons, whom the reformer has always with him. The crank is the force that makes the world go round, and the dreamer, says the poet, lives forever, while the toiler dies in a day."

"A good propaganda," *The Truth Seeker* concludes, "can survive its cranks, but not its snobs."

JOSIAH ROYCE—"THE ULYSSES OF AN IDEALISTIC EPIC"

THE "most learned, man in America" is what Prof. William P. Montague, of the Chair of Philosophy in Columbia University, calls the late Josiah Royce. With his passing, observes the same commentator, goes the greatest representative in the later nineteenth century of that idealistic tradition in philosophy which may be said to date from Socrates and Plato in Europe and to have had its earlier beginnings in the philosophies of the Orient.

The keenest and most compact interpretation of Royce that we have seen appears in a new history* of American thought by Woodbridge Riley, Professor of Philosophy in Vassar College. We find Royce therein described as "the Ulysses of an idealistic epic"—"many are the men whose towns he has seen and whose minds he has learnt." His intellectual career is traced as a development from romantic idealism to social and community loyalty.

Professor Royce was born in California. He stood for the adventurous spirit of the California pioneer. A teacher for many years at Harvard University, he was called to lecture at Aberdeen and Oxford. He started, he tells us himself, as a non-conformist and a heretic. He ended as something very near to a religious believer. His first preoccupation was with an Absolute Idealism which may be said to have been the antithesis of the Pragmatism built up by his friend and colleague William James. His later interest was in the direction of the ethical, the practical, the social. "When I review this whole process," he told

his friends, in a speech delivered at a banquet in Philadelphia tendered to him on his sixtieth birthday, "I strongly feel that my deepest motives and problems have centered about the Idea of the Community, altho this idea has only come gradually to my clear consciousness."

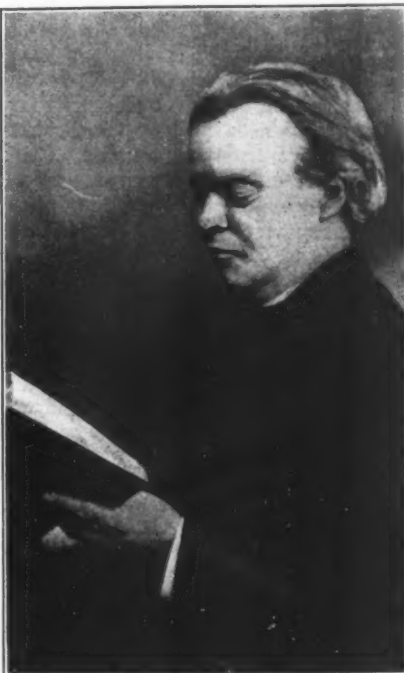
The New York *Tribune* finds in the career of Professor Royce an answer to those who have been inclined to look on metaphysics as a sterile intellectual pursuit. It says:

"The life and work of Josiah Royce were a protest against this Philistine, tho' thoroly natural, conviction. He was a real metaphysician—in the technical sense, and perhaps, too, in the broadest possible sense, the first and greatest metaphysician whom this country has produced. His name and that of William James—for many years his colleague in the philosophical department of Harvard University—will always be linked together as those of the founders of an American metaphysical tradition.

"Emerson and the Transcendentalists taught a sort of speculative philosophy—largely literary or theological in its origin and content. But they were not metaphysicians according to a strict construction of that term. They built no speculative systems and contributed little or nothing of original or creative value from the purely metaphysical point of view. Royce and James struck out for themselves into the void, constructing and reconstructing. They were speculative philosophers who took their calling seriously, not mere borrowers and elucidators. As critics and original thinkers they asked odds of no one. Each established a following both at home and abroad, and their work eventually won recognition the world over as a real American contribution to the volume of philosophic thought."

up Royce as one who "reinstated in philosophical thinking the element of imagination." It continues:

"To one bred in the dull gray of traditional empiricism Royce was a refreshment and an intellectual inspiration. From him one learned to hope that the province of human reason is not confined to an ascertainment of its own limitations; and by his warrant and example provinces of speculation were reopened in which imagination could—not roam, but work in the service of reason. Where the philosophical angels had long feared



"THE MOST LEARNED MAN IN AMERICA"

The late Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, was the colleague of William James, and his name will always be linked with that of James as the founder of an American metaphysical tradition.

* AMERICAN THOUGHT FROM PURITANISM TO PRAGMATISM. By Woodbridge Riley. Henry Holt and Company.

The New York *Evening Post* sums

to tread, Royce ventured boldly. With Aristotle and the old-fashioned theologians he dared to speculate upon the being and the mind of God; to raise the question squarely, how the world of our human experience would be transformed for a consciousness more inclusive than our human consciousness; and in this connection to ask how it would be transformed for one whose span of memory were longer. Undismayed, he ventured to attack once more the seemingly hopeless problem of evil and the not less baffling problem of human freedom in a divine or cosmic order. In such inquiries he was both genial and ingenious."

The Living Church, the Milwaukee Episcopal weekly, lays stress on the religious implications of Royce's philosophy:

"Those who gathered round him at Harvard, all through this generation just ending (he had been there since 1882), felt towards him much as the disciples of Socrates must have felt. The slight, short figure, the head prematurely whitened, the face retaining a sort of babyish innocence and unconsciousness, the in-

cisive utterance, and the absolute intellectual honesty radiating from him, marked him out as a type entirely distinct from the modern professor who wants to conceal his profession and pass, perhaps, for a stock-broker or a 'society man.' He was *anima naturaliter Christiana*, if ever man deserved that title; and all his constructive thought tended towards the faith as the necessary goal—even tho he himself may have been unconscious of it."

The Boston *Congregationalist* offers this summary of Royce's career:

"Professor Royce was a gift from the Pacific Coast to New England. He was educated in the University of California. He came from teaching philosophy in that university to Harvard in 1882 and had now for a year and a half been professor of natural religion, moral philosophy and civic polity. Few men in America have had wider recognition from the great universities and learned societies of the world for purely intellectual achievements. The range of topics within the sphere of his special intellectual interest is unusually wide in his published books,

ranging from a Text-book of Psychology, a discussion of War and Insurance and a consideration of the relations of basal conceptions in logic and geometry to treatises on The Conception of Immortality, the World and the Individual and the Philosophy of Loyalty, the latter published in 1908.

"The building-substance of Professor Royce's philosophical system was a monistic view of the world. He came at a time of reaction and has put his stamp on the thought of many younger men, whose minds he turned away from the too mechanical dualism of some previous philosophical theorists. His life throughout was the quiet life of a student, whose access of influence on the world came primarily through books and lectures, but his personal relations were wide and generous and he interested himself with an unflinching loyalty in the thought of his pupils. Many were attracted by the subtlety of his thinking, and others by its apparent clearing of the way for a simpler philosophy of the universe, but perhaps he will be most lovingly remembered by the general public through his enthusiastic volume on Personal Loyalty."

AN INDIGNANT METHODIST EDITOR ATTACKS GEORGE MOORE'S LATEST NOVEL

UNDER the heading, "Blaspheming Jesus Christ," *Zion's Herald*, the Methodist weekly, takes up the cudgels against George Moore's latest novel, "The Brook Kerith," a tale of the life of Jesus. This Boston paper is alarmed by the reputed wide circulation of the book and by the favorable reviews it has had in important journals. "It is a travesty on the person of Christ," the editor exclaims, "a libel on the Scriptures. We cannot remain silent. The voice of protest must be raised. The fallacy, couched by the author in such enticing language, must be pointed out. The insult to Christianity so brazenly offered cannot go unchallenged." To quote further:

"Mr. Moore's narrative is false from beginning to end, because it is based upon a false assumption. Jesus was only a man, and a very ordinary man at that. He did not die on the cross, hence he did not rise again. His works were marvelous for a time, but whether done by 'the power of a God or the power of a demon,' even he did not know. He was, in fact, a religious fanatic whose fanaticism was so compelling that disciples willingly laid down their lives to promulgate his teachings even after he himself had repudiated them as the words of a self-exalted, pride-intoxicated deceiver! Can anything be conceived in more brazen, unadulterated impudence than this? The novelist has outdone himself. He has become either a wilful vilifier of Christianity or an unconscious buffoon."

The story starts with the early days

of Joseph of Arimathea, and draws an important part of its motive from Joseph's affection for Jesus. We see Jesus as a wonderworker who becomes an Essene and later falls under the hallucination that he is the Messiah. After the crucifixion, Joseph begs for the body of Jesus from Pilate. His request is granted. The body is placed in Joseph's tomb. As Joseph takes a last look at his friend he finds signs of life. He takes him to his home and nurses him back to life.

All this is sacrilegious enough, in the estimation of *Zion's Herald*; but what follows is even worse: "The days in the gardener's cottage, where Joseph and an old woman work over the broken Jesus and use all their skill and tenderness to get him back to life, are among the most disgusting—there is no other word—in the entire work. The pages depicting these days are filled with babbling and ravings as far removed from the words and spirit of the Christ of the evangelists as are the ravings of Bedlam."

Weeks pass by, and finally it is thought wise for Jesus to leave Jerusalem, and he makes his way back to the Essenes, accompanied by Joseph. Here he becomes a changed man. He sees that he was in error when he claimed Messianic power. Paul comes among the Essenes, tells of his own life-story and of the risen Christ. Then Jesus contradicts him. Jesus talks of his own sins, rejects the more violent points in his own doctrine, and flatly denies his own resurrection. Paul is

aghast. He fights for his conception of Christ, as against the living Christ who confronts him.

The Methodist paper finds it difficult to understand how anyone in his sober senses, possessed of an average adult mentality and having reasonably decent respect for the deeper aspirations and opinions of mankind, should produce such a work as "The Brook Kerith." The editor concludes:

"The use of Jesus in fiction is nothing new. Beautifully, tenderly, reverently, has that tale often been woven by men and women gifted in imagination, producing works that have been an inspiration and a help to the human race. But these have used the Christ of the Gospels, the Christ of Paul, the Christ of the Christian church, with all of His beauty and strength, as their hero. He has walked across these pages, fresh from those of Holy Writ. But what have we here? . . .

"The Christ of 'The Brook Kerith' is in turn a dribbling idiot, a babbling ignoramus, a vainglorious impostor, a blaspheming recreant. He lacks finally even the elements of plain, ordinary manhood. You cannot rear Christianity on such a personality as that, Mr. Moore's many beautiful passages and fine, insinuating style notwithstanding.

"But enough. We turn from this unpleasant task to the Christ whose name we learned to lisp at our mother's knee, whose earthly life we followed with childish faith and interest, whose vigorous, manly teaching we accepted as the guide of life, whose death and resurrection are the ground of our hope and the earnest of our faith for the greater life."

SURGEON-GENERAL GORGAS APPEALS TO CHRISTIANS TO HELP INCREASE WAGES

IT is evident to the mind of Surgeon-General Gorgas, of the United States Army, that the great and insuperable clog to the advance of the church in its teachings, and to the advance of the sanitarian in his teachings, is the grinding poverty of the larger portion of our fellow countrymen. "We can teach morals and hygiene indefinitely, but we shall not be able to make any great advance until we can place our fellow men in such position that they can adopt our teachings." In other words, first alleviate poverty by increasing wages.

General Gorgas was the Chief Sanitary Officer of the Isthmian Canal Commission who also cleaned up the city of Panama. He has just returned from an official inspection tour of Latin-American cities at the head of a sanitary commission. He reiterates his appeal to Christians (in *The Constructive Quarterly*, a scholarly church review) to face squarely the conditions of unsanitary crowding and insufficient wages which prevail in modern cities everywhere.

At Panama General Gorgas found that Archdeacon Bryan on the moral side of the problem was as much hampered by crowding and poverty as he [Gorgas] was on the sanitary side.

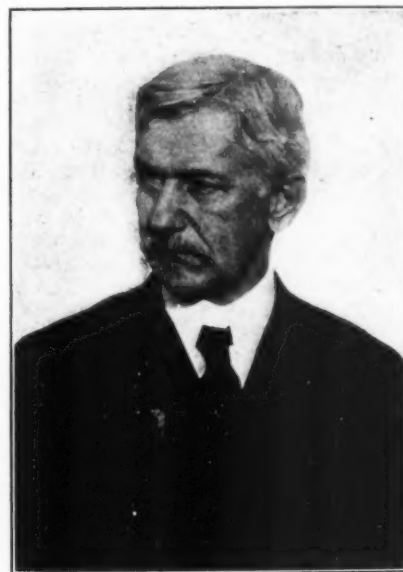
"Take a negro laborer with a wife and one or two children, living, sleeping, washing and cooking in a room 12 by 12. What can be expected of him in the way of personal hygiene! Suppose he should be well taught in hygiene according to modern methods, how could he carry it out? Suppose my friend the Archdeacon succeeded in teaching them morals and Christianity; how could this man and his wife, and children live up to these teachings with such poverty and surroundings? What could you or I do for ourselves and our dependents in the direction of either sanitation or morals if we lived with such surroundings, getting a sufficient wage for only a bare living, knowing that when either sickness or stoppage of work occurred even that miserable wage would stop?"

Panama rapidly grew from a city of 20,000 to 65,000, but rapid growth of population is characteristic of modern cities. Three-quarters of the city's area was unoccupied land. City authorities agreed with General Gorgas that a sanitary tax upon rising values of the unused land was the best source of funds for city sanitation and would force much of it into use for buildings to relieve congestion. The legislature, however, blocked such proceeding and "much less perfect measures" were employed. General Gorgas is convinced that taxation to force unused lands into use is the greatest

and most effective relief measure for sanitation and Christian to consider.

There is a level of wages below which a laborer cannot go and maintain life, much less respond to the appeal of Christian or sanitarian, according to General Gorgas. There are more men than jobs under the prevailing industrial system. Shall the number of people applying for employment be decreased? General Gorgas rejects the idea but says that this could easily be brought about.

"Any sanitarian could spread such an epidemic of yellow fever in the United States that a million people could easily be killed off in the course of a year. Such a sanitary measure would greatly improve



SANITARIAN AND SINGLE-TAXER

Surgeon-General Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer of the Isthmian Canal Commission, maintains that the best way to raise wages is to tax land values.

the condition of those who were left. Wages for several years would be higher, and living conditions, therefore, among the poorest, very much better. Europe is now trying this measure on a very large scale. When this war is over there will be many millions fewer persons in Europe competing for jobs than there were when it commenced, and there will be very many million dollars of wealth destroyed which will have to be replaced. This will mean that in Europe, for several years to come, the jobs will be seeking the men, rather than the men the jobs. Wages will steadily increase, and the poverty of the poorest classes be much alleviated. Prosperity, I dare predict, will be very general."

General Gorgas contends that the object of all social organization should be to give to all producers "natural wages." We would get all that we produce if some form of monopoly did not come in to deprive us of part of what

we produce without making us a just return. He holds that:

"The industrial slavery of modern times is not near as obvious to us as chattel slavery was to our ancestors of a couple of generations ago, while to the laborer the results of the present industrial slavery are much more harsh and cruel and morally degrading than was chattel slavery at any period of its existence. The master does not come in personal contact with the industrial slave, and therefore does not appreciate the suffering and moral degradation that is brought about by the system."

Under our present system, General Gorgas continues, the laborers being more numerous than the jobs, the tendency is inevitable for wages gradually to decrease until they reach and pass below the starvation point. And in such a civilization as ours, the poorest class of laborers is constantly starving and disappearing from want and the other concomitants of extreme poverty.

"The people who are robbing them do not come in personal contact with the persons suffering, and are not aware of the fact that they are robbing anybody. The tendency, therefore, is for the robber, or the master, or the employer, whatever you choose to call him, to take all the wealth he can without any reference to the necessity of the employee. With the chattel slave the master was entirely aware exactly from what source his wealth was derived. He was in personal contact with the laborer. All his interests, sympathies and sense of justice impressed upon him the desirability of leaving the laborer enough of his produce to keep himself and family from want, and in good condition."

Now in this country, General Gorgas points out that more than half of the arable lands are at present held out of use. Taxation to bring them into use would provide alternative places for dissatisfied men to secure "natural wages"—all each can produce. Such access to natural opportunities would tend to reduce the number of applicants for "industrial slavery" jobs and tend to increase wages offered by employers. Discussion of taxing all land values enough to make it unprofitable to keep them unused may be at present more or less academic. But General Gorgas believes that before his generation finishes its work the present industrial slavery will be looked upon as quite as unjust as chattel slavery. He appeals to Christians to "take part in all measures that tend toward increase of wages with the object of putting our fellowman in such position that he will be able to adopt the teachings and morals of Christianity."



LITERATURE · AND · ART



A New Novelist of the Middle West.

CHICAGO reviewers are of the opinion that with his first novel, "Windy McPherson's Son" (John Lane), Sherwood Anderson is entitled to enter the high and small company of those writers who aim to produce real American literature. Mr. Anderson, in the opinion of the literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*, belongs to the "school" which includes Theodore Dreiser, Edgar Lee Masters, and Carl Sandburg. The essential characteristics of these writers is defined as "the recognition of idiosyncrasy and of the bed-rock realities of human nature." Each has lived in small towns, or, as in Carl Sandburg's case, in Chicago, and "they have peered into its face year after year till they know not only every line and corrugation on it but their spiritual significances." Mr. Anderson's novel is regarded as a promising prelude. "It is the rolling of drums. In its pages lies the promise of a new human comedy and a new, fresh, clean and virile spirit in American literature." The book is a promise, yet the Chicago reviewer thinks that Sherwood Anderson must write other novels to fulfil this promise. He is more successful in describing life in a small town than in dealing with the spiritual vagaries of his hero when he becomes a Chicago financier. Moreover:

"There is no triumphant ending. Nor is there a constructive ending. Life was too big for Sam when his brain began to stir and his soul to open. Sherwood Anderson never says this. He just sends Sam awandering up and down the country and Sam meets many different people. All of them real people. To the end there is not a marionet present. Even those people who appear for five or ten sentences. They breathe.

"When you are all through, the irritation comes back. Sherwood Anderson has fooled you again. Unconsciously, indifferently yet somehow chuckingly. He has merely sung his prelude for you. He hasn't told you what he thinks of life or of Sam. Other novels are coming. Perhaps they will tell us."

The critic of the Chicago *Tribune* somewhat summarily dismisses "Windy McPherson's Son" as an "obvious imitation" of Theodore Dreiser's "The Financier," adding: "When Mr. Anderson doesn't try to tell a story, and merely chronicles the reactions of Sam McPherson toward life, the paragraphs are convincing."

Mr. Wells Synthesizes Himself.

IN his latest novel, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" (Macmillan), H. G. Wells has given a composite picture of himself. The book is for the critic of the Boston *Transcript* an epitome of Wells the sociologist, Wells the reformer, Wells the critic, Wells the historian, Wells the romancer, Wells the humorist and Wells the visitor of other worlds than ours. It is a record of the change from the ideas which "Mr. Britling"—some think he is Mr. Wells, some are certain that he is not—held before the war and of the gradual process through which at least one Englishman went. In its essentials Mr. Wells's description of Mr. Britling, we are told, might fit himself.

"His was a naturally irritable mind, which gave him point and passion; and moreover he had a certain obstinate originality and a generous disposition. So that he was always lively, sometimes spacious, and never vile. He loved to write and talk. He talked about everything, he had ideas about everything; he could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of reality. Lots of people found him interesting and stimulating, a few found him seriously exasperating. He had ideas in the utmost profusion about races and empires and social order and political institutions and gardens and automobiles and the future of India and China and esthetics and America and the education of mankind in general."

The Christian God As a New Element in Mr. Wells's World.

THE new Wellsian note in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is, according to the critic of the New York *Sun*, the note of Christianity, the suggestion that we must believe in the Christian God. The son is killed in the war. A little later the father hears of the similar death of a young German tutor. "It is brought home to him that parents are suffering on the other side too. He keeps speculating as to why it should be and comes to the conclusion that we must believe in the love of the Christian God, that lives like that of his boy cannot have been lost for nothing, and that some good for humanity must come out of it all." The critic of the New York *Globe* finds in this book one of the most brilliant achievements of Mr. Wells—"it is the story of the war as it might have happened to any one, and as it did happen to one of the finest brains in Europe." Yet if the war "has shown us God—a

finite, struggling, necessary God," as "Mr. Britling" expresses it, it has also revealed the pettiness and meanness of political empires. Says "Mr. Britling":

"When it began I did not believe that this war could be like other wars. I did not dream it. I thought we had grown wiser at last. It seemed to me like the dawn of a great clearing up. I thought the common sense of mankind would break out like a flame, an indignant flame, and consume all this obsolete foolery of empires and banners and militarism directly it made its attack upon human happiness. A score of things that I see now were preposterous, I thought must happen—naturally. I thought America would declare herself against the Belgian outrage; that she would not tolerate the smashing of the great sister republic—if only for the memory of Lafayette. Well—I gather America is chiefly concerned about our making cotton contraband. I thought the Balkan States were capable of a reasonable give and take; of a common care for their common freedom. I see now three German royalties trading in peasants, and no men in their lands to gainsay them. I saw this war, as so many Frenchmen have seen it as something that might legitimately command a splendid enthusiasm of indignation. . . . It was all a dream, the dream of a prosperous comfortable man who had never come to the cutting edge of life. Everywhere cunning, everywhere small feuds and hatreds, distrusts, dishonesties, timidities, feebleness of purpose, dwarfish imaginations, swarm over the great and simple issues. . . . It is a war now like any other of the mobbing, many-aimed cataclysms that have shattered empires and devastated the world; it is a war without point, a war that has lost its soul, it has become mere incoherent fighting and destruction, a demonstration in vast and tragic forms of the stupidity and ineffectiveness of our species."

Our Most Suppressed Novelist.

THE recent attempt of Mr. John S. Sumner, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, to suppress Theodore Dreiser's latest novel "The 'Genius'" (Lane) by inducing the publishers to break the plates, is not in the nature of a novel incident in Mr. Dreiser's career as an American novelist. In a detailed study of his literary career, published in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, his foremost champion, H. L. Mencken, reveals the astounding fact that practically each one of Mr. Dreiser's books has been suppressed, or has at least precipitated a battle in the publishing world. "Sister Carrie," his first novel, written about 1899-1900, was

first sent to the Harpers. Mr. Mencken recounts the adventures of the manuscript of Dreiser's first novel.

"They (the Harpers) refused it without ceremony, and soon afterward Dreiser carried the manuscript to Doubleday, Page and Co. He left it with Frank Doubleday, and before long there came notice of its acceptance, and, what is more, a contract. But after the story was in type it fell into the hands of the wife of one of the members of the firm, and she conceived so strong a notion of its immorality that she soon convinced her husband and his associates. There followed a series of acrimonious negotiations, with Dreiser holding resolutely to the letter of his contract. . . . But there was no nomination in the bond regarding either the style of binding or the number of copies to be issued, and so the publishers evaded further dispute by bringing out the book in a very small edition and with modest unstamped covers. Copies of this edition are now eagerly sought by book collectors, and one in good condition fetched about \$25 in the auction rooms. Even the second edition (1907), bearing the imprint of B. W. Dodge & Co., carries an increasing premium.

"The passing years work strange fates. The Harpers, who had refused 'Sister Carrie' with a spirit bordering upon indignation in 1900, took over the rights of publication from B. W. Dodge & Co. in 1912, and reissued the book in a new format, with a publisher's note containing smug quotations from the encomiums of the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Spectator*, the *Academy* and other London critical journals. More, they contrived humorously to push the date of their copyright back to 1900. But this new enthusiasm for artistic freedom did not last long. They had published 'Jennie Gerhardt' in 1911 and they did 'The Financier' in 1912, but when 'The Titan' followed, in 1914, they were seized with qualms, and suppressed the book after it had got into type. In this emergency the English firm of John Lane came to the rescue, and it has remained Dreiser's publisher ever since."

Wherein Dreiser Excels.

IF we accept the authority of H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser is by far the most significant of our latter-day American novelists. "One catches echoes of him in Mary S. Watts, in Willa Sibert Cather, and in Sherwood Anderson, a newcomer, but they are no more than echoes. In Robert Herrick the thing descends to a feeble parody: in the rest to sheer burlesque." All are more facile than Dreiser, "better writers" in the accepted academic sense; "what they lack is the gesture of pity, the note of awe, the profound sense of the inexplicable." Mr. Mencken is by no means blind to those huge faults of Dreiser, his clumsiness, the rigor of his "vast steppes and pampas of narration." Such a story as "The 'Genius,'" he confesses, is as gross and shapeless as Brunhilde.

"It billows and bulges out like a cloud of smoke, and its internal structure is almost as vague. The thing rambles, staggers, trips, heaves, pitches, straggles, totters, wavers, halts, turns aside, trembles on the edge of collapse. More than once it seems to be foundering, both in the equine and in the maritime senses. The tale has been heard of a tree so tall that it took two men to see to the top of it. Here is a novel so Brobdingnagian that a single reader can scarcely fight his way through it."

The Eternal Weltschmerz.

AND yet in spite of all the obstacles which discourage the reader, one is apt to discover in Dreiser's novels, concludes his champion, some-



HE LEARNED TO WRITE IN A NEW SCHOOL

Sherwood Anderson, a newcomer among American novelists, is said to have discovered his creative ability in the preparation of advertising "copy" in a city of the Middle West. His publishers inform us that in his younger years Mr. Anderson was a successful manufacturer of paints. "Windy McPherson's Son" is his first novel.

thing of far greater value than can be found in most novels now being written in the English language:

"When all is said and done, what astounding effects emerge from the mirthless, sedulous, implacable, Dreiserian manner! What stupendously skilful writing is beneath the bad writing on the surface! How the fellow gets the deep note of Athenian tragedy into his seduced and sick-souled servant girls, his barbaric pirates of finance, his conquered and hamstrung supermen, his wives who sit and wait! Old Gerhardt, in 'Jennie Gerhardt,' is alone worth all the *dramatis personae* of popular American fiction since the days of 'Rob o' the Bowl'; Howells could no more have created him in his Rodinesque harshness of outline than he could have created Tartuffe or Barry Lyndon. Such a novel as 'Sister Carrie' stands quite outside the brief traffic of the customary stage; it leaves behind it

an unescapable impression of bigness, of epic sweep and dignity. It is not a mere story, not a novel in the ordinary American meaning of the word, but a criticism and an interpretation of life under civilization—and that interpretation loses nothing in validity by the fact that its burden is the doctrine that life is meaningless, a tale without a moral, a 'song sung by an idiot, dancing down the wind.' Here, precisely, is Dreiser's point of departure from his fellows. He puts into his novels a touch of the eternal *Weltschmerz*; they get below the drama that is of the moment and reveal the greater drama that is without end; they arouse those deep and lasting emotions which grow out of the recognition of elemental and universal tragedy."

The Jupiter Tonans of Intellectual Rebels.

TO the many studies about William Blake, Charles Gardner now contributes "Vision and Vesture" (E. P. Dutton), described as "a study of William Blake in modern thought." Mr. Gardner presents the eighteenth-century mystic as the source and fountainhead of all modern thought. Goethe, Ibsen and Nietzsche were "working through tracts of thought which Blake left behind." "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" was the greatest, as well as the smallest, book of the eighteenth century. Mr. Gardner's book has evoked an interesting study of Blake over the initials "J. H." (Huneker?) in the *N. Y. Sun*. This critic feels that Blake's supremacy lies in the realm of intellectual rebellion. We quote:

"In the domain of the unconventional Blake is the Jupiter Tonans of English intellectual rebels. Shelley, Byron, Swinburne are timid amateurs compared with this man, who, with terrific speed, traversed an apocalypse of art. He was never the idle dreamer of an empty day nor yet a mooning mystic. His energy is electric. It sounds a trumpet note in his verse and prose. It reveals itself in the fiery swirling of his line, a line always swift and personal. He has been called a heretic in the church of Swedenborg, but like a later rebel—Nietzsche, who renounced Schopenhauer—Blake soon renounced Swedenborg. Michelangelo remained his deity, and in his designs the influence of the mighty Italian is paramount. . . .

"No doubt there are in Blake's works phrases that Nietzsche has seemed to repeat. It is the critical fashion just now to trace, whether for right or wrong, every idea of Nietzsche's to some one else! The truth is that the language of spiritual rebellion through the ages is monstrously the same. The mere gesture of revolt, as typified in the threatening arm of a Cain, a Prometheus, a Jesus, a Julian the Apostate, is no more unusual than the banal phraseology of the heretic. How many of them have written 'inspired' bibles, from Mahomet to Zarathustra! Blake, his tumultuous imagination afire—remember that the artist doubled the poet in his amazing and ver-

satire soul—poured forth his 'sacred' books, his prophecies, his denouncements of mankind. His was a righteous indignation, tho the method of his speech is obscure; in comparison the Mormon books of revelation are miracles of clarity."

Edward Carpenter's Tribute
to Walt Whitman.

FOR American readers one of the most arresting revelations which Edward Carpenter makes in the volume of memories which he has just published at the age of seventy—"My Days and Dreams" (Scribner)—will be his confession of the revolution Walt Whitman's poems produced in his spiritual outlook. Carpenter was a discontented young curate at Cambridge when a fellow of Trinity Hall gave him a copy of Walt Whitman's poems. Edward Carpenter was in despair concerning the church:

"If I had nursed in my mind any sentiment of romance in connection with ecclesiastical affairs it was soon expelled by experience. A peep behind the scenes was enough. The deadly Philistinism of a little provincial congregation; the tradesmen and shopkeepers in their sleek Sunday best; the petty vulgarities and hypocrisies; the discordant music of the choir; the ignoble scenes in the vestry, and the resumed saintly expression on returning into the church; the hollow

ring and the sour edge of the incumbent's voice; and the fatuous faces upturned to receive the communion on the altar steps—all these were worse, considerably worse, than the undisguised heathenism of the chapel performance."

The change in his outlook wrought by Walt Whitman is eloquently described:

"From that time forward a profound change set in within me. I remember the long and beautiful summer nights, sometimes in the College garden by the river-side, sometimes sitting at my own window, which itself overlooked a little old-fashioned garden enclosed by gray and crumbling walls; sometimes watching the silent and untroubled dawn; and feeling all the time that my life deep down was flowing out and away from the surroundings and traditions amid which I lived—a current of sympathy carrying it westward across the Atlantic.

"I began to realize that above all else I had come in contact with a great Man, not great thoughts, theories, views of life, but a great Individuality, a great Life. I began to see and realize correspondingly that 'views' and intellectual furniture generally, were not the important things I had before imagined; that character and the statement of Self, persistently, under diverse conditions were all important: that the body in Man and the quality corresponding to body in all art and behavior, was radiant in meaning and beautiful be-

yond words; and that the production of splendid men and women was the aim and only true aim of State policy."

A Dumas of the Spiritual World.

THE Dumas of reincarnation might be a fitting characterization of Algernon Blackwood, author of "Julius Le Vallon" (Dutton). Mr. Blackwood has the power to present situations of the most fantastic and mysterious character, and to endow them, as a critic of the *Springfield Republican* points out, with all the appearance of plausibility. Mr. Blackwood is a deep student of the mystical, and "he is at pains to reason out his threats with liquid clearness." Not a small part of his effect is created by the philosophical and poetic quotations from various writers with which he prefaces each chapter—notably from Professor J. McTaggart's "Some Dogmas of Religion." The theme of the novel is perhaps most explicitly stated in one of these quotations: "Souls without a past behind them, springing suddenly into existence, out of nothing, with marked mental and moral peculiarities, are a conception as monstrous as would be the corresponding conception of babies suddenly appearing from nowhere, unrelated to anybody, but showing marked racial and family types."

A PAINTER OF DRAMAS WHO MADE THE UNREAL WORLD SEEM REAL

WHEN Odilon Redon passed away in Paris last July, no delegation from artistic societies attended his funeral. There was no official parade. No eloquent words of farewell were pronounced in public in his honor. One of the supreme artists of the past century, Odilon Redon, died as he had lived. He had never been ambitious for fame or worldly honors. But his glory, as M. André Fontainas asserts in a glowing tribute in the *Mercur de France*, is much purer because it is limited to the most discriminating public and because he never sought worldly honors or riches. However limited his renown was with the art-loving public, his influence upon the younger artists was tremendous, because his devotion to art—a devotion which was nothing less than worship—set such a noble example to the "masters of the present hour." They have learned "to live and to work freed from all unworthy ambitions, to question themselves, to discover the secret of their own consciousness, to know themselves, to present themselves ingenuously, following their own personal, spontaneous, sincere and purified resources." His prestige among the painters now attaining maturity is compared with that of César Franck among

French composers and to that of Stéphane Mallarmé, whose friend he was, among the best poets of the present day.

All three of these men lived apart, disdainful of academies and honors,

facile prey for misunderstanding and jealousy, hated by the academicians, disparaged by officialdom, yet serenely unconscious, it seems, that academic routines or official honors even existed.



PORTRAIT WITH FLOWERS

This reproduction suggests but does not fully convey the beauties of Odilon Redon's flower studies, painted, we read, with an "Edenic" palette.

Redon consecrated his life to an ideal, to an ideal he never corrupted or soiled. To use an American catchword, Odilon Redon was a one-hundred-per-cent. artist. He was the supreme artist of the invisible rather than the visible world. For him, it is true, the visible world did exist, but his originality, to quote his own explanation, consists in "making unreal beings live in terms of the real, by putting, as much as possible, the logic

written to inspire an artist like Redon. Poe was the strongest stimulus during Odilon Redon's earlier career, tho others, such as Flaubert ("The Temptation of Saint Anthony"), the Apocalypse, Wagner,



AN APOCALYPTIC VISION

This is an example of Redon's earlier manner, when his pictures possessed that quality which made them recall "such stuff as dreams are made of."

of the visible world to the service of the invisible."

He served art as a soldier might serve his country. He spent years in forging his own weapons, in clarifying his visions, in perfecting his own technique. Later, says M. Fontainas, he wrote concerning the foundations of this unique art: "I have created an art according to myself. I have made it with my eyes open to the wonders of the visible world, and, despite whatever may be said about it, with the constant care to obey the laws of the natural and of life."

The first eloquent expression of his peculiar genius came as the result of Redon's perusal of Poe's short stories. He did not attempt actual illustrations of scenes in these stories but to depict the visions they had inspired in his own mind. Stories like "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Mask of the Red Death," "Ligeia," "Morella" and "Berenice," in the opinion of M. Fontainas, might have been expressly

"I remember those surprising composi-



A DREAM FACE

This may be one of those ascetic saints of the ninth century as imagined by the most original artist of the nineteenth.

Verhaeren, later awakened his imagination and stimulated the creation of dreams and hallucinations. Whoever has been lucky enough to study his Flaubert albums, writes Emile

Bernard in *La Vie*, gets a truer and more just idea of Flaubert. Through Redon, Flaubert becomes greater—carried, as it were, to a final and complete expression. Perhaps only the words of Flaubert could do justice to the pictures of a Redon.

But Odilon Redon's truest supremacy is to be found in his marvelous visions of flowers, dream-flowers, "flowers of joy and of consolation," in the words of M. Bernard. Redon's flowers were from the Garden of Eden, we read in the same tribute; the artist turned from his shadowy blacks of the world of dreams and painted with the colors of rainbow, "the powder of the wings of butterflies, the pollen of pistils." From Poësque nightmares he turned to a universe *en fête*, to an angelic world of space and light, the splendor of which was untouched by any human association. Concerning these works, M. Fontainas writes:

tions, in which the petals of flowers glow with glistening radiance, in which you do not know whether the flower has become pastel or if the pastel is transforming itself into a flower. Bright pristine golds are here placed side by side, for the delight and ravishment of the spectator, with radiant and multiple azures, with the most delicate and the warmest colorings, creating harmonies of an entirely novel beauty.

"The flower is purged of any corrupting tint, of everything which might deaden or darken its crystal virginity. It blooms intact, embalming discreet and inalterable perfumes. Is it a fairy? Is it a goddess? The flower is itself, without attenuation, unalloyed, free and superb as the smile of dawn, as a joy of love. Redon does not describe flowers, he does not compare them. They are alone, radiant, present; they are created of themselves."

The only comprehensive exhibition of Odilon Redon's work in this country was included in the futuristic Armory exhibition in 1913. At that time Walter Pach, to whom we are indebted in great part for the Redon exhibition, wrote a brochure on the French artist, in which he declared that this art was one of the classics of our time.

All of Redon's work—and he was master of lithography and etching, pastel and paint—offers the latter-day example, adds Mr. Pach, of the direct and uncompromizing research of the vision of his own mind.

"The 'stuff that dreams are made of' is the stuff that life is made of—and that is what the artist has been proclaiming in all time. The great conception of Plato—the idea more real, more permanent than the object—is the message of every art. It is equally to be discerned

in the work of the student of nature, and the follower-out of esthetic principles. And in adding the note of a foreign land to the homage Redon was recently tendered by great French artists, we mingle with it the aspiration that our own artists may benefit by his example

of that devotion to the life which has kept him—as his country—in the first rank of the young."

A collection of the pictures of Redon is to be permanently exhibited by the *Musée de la ville de Paris*.

SECRET OF THE PERENNIAL POPULARITY OF THE ORIGINAL BEST SELLER

THE *Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone on an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River of Oroonoke; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all Men perished but himself. With An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by Pyrates. Written by Himself.* This is the complete title of the book to which Professor W. P. Trent* now directs our attention as practically the first "modern" novel in the English language, and the first great successful attempt at realism in English fiction. But "Robinson Crusoe" is much more than a great English novel. It has proved of world appeal. Daniel Defoe's masterpiece was the original "best seller," and is a "best seller" of perennial popularity.

First published in 1719, its success was immediate. It was a world story, not merely a national or racial one. Translations into French and German were published without loss of time. Within two years Dutch and Italian versions appeared. In the two centuries of its unprecedented popularity, "Robinson Crusoe" has been translated into every modern European language, into Latin and ancient Greek and Hebrew, into Arabic and Persian and the Oriental tongues. Whenever and wherever a new language is invented, "Robinson Crusoe" is one of the first books to be translated. There is probably no other modern book that has attained so wide a circulation.

Why this immense popularity? Professor Trent's answer might be profitably studied not only by all aspirants for the "best-seller" class but by all writers and readers of novels. It is not because of its lifelike realism alone, Professor Trent points out, tho that is what most critics emphasize. Defoe had close rivals in the art of realistic description, yet they never attained his position as a world-writer. Nor is the book an artistic masterpiece in substance and style, "for neither in structure nor in characterization does it display exceptional power, and many of its pages do not

rise in point of interest and value greatly above the average story of travel and adventure." Also few if any critics have felt impelled to praise the platitudinous moral essays that crop up in the pages of this book. Finally, it is not a "love story." Why, then, has "Robinson Crusoe" been so persistently popular? Professor Trent reveals the secret:

"What has given and what still gives 'Robinson Crusoe' its place in literature is surely the island portion of the first part—the absorbing story of how a weak and solitary man struggles successfully with the pitiless and seemingly unconquerable forces of nature. This situation is so universal in its appeal that, when it is presented with Defoe's wealth of lifelike detail, and in his simple straightforward manner, it holds the attention of old and young. In describing the steps by which Robinson, undeterred by difficulties and mistakes, finally makes himself an abode in the midst of solitude and wild nature, Defoe's great interest in agriculture, in the mechanic arts, in all that goes to make up the daily life of man, has full play, and he manages to impart much of his own interest to us. Like a skilful journalist he changes his immediate subject before he has tired his reader, and he makes a most skilful use of critical moments such as Robinson's discovery of the footprint on the sands. He nowhere endeavors to represent his hero as other than he really is, a rather ignorant adventurer of no very high character or exceptional endowments. An ordinary man in a situation that appeals extraordinarily to our sympathies, both man and situation set before us so vividly that we are continually asking ourselves, 'Would I have thought of that expedient?' or saying 'That is what I should have done'—such in its essence is 'Robinson Crusoe.' Other men have described the life of a solitary, but none with such simple realistic power as Defoe displayed; other writers have perhaps rivaled him in this power, but none has been equally fortunate in securing a theme of such universal appeal. In the carrying power of the island portion of the story—the despair of the shipwrecked man, his utilizing the ship's stores, his slow building up of his home, his taming his goats, his dread of the cannibals, his rescue of Friday, his joy in the new human companionship—in all this, 'Robinson Crusoe' makes an appeal comparable in its universality to that made by the great poems of the world."

enables us to put up with the somewhat excessive moralizing by which the pious non-conformist Defoe tried to obviate the reproaches his own age was wont to bestow upon that "literature"—particularly drama and fiction—which was designed chiefly to please. Preach as he would, however, Defoe could not help being interested in his stories as stories:

"We feel sure that he sympathized as we do with the fortunes and misfortunes of Robinson. His sympathetic interest, his homely style, his realistic power, his selection of a theme of universal validity and appeal, these features, taken in conjunction with the practice twenty years of journalism and miscellaneous writing—had given him in narration and description, explain in part Defoe's sudden success in the field of fiction and the great importance of that success to all subsequent laborers in the same field. He is the real father of the English novel in the sense that he was the first Englishman to write a truly readable, widely circulated, and permanently valuable prose story dealing with secular human life."

Defoe, as a critic of the *N. Y. Sun* suggests, was a great twentieth-century newspaperman born three centuries before his time. "Robinson Crusoe" was not written until he was past the age of sixty. But later he wrote one work of fiction after another with a speed that even the modern purveyors of "best sellers," even with the aid of stenographers and typewriters, cannot emulate. Defoe was born with a nose for news. He was the first great reporter of the modern world. This genius for reporting became evident as soon as he entered journalism, when he was about 40 years old, especially in his account of the "Apparition of Mrs. Veal." This, declares Professor Trent, "was long thought to be a masterpiece of invention illustrating Defoe's power to give the effect of reality through a skilful use of details; but it has been shown that the tract deserves . . . praise, not because it is a convincing bit of fiction, but because it is a vivid and accurate bit of reporting." Defoe gave his readers a circumstantial account of a ghost story current at Canterbury. He invented little or nothing. The same genius for brilliant and convincing reporting, the gift which played so large a part in the phenomenal world

* DEFOE: HOW TO KNOW HIM. William P. Trent. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

It is the power of this appeal that

success of "Robinson Crusoe" was strikingly illustrated in Defoe's account of the supposed destruction of the Island of St. Vincent, written for a newspaper named the *Weekly Journal*, for July 5, 1718. This *tour de force* of journalism reminds one of the feats ascribed to star reporters in the newspaper office of to-day. Professor Trent writes:

"It long passed with critics as one of the most successful of Defoe's imaginative compositions, since they assumed that he was merely trying to hoax his readers into believing in a terrible event which he knew could never have occurred. Recent investigation has shown, however, that, as in the case of the 'True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal,' Defoe invented next to nothing, that he was a skilful reporter rather than a brilliant hoaxer. Reports of the destruction of the island had reached London and had been published in other newspapers, and there is reason to believe not only that Defoe lent them credence but that he was somewhat more obstinate than other journalists in continuing to maintain that the first accounts of the catastrophe were correct, despite later advices which had greatly reduced its dimensions. The facts of the case tend to diminish his reputation for splendid creative mendacity, but they leave us abundant reason for praising his extraordinary faculty for giving life-likeness to his narrative and descriptive writings."

Daniel Defoe wrote his masterpiece after the age of 60, at the end of a tumultuous life of hack-writing. He was, says Professor Trent, the most copious and best-trained writer of popular prose literature of all kinds then to be found in Great Britain. Moreover, even before he had entered the

field of journalism, as well as after, he had been thrust in prison. This disgrace condemned him to the subterranean life of a political agent and journalistic hack.

"Man of genius that he was, he proceeded to play the part with magnificent effrontery and duplicity. The pillorying of men of letters is in itself a sign of the essential brutality of Defoe's generation; in Defoe's case it was also the regrettable prelude to the ruin of a remarkable character. Yet, as so often happens, one is left wondering whether society has not profited from the loss undergone by the individual. If Defoe had continued to flourish as a pantile manufacturer, and if he had become a great force in politics, would he have been likely to write 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

"Robinson Crusoe" would not have been possible, we are further informed, if Defoe had not been the master journalist and best reporter of his age. "We have to picture him to ourselves on the eve of the publication of 'Robinson Crusoe' as an aging man conscious that his name was a byword, constantly afraid that he would offend the government by writing some paper deemed seriously, not venially disaffected. . . ."

"There is little need to discuss this mass of writing save to call attention to the facts that it helped to increase the ease of Defoe's homely vernacular style, that it gave him practice in dialog and in narrative, that it developed his powers of invention, that it increased his mastery in the use of details to secure the effects of verisimilitude; in short, that it helped to make it possible, that after writing many books possessing no claims to great-

ness, he should suddenly produce a work of fiction which immediately took that position as a world classic which it seems likely never to lose. It is, in other words, the effect upon himself of the writings of this period that chiefly counts."

Defoe might be called the journalistic Ishmael of his times—a sort of literary Villa of his time, suggests Professor Trent, despised by the Steeles and Addisons of the period as a turncoat and an ignoramus, "but his knowledge was plainly more varied and practical than theirs, he added new features to the papers he founded or wrote for, and rivals and successors saw that it was wise to follow in his footsteps."

"And with all his faults and limitations what an extraordinary man he was! Quite certainly he was the most copious and versatile writer of his times, in whose works his age is mirrored with unparalleled fulness and clearness. He was a master journalist, a shrewd and influential politician, tho he never held an office, a sound economist, a fascinating writer on all that related to the commerce of the day, a widely read and useful moralist, a successful satirist, a creditable historian, and, to crown all, a novelist of adventure and low life unsurpassed in his kind. When we add that he has few rivals in his use of a clear, homely vernacular, and that the interest of his personality increases in direct proportion with our study of it, we may take our leave of him with the assurance that his position in literature is fixed and high, even if the enormous range and number of his works will forever prevent the mass of mankind from fully appreciating his genius. To them he will remain the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and it is doubtful, canny soul that he was, whether he would change his fate if he could."

REBECCA WEST DETHRONES SOME OF OUR LITERARY IDOLS

ALTHO professedly a study of the literary genius of Henry James, Miss Rebecca West's new book* will undoubtedly arouse quite as much interest in this country because of its amazing metaphors and stinging similes and its unflattering pen-portraits of many of the chief figures of modern literature, as for the discriminating praise bestowed upon Mr. James. Miss West attempts to convince her reader of the greatness of Henry James by demolishing many of the other great reputations of nineteenth-century literature. Yet it cannot be said that she is overkind toward Henry James. She is by no means breathless with adoration. Here is her graphic way of expressing what she considers was one of his earlier weaknesses: "He had a tremendous

sense of the thing that is and none at all of the thing that has been, and thus he was always being misled by such lovely shells of the past as Hampton Court into the belief that the past which inhabited them was as lovely. . . . He never perceived that life is always a little painful at the moment, not only at this moment but at all moments; that the wine of experience always makes a raw draft when it has just been trodden out from bruised grapes by the pitiless feet of men; that it must be subject to time before it acquires suavity."

Henry James, Miss West informs us, early learned the lesson of the masters of French realism—"detachment." Yet the influence of the French masters was not entirely happy:

"He believed that if one knew a subject one could write about it; and since there was no aspect of the international

situation with which he was not familiar, he could not see why the description of these aspects should not easily make art. The profound truth that an artist should feel passion for his subject was naturally distasteful to one who wanted to live wholly without violence even of the emotions; a preference for passionless detachment was at that date the mode in French literature, which was the only literature that he studied with any attention. The de Goncourts, Zola, and even de Maupassant thought that an artist ought to be able to lift any subject into art by his treatment, just as an advertising agent ought to be able to 'float' any article into popularity by his posters. But human experience, which includes a realization of the deadness of most of the de Goncourts' and Zola's productions, proves the contrary. Unless a subject is congenial to the character of the artist the subconscious self will not wake up and reward the busy conscious mind by distributions of its hoarded riches in the form of the right word, the magic phrase,

* HENRY JAMES. (Writers of the Day series.) By Rebecca West. Henry Holt and Co., New York.

the clarifying incident. Why are books about ideas so commonly bad, since the genius of M. Anatole France and Mr. Wells have proved that they need not be so, if it be not that the majority of people reserve passion for their personal relationships and therefore never 'feel' an idea with the sensitive finger-tips of affection?"

Miss West emphasizes her admiration for the literary genius of Henry James by exhibiting her strong aversions to certain of his contemporaries. "There are certain Victorian works of art," she confesses, "which, however esteemed by the many, are no more matter of criticism than a pair of elastic-sided boots." Among these works of art Miss West includes the novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. She emphasizes James's profound understanding of ritual by contrasting his attitude with that of Newman and the Tractarians, who "made the ritualist seem as big a fool as the old woman who carries a potato in her pocket to ward off rheumatism." And she refers to "poor, fat little Zola who thought, that tho one could not build Rome in a day one could describe it in less, plodding and sweating up the wrong road to art."

Miss West rather resents Henry James's "awareness" in the eighties and early nineties of the Esthetic movement—an awareness strongly evidenced in his tale "The Author of Beltraffio." The hero's affectation of velvet coat and a remote foreign air "makes us desire to scream out to the week-end visitor that he is being fooled, that he is no writer, but an artistic photographer." Miss West, in fact, goes a bit out of her way to tell us just what she thinks of the whole Esthetic movement, which was then being given the middle-class touch by Oscar Wilde:

"We feel surprized at Mr. James's cognizance of anything so second-rate as this Decadent Movement of the late eighties and early nineties, because most of us basely judge it by its lack of worldly success instead of by its moral mission. The elect of the movement, if one delves in the memory of older Londoners, were certainly silly young men who were careful about the laundering of their evening shirts and who tried to introduce the tone of public-school life into ordinary society. And it is true that for all their talk of art they produced nothing but one good farce and a car-load of such weak, sweet verse as schoolgirls copy into exercise-books, and that from this small effort they sank exhausted down to prison, drink, madness, suicide; and struck whatever other notes there be in the descending scale of personal disgrace. And yet, for all its fruitlessness, that prattle about art gave them a valid claim on our respect. Never had beauty been so forgotten; style was poisoned at the fount of thought by Carlyle, whose sentences were confused disasters like railway accidents, and by Herbert Spencer, who

wrote as tho he were the offspring of two *Times* leaders; among novelists only Robert Louis Stevenson loved words, and he had too prudent a care to water down his gruel to suit sick England's stomach; and in criticism Andrew Lang, who had admired Scott and Dickens in his school-days and was not going to let himself down by admiring anybody nearer his own generation, greeted every exponent of the real with a high piercing northern sneer. It was of inestimable value that it should be cried, no matter in how pert a voice, that words are jewels which, wisely set, make by their shining mental light. That the cry could not save the young men who raised it, bore out their contention of the time's need for it; if they, seeking new beauty, could but celebrate the old dingy sins of towns, it showed in what a base age they had been bred. And if they could not save themselves they saved others. Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells set off in the nineties in a world encouragingly full of talk about good writing. Conrad, mouthing his difficult strange tales about the sea, found an audience that would sit hushed."

One element in particular irritates Miss West in reading the earlier novels of Henry James. That element, she confesses, is not peculiar to James, but was part of the social atmosphere of his time. Yet it makes the texture of the life represented in such books as "A London Life" (1889) seem poor. It is "the persistent presentation of woman not as a human but as a sexual being."

"It appears that the young woman of that period could get through the world only by perpetually jumping through hoops held up to her by society, a method of progression which was more suited to circus girls than to persons of dignity, and which sometimes caused nasty falls. There is nothing more humiliating to women in all fiction than the end of 'A London Life,' where the heroine, appalled at having been left in an opera box alone with a young man, turns to him and begs him, altho she knows well that he does not love her, to marry her and save her good name. Purity and innocence are excellent things, but a world in which they have to be guarded by such cramping contrivances of conduct is as ridiculous as a heaven where the saints all go about with their haloes protected by mackintosh covers."

The first period of the genius of Henry James terminated in 1881, we are informed, with the publication of "Washington Square." This novel "so beautifully expresses the woe of all those people to whom nothing ever happens, who are aware of the gay challenge of life but are prevented by something leaden in their substance from responding, that one is not surprized to find that like most good stories about inarticulate people it is written with deliberate cunning." It was a long time before James's unique genius again appeared. Here is the fashion in which Miss West characterized the flaws in "The Bostonians" (1886):

"'The Bostonians' reminds one of a foolish song set to a good tune in the way it fails to 'come off.' The beauty of the writing is so great that there are descriptions of the shabby petticoats of a pioneer, or the vestibule in a mean block of flats, that one would like to learn by heart, so that one might turn the phrases over in the mind when one wants to hear the clinking of pure gold. And the theme, the aptness of young persons possessed of that capacity for contagious enthusiasm which makes the good propagandist to be exploited by the mercenary and to deteriorate under the strain of public life, is specially interesting to our generation. Few of us there are who have not seen with our own eyes elderly egoists building up profitable autocracies out of the ardor of young girls, or fierce advocates of the brotherhood of man mellowing into contemplative emptiers of pint-pots. But, just as the most intellectual conversation may be broken up by the continued squeal of a loose chimney-cowl, so this musical disclosure of fine material is interrupted past any reader's patience by a nagging hostility to political effort."

Miss West's audacity is refreshing, in the opinion of a writer in the *British Weekly*. Narrow as are the limits of this little book, "Miss West has grasped firmly the main features and characteristics of Henry James' work. This means that her smartness is more than mere flippancy. . . . On the whole, the worst that can be said against Miss West is that she is young—very young. For this many of us cannot help envying her." Writing in the *London Outlook*, Arthur Waugh deplores Miss West's "poor taste" in dethroning so many of the British literary idols, but pays a high tribute to her critical acumen:

"To distil the essence of the art of Henry James into a little volume of about 20,000 words is no light labor; and Miss West must be congratulated upon the degree of success with which she has accomplished the undertaking. In several respects this is a book which its subject would have weel approved. She deals very little with facts, and very freely with impressions; and she succeeds in giving a definite, clear, and attractive portrait of a very elusive and complex artistic personality. It is the more to be regretted that the work should be disfigured by certain easily avoidable blemishes. A canvas so small should afford no opportunity for the display of the artist's personal literary aversions; and this sort of feline digression is particularly out of place in the celebration of a man so considerate to the feelings of his colleagues, so invariably courteous and chivalrous in his judgments, as the author of 'Daisy Miller.' Miss West's comments upon Mrs. Humphry Ward, Andrew Lang, and the young poets of the nineties are, to say the least of it, in very questionable taste; and any offence against taste in such a context is an offence against the delicate sensibilities of Henry James. These violence apart, however—the critical work in this little monograph is always acutely, and often brilliantly, characterized."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

WE don't know just how seriously Samuel McChord Crothers wishes us to take his article in the *Atlantic* on "The Gregariousness of the Minor Poets." At times he seems to be entirely serious and at other times there is a note of delightful raillery that casts doubts upon the solemnity of his views. What he undertakes to show apparently is that the poet is naturally "the least gregarious of human creatures" and when he seeks converse with other poets, or, indeed, with other human beings, he is doing violence to his nature! He should be content, we infer, to associate with flowers and trees and woodland creatures. He should live a solitary life, his business being to interpret his own moods, not those of other men. He should live up to the line, "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart." He should avoid groupings and schools and, we suppose, poetry societies. He should live and write and die in a vacuum and his poems should all be evolved out of contemplation of the stellar universe and the splendor of his own soul.

Of course all this would be distressing nonsense if Mr. Crothers did not make it so delightful. The poet, it goes without saying, must have the gift of detachment; but if he can't retain that gift in a crowd he is no poet. We want his own personal reactions, but we do not want his reactions limited to those that come from purling brooks and twinkling stars. In other words, it is not necessary, tho many seem to think so, that the poet, in order to sing of life, should have only a secondary knowledge of it—through books, for instance. Let his soul dwell apart like a star, if you will; most souls do that; but let his five senses bring messages to his soul out of contact with the vital world. The trouble with Mr. Crothers is that he belies his own doctrine. He himself wants to gather all poets into one group and keep them in it—the group of solitary poets—the Keatses and Shelleys and Poes. We don't object, ourselves, to having a sprinkling of Homers, Shakespeares, Brownings and Whitmans.

Here is a colorful poem from *Collier's*:

PAST THE BREAKERS.

By GEORGE STERLING.

THE world was full of the sound of a great wind out of the West,
And the tracks of its feet were white on the trampled ocean's breast,
And I said: "With the sea and wind I will mix my body and soul,

Where the breath of the planet drives and the driven waters roll."

And down through the pines I went, to the shore sands warm and white,
Till I saw from the ocean's verge the gulls in shrieking flight—
Till the wind was sharp in my face, and pure and strong in its sweep
From the smokeless dome of the world and a thousand leagues of the deep.

The breakers rose before me where the hard wet sands were gray—
Each in its colored robe, fronting the newborn day;
The singing waves of the sea, clean beyond all of clean,
Beautiful, swift, alive, undulant, apple green.

And I flung me forth at their strength, at their might of motion and sound,
Till the foam bolts stung my brow and the foam chains ringed me around,
And the hissing ridges ran like dragons driven by gods—
Mad with the battle cries and their unseen lashes and rods.

From fighting nostrils to feet the ocean clad me in cold,
Tingling, thrilling, and sweet, a raiment none could behold,
As I rose with urging of arms to the shattered foam crests' rain,
To look far over the deep and sink from the wind again.

O hills of voices and snows, O valleys of sapphire and calm,
That smote and wrenched and released to moments of respite and balm!
Splendid, young and eternal, from bridals of wind and sea!
Tho I sleep at last in your vaults, yet first ye shall war with me!

Furious, swift, they came, the pulse and surge of the deep,
Rank on rank in their beauty, poised for the shoreward leap,
Lifting my form in crystal to gaze out over the West—
Grasping in sudden wrath at limbs and loins and breast.

The great embrace of ocean was closer than love's can be;
Its clasp was sharp on my limbs yet went I supple and free.
The breast of the deep unheaved as a mother's under a child—
Terrible, tender, strong, imperial, undefiled.

So for a space I lived with life intense and aware,
Far from the human swarm and mortal folly and care—
I, the foam of the earth, assailed by the ocean foam,
I, the homeless of worlds, forgetting the dream of Home.

Yet in the end it was earth that called me in from the vast,

Till the salt, wild waters boiled and the spray was thin on the blast,
And the undertow swept out, laughing at strength like mine,
Till I rode to shore on a wave that stung with its hurtled brine.

The First Illinois Cavalry published a journal of its own while doing duty down on the border. It was called *First Illinois Cavalryman*. The issue of August 5th contained a poignant poem which we reproduce. It was received by one of the soldier-editors in the mail one morning, type-written on a plain sheet of paper, bearing no signature or other mark of identification, but evidently sent by one of the rejected soldiers back in Illinois.

"UNFIT TO FIGHT."

By A REJECTED SOLDIER OF THE FIRST ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

UNFIT to fight"—tersely the Surgeon put it.
Unfit! Good God! If he but knew

The battle I have struggled through,
A battle lasting days and nights and months and years,
A battle knowing little hope, but blackest fears,
A battle to the death
For breath—

"Unfit to fight"? Yes, I suppose I am unfit
And yet, I wonder, if that Surgeon knew
How night after night I fought the fight
In bitter struggle with despair,
With sweat pouring down through matted hair
And death waiting there,
So tempting—in that bottle on the chair—
If he would still have said "Unfit to fight."

Home, mother, family, sweetheart, friends—all put behind,
That I might fight this battle with my mind,
The battle every hopeless one must fight,
When death seems good, and life is only fright,
With rotting lungs and wheezing breath,
A man shunned, outcast, wishing only death;
But I battled on, and in a way I won, until that night
The Surgeon said, "You are unfit to fight."

You boys down on the border can not know
The battles fought by those who could not go,
By those who were pronounced "Unfit to fight."
And so, to-night,
When taps has sounded, slowly, sweet and clear
And thoughts float back to those you hold most dear,
Perhaps you'll breathe a prayer into the night
For those who stayed at home, unfit to fight.

Keep your eye on Willard Wattles, of Kansas. He is likely to do things. Here is one he has already done. We take it from *House and Garden* and the last line made us feel like shouting.

I KNOW A TRAIL ON TOBY.

BY WILLARD WATTLES.

I Know a trail on Toby,
It leaves the little town
A half a mile behind it
To the climber looking down;
I've climbed it many happy times—
I did not climb alone.

I know a trail on Toby
Where ferns and grasses meet
To fling a friendly softness
For upward straining feet,
While overhead the hemlocks
And balsam firs are sweet.

The May-flower peeps in April
Beneath the melting snow,
The wand of staid October
Sets every tree aglow;
I know a trail on Toby—
It is not all I know.

We can't seem to recognize the name of the writer of this fine poem in the *Bellman*; but he writes like one who has long since mastered his tools.

THE WANDERER.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

I HAVE grown weary of the open sea,
The chartless ways, the storms, the loneliness,
The coast that topples, tall and shelterless—
Weary of faring where all things are free!

Yet once the open sea was all romance,
Purple and olive-stained and golden-scaled;
And every breeze from some adventure hailed,
And shoals were silver for the moon to dance.

The cliffs were only tall to keep untrod
The kingdom of the fay hung high in air,
And every storm was but Poseidon's dare,
And brave it was to battle with a god.

Ah, blithe it was when the mad night was done
And day with flying hair woke wild and white,
To see the salty sail loom in the light
And know one battle more was bravely won.

Then these were magic seas that ever rang
With melodies, now wild, now sweet, now glad;
At dusk the drifting choirs unseen were sad
And in the lulls of night the sirens sang.

They sing no more; the colors now are gray;
The cliffs defend not fairyland, but home;

And when th' impenitent, hoar sea has clomb
The clouds, I have no heart to sing or pray.

Oh, I am weary of the open sea,
Vigils and storms and watches without name,
The ache of long resistance without aim,
The fetters of the fetterless and free.

There is some haven that no tempest mars,
Some brown-hilled harbor, hushed and clear and deep,
Where tired evening may sit down and weep,
And, waking, find not water there but stars.

There would I creep at last ere day is done,
With ashen sail dropped down and cordage white;
There rest secure, there find before the night
A little hour of peace, a little sun!

The only fault we have to find with the following sonnet, which appeared in the *N. Y. Tribune* recently, is the Latin title. It is the best sonnet we have seen for a long time.

LUX ETERNA.

BY IRWIN EDMAN.

THERE will, of course, be other perfect days,
And crystal sunset clouds again will glow

In windless glory; once more I shall gaze
In wonder, while the silent waters flow.
Because this breathless peace does not endure,

I do not weep; the punctual seasons send
Time and again this calm; such gifts secure,

This incidental darkness cannot end.
No fleeting magic this, but ordered, clear;
Ever renewed the twilight fires must burn;

And I live lightly sure that year to year
These fragile deathless colors will return.

Yet, now, that all the radiance has passed,
I sigh, as tho this day had been the last.

It is amazing to us to see what an amount of fair to middling verse is turned out every day, in the *Baltimore Sun*, by the "Bentztown Bard" (Folger McKinsey). Such facility, one would think, would prove fatal to high endeavor; but every once in a while he gives us a real poem. Here is one:

THE DAY THAT GOD WAS GLAD.

BY FOLGER MCKINSEY.

IT was made of shining weather,
It was warm with summer sun,
And with heart and hand together
Did the shine and shadows run;
And above the green earth breathing
Stretched the dawn in coral sheen—
And the fields of corn were waving,
And the hills with grass were green.

There were clouds, but only light ones;
There were doubts, but not for long;
There were dreams, but only right ones;
There was love, and this its song—
That the earth and heaven have wedded,
And the bridal morn is fair,
And the young, the golden-headed,
Are around us everywhere.

In its glory came the visions
Of the land and of the sea,
Of the past and of the present,
And the mighty years to be—
It was made of shining weather,
It was clear, and cool, and bright,
And with heart and hand together
Sun and shadows danced till night.

Here is a dainty little poem from *Poetry*, by a New York magazine editor:

PIERRETTE GOES.

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

PIERRETTE has gone, but it was not
Exactly that she died,
So much as vanished, and forgot
To say where she would hide.

To keep a sudden rendezvous
It came into her mind
That she was late. What could she do
But leave distress behind?

Afraid of being in disgrace,
And hurrying to dress,
She heard there was another place
In need of loveliness.

She went so softly and so soon—
She hardly made a stir,
But, going, took the stars and moon
And sun away with her.

There is something reassuring about the war poems that come to us occasionally from the pens of men engaged in the work of fighting. Some of us get to feeling at times that poetry is an unreal sort of artificial thing that is hardly befitting a life of real activity—a thing for freaks to write and schoolgirls to read. As a matter of fact, it is something that links itself closely to the very deepest experiences of life. An impulse that not only survives but gains in power in the desperate work of the trenches in Flanders is something tremendously vital. The author of the following, which we take from *The Living Church*, is a member of the 1st Canadian Division of the British Expeditionary Force.

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

ALL night the tall trees overhead
Are whispering to the stars;
Their roots are wrapped about the dead
And hide the hideous scars.

The tide of war goes rolling by,
The legions sweep along;

And daily in the summer sky
The birds will sing their song.

No place is this for human tears,
The time for tears is done;
Transfigured in these awful years
The two worlds blend in one.

This boy had visions while in life
Of stars on distant skies;
So death came in the midst of strife
A sudden, glad surprise.

He found the songs for which he yearned,
Hopes that had mocked desire;
His heart is resting now, which burned
With such consuming fire.

So down the ringing road we pass,
And leave him where he fell,
The guardian trees, the waving grass,
The birds will love him well.

Mr. Allan Updegraaf sends us five ballads of war, representing five different nations. Each is printed separately in the broad-sheet style (Maverick Press, Woodstock, N. Y.) and sold for five cents "for the benefit of Belgium." We reproduce "number four" relating to Russia, omitting, however, several stanzas at the end that seem to be a sort of afterthought added for didactic rather than poetic purposes:

MARCHE, SLAVE: A BALLAD OF BLIND HOPE.

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAAF.

THREE things we know are so:
We march, we kill, we die.
One thing we do not know,
One word we mutter: Why?
Our boots along the road
Beat out vast inquiries.
Still goes our thought to God:
What is the end of this?

From Warsaw beaten back—
(When guns fail, one must go)—
We asked at each corpse-stack
Why they should kill us so.
At Lutsck we got new guns,
Praise Him of Bethlehem!
The enemy now runs,
And so we slaughter them.

They tell us German crimes,
Their Kaiser all for war.
We are not fools; at times
Their Kaiser and our Czar
Seem much alike to us,
And neither men of peace.
At times we pray Jesus
To bid this killing cease.

But still we hear, "Fight on!
Peace comes with Russia free!
So first drive out the Hun,
Then great days you shall see."
Therefore each shoots and digs
His bayonet in men
Like butchering gray pigs
All in a filthy pen.

And still our boots beat out
Dull inquiries of God,
And something stirs in us
Like seeds deep in a clod.
Before dimmed fires we bask
Dumb as when winter is
Before spring comes, and ask:
What is the end of this?

The following poem comes to us with the stamp of Gilbert K. Chesterton's approbation. It appears in a volume (published in England) entitled "Laughs and Whiffs of Song," by Theodore Maynard. Mr. Chesterton writes an introduction in which he singles out this poem for special mention, as one that contains in its images and even in its title "the finest poetry." He is right. It is an exquisite thing:

THE WORLD'S MISER

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

A MISER with an eager face
Sees that each roseleaf is in place.

He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.

The colors of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—well He may!—

And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.

He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,

And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as His spearmen small.

He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to shew it as His Own,

And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,

That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture books,

To shew in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

Mrs. Tietjens has been sojourning in China and this, in the *Chicago Evening Post*, is one of the interesting results of that sojourn:

CORMORANTS.

BY EUNICE TIETJENS.

THE boats of your masters are black,
They are filthy with the slimy filth
of ages; like the canals on
which they float they give
forth an evil smell.

On soiled perches you sit, swung out on
either side over the scummy water—
you who should be savage and untamed,
who should ride on the clean
breath of the sea and beat your
pinions in the strong storms of the
sea.

Yet you are not held.

Tamely you sit and willingly, ten wretches
to a boat, lurching and half asleep.

Around each throat is a ring of straw, a
small ring, so that you may swallow
only small things, such as your
masters desire.

Presently, when you reach the lake, you
will dive.

At the word of your masters the parted
waters will close over you and in
your ears will be the gurgling of yellow
streams.

Hungrily you will search in the darkened
void, swiftly you will pounce on the
silver shadow . . .

Then you will rise again, bearing in your
beak the struggling prey,

And your lousy lords, whose rings are
upon your throats, will take from you
the catch, giving in its place a puny
wiggler which can pass the gates of
straw.

Such is your servitude.

Yet willing you sit, lurching and half
asleep.

The boatmen shout one to the other in
nasal discords. Lazily you preen
your great wings, eagle wings, built
for the sky;

And you yawn. . . .

Faugh! The sight of you sickens me,
divers in inland filth!

You grow lousy like your lords,
For you have forgotten the sea.

From Don Marquis's "Colyum" in
the N. Y. *Evening Sun* we extract a
fine poem with marked Swinburnean
effects:

DANGER.

BY O. M. DENNIS.

THERE are bells in the sound of thy
voice,

And thy name is a flame,
Beckoning them that rejoice

In the lure of the game,
Where Chance is greater than Choice,
and the stakes are Glory and Shame.

Meteors gleam in thine eyes,
And their smouldering charm
Leaps into fire at surprise,
And the sound of alarm
And swift running feet under skies alight
with the hurry of harm.

To-day o'er Sahara's floor
Thy wings are whirled,
Or in frozen Labrador
Lie closely furled.
To-morrow the house next door shall
shelter thee, Witch of the World.

I am lost in the maze of thy hair,
And scorched by thy breath,
Barren of hope or care,
Red Ashtoreth.

Thou art of all most fair, and the kiss
of thy mouth is Death.

Houghton-Mifflin Co. continue to add
to their New Poetry series. The latest
volume is "Mothers and Men" by
Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer. We
quote the following:

WOMAN, I HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE.

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

WOMAN, I have seen your face
Since your little child was born,
And where pain has left its
trace

There is now no hint of scorn.

I had never dreamed you were
Half so rich in human worth.
Did God give into your care
Two souls at a single birth?

GREEN SILK STOCKINGS—A STORY

This sketch is written by Edmond McKenna and was first published in the *N. Y. Evening Post*. It is a story of sentiment—the sort that never goes out of fashion tho there are blasé critics and still more blasé young writers fresh from college who are wont to speak of its sort with an amusing scorn as mid-Victorian.

FROM my seat in the elevated train I first saw the Green Silk Stockings. I was on my way to the office in the morning. One of those psychic jolts that suddenly make casual things appear significant struck me and I realized that a pair of green silk stockings had hung in that tenement window every day for seven months—as long as I had been riding to business on that line. How much longer I had no means of knowing, but I somehow came to believe that they must have been hung there every morning for a very long time—there is such a look about habitual things.

At first I named the girl Flossie. I fancied her to have red hair, wide blue eyes, a nose whitish at the point in winter and freckled in summer, and that kind of thin, cold, pink ear that goes with red hair. I think it was because I saw that kind of ear so plainly in my mind's eye that I began to add the other features to match till I finally made up Flossie.

I watched for the Stockings every day, and as the tenement house was on a curve on the elevated line the train passed it slowly, so I had opportunity of seeing them quite well. I knew that they were ribbed, after an old fashion, and darned innumerable times on the heels and toes. That was very plain, for the darned places shone with a greener hue.

No matter how deeply interested I was in my novel, no matter what the heart complications of the heroine, or to what depth of infamy the villain had descended, when my train reached the Curve-of-the-Green-Stockings, as I called it, I did, perforce, leave the heroine with heart flutterings on her lips, or the villain struggling vainly with the hero's hands at his throat, and look up for the Stockings. They were always there. I smiled at them and wondered.

Then one day I was later than usual, and when I came opposite the tenement window the Stockings were not to be seen. There was an old man sitting by the window. I could see that he was blind, for he stared vacantly at the rumbling train—with that odd stare of the sightless, as if they would hear with their dead eyes. It was unusual and unexpected—not seeing the old blind man, but missing the Green Stockings. I became reasonable about it—one way of self-deception. Since I was late that morning, perhaps the Stockings had gone off to business. I should surely have seen them had I taken an earlier train.

BUT I never saw the Stockings in that window again. I looked for them every morning for several weeks and was disappointed afresh every morning. And frequently, even after the lapse of that time, at moments of introspection I tried to imagine what had become of the Stockings—and Flossie. Flossie of the thin, cold, pink ear that goes with red hair. What had become of her? Had she died and gone to a Green Silk Paradise, or eloped with the grocer's boy and graduated to a life of intermittent but endless darning?

I was to learn after. It befell that one day in spring the office sent me to collect a bill. I was out on the street before I realized that the place where I was sent was only a short distance from the Curve-of-the-Green-Stockings. I got off the elevated train at the station south of the curve. Laboring up the two steps at the

ticket chopper's box and panting to catch a train that had just pulled out, I saw a stout, square-built, oldish woman in a little black bonnet. She carried a basket over her arm. The other hand was engaged in holding up her skirt, and there, before my astonished eyes, on her thick legs I saw the Stockings, unmistakably green, ribbed, and darned. My Flossie—how unlike my imagined one!

As she came toward me puffing after the toil of climbing the stairs I looked appraisingly at her face. It was a large, bony, solid face of the kind that we hazily call Irish, altho I have seen it on women in southern France, and on a man who came from somewhere beyond the Ural Mountains and wore red tasseled shoes and a sheepskin jacket. It was a face hard, enduring, solid—except for a crackly bit around the eyes where the whole expression seemed to have gathered into little zones—sensitive areas out of harmony with all the rest.

I VENTURED to speak and said some inconsequential word about spring coming.

"It is," she said, emphatically. "The warm is in the air again and the birds are singing in the country, if a body could only hear them."

Then I knew her voice was out of harmony also; it was young, the kind that never grows old.

But the Stockings; how was I going to broach that question? If I talked to her for a little while, perhaps I should find an opening that would lead, not too abruptly, to the subject.

"It is hard work climbing those stairs," I said, "especially if one is in a hurry."

"Oh, I don't mind it," she replied, quite eagerly, "I'm used to it; have climbed them every day for years."

"You live in the neighborhood, then?"

"Yes, used to live right up there by the curve."

She made a transitory, confidential gesture in the direction of the tenement.

"Rent went up and I had to get out for a smaller place," she explained. "Pleasant enough place to live tho when a body gets used to the noise. James got to like the rumble of the trains. James is my husband. He's blind. Odd how the blind likes to listen for noises."

"I think I saw a blind man sitting at the window when I used to pass," I said.

"That was him," she said, with a peculiar, abrupt tenderness in her voice.

"Wasn't there always a pair of green stockings hanging in that window?"

"Mine," she interrupted. "So you noticed them? Well, now!" There was a casual pride in her voice, if pride is ever casual, when she added, "I have worn green stockings for going on twenty years." She emphasized the word twenty, as if there were something shabby and doubtful and disloyal about nineteen.

"Twenty years!" It was an ejaculation that escaped me.

"All of twenty—I might say twenty. It will be twenty years come the middle of May that James was struck blind at his work—in the quarry explosion, you know. We had been married a month and he had bought me a pair of green silk stockings. He had a terrible love for green silk—and me."

"And you have worn green silk stockings since to please him."

She admitted it with slow, solid, thoughtful nods.

"Didn't you ever find it too expensive?" I asked.

"They are getting dearer all the time," she replied. But that wasn't really what I wanted to know.

"Didn't you ever try to—to—to make him believe that black stockings were green, for instance?" A shameless question, but I couldn't resist asking it.

"I tried it once," she said.

"And what happened?"

THE look she gave me made me feel as if she had not really looked at me at all before—it was such an amazingly personal look.

"Did you ever see a blind man cry?"

It was crushing. She saw the effect on me and regretted it, I think.

"James is that skilful with his fingers," she said, "the touch is that light, that he could tell the difference. He can do anything with his hands."

She took the cover off the basket.

"Just look at these," she invited, and picked out a toy carved from wood—a goat or a cow, maybe—it was meant to be. There were about a dozen of them in the basket.

"He makes them," she told me, "works at them every day regular."

"And you take them out and sell them, of course. How lovely!"

"I haven't sold five dollars' worth in five years," and the note of what I must call casual pride came again.

"What do you do with them, then?"

"Can't you sell them?"

"No; not regular enough to live on. I give them away mostly—to children in the nurseries or schools and in the Children's Hospital. I have given away more toys this last five years than all the rich women in the city together."

"And your husband doesn't know it?"

"Not him—James is one of your proud men. He's got to believe that he's earning his own living and mine. It keeps him happy, so I never told him."

"But where do you get the money to live on?"

"Scrubbing, just scrubbing. When he thinks I'm out selling his work, I'm scrubbing—I bring in my dollar and a half a day regular."

A mist gathered in my eyes.

"It is too bad your husband is blind,"

I equivocated.

"Not for him—it isn't," she replied, and her eyes became cryptic. "There is a terrible difference between the sight of me now and that spring day when he saw me last."

I felt that the sure feet of love were guiding her on some path where the shadows were too deep for me.

"So you are happy?" I stammered.

"Middling happy—most of the time. Sometimes there's a cloud. Like the other night when I came home there wasn't a stick of wood in the house, and I had to put his day's work, as he calls it, in the stove to get enough fire to cook his supper with. And him sitting there by the window talking proudly about being able to earn our living and him blind."

The train arrived and she bustled on board with her basket. I watched the last car till it was lost around the curve. My Girl of the Green Silk Stockings was gone—gone on her errand of deception.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

AFTER TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE WITH THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS

THIS being a presidential year, the truth about any political or semi-political event is very apt to hide in the bottom of a well and wait for partisan passions to subside before emerging. On the Federal Reserve Act the Democrats lay special stress in their claims that the Wilson administration has been a constructive success. Naturally the other side look for defects in the Act and magnify any they find. This may or may not have something to do with the discussion that is arising as to the success of the Act and the tendency in the last few months to call the wisdom of it in question.

A few weeks ago the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York City collected opinions on the Act from banks all over the country. Of 5,344 banks replying to inquiries, 1,760 replied favorably, 1,773 replied unfavorably, 1,811 were non-committal. Of the favorable replies, 70 per cent. were from member banks; of the unfavorable replies 61 per cent. were from member banks; of the non-committal replies, 21 per cent. were from member banks.

The most common objection made rests upon the failure of the Federal Reserve banks to pay interest on deposits. But the editor of the *Bankers' Magazine*, after analyzing the replies, thinks he sees that the chief cause of disapproval really lies in the fact that

other banks, especially country banks, have so far found little occasion to make use of the Federal Reserve system. Is this, he asks, a convincing argument against the system? He answers the question as follows:

"The fact that the average bank, in these times, finds but little use, or even no use, for the Federal Reserve Bank by no means proves that it may not find it most serviceable under different circumstances, and the very fact that the Reserve Banks are to some extent dormant now may fit them all the better for service when they are needed. A good many banks say that they find the rediscount privilege of little value; but how could it be expected to have any particular value under the conditions now existing? Should the member banks need to rediscount, their opinion of the usefulness of the Federal Reserve Banks might change."

Another writer, W. H. Allen, in *Moody's Magazine*, assails the Act as a failure in its fundamental purpose. That purpose, he holds, was to prevent the concentration of money in the banks of New York City, by making it profitable for country bankers to use their funds at home. But, says Mr. Allen, the movement of currency shows that the New York banks have gained from the interior every month since the new Act went into effect, except December, 1915. In the year

1915 they gained \$175,000,000 and in the first half of this year they gained \$94,000,000.

The stabilizing of money rates, Mr. Allen insists, has taken place in Wall Street alone. In other parts of the country high rates still prevail. "It has merely encouraged the speculative campaigns which it was expected to kill." Says Mr. Allen further:

"The Act which was to deprive Wall Street of its funds for speculation has really given the bulls and bears such a supply as they never had before. The truth is that far from having clogged the channel to Wall Street, as Mr. Glass confidently boasted, it has actually widened the channel, and opened up two new ones. The first of these leads direct to Washington, and gives Wall Street a string on all the surplus cash in the United States Treasury. Besides, in the power to issue banknote currency it furnishes an inexhaustible supply of credit money. The second channel leads to the great banks of Europe whereby, through the sale of acceptances (virtually) guaranteed by the United States Government, Wall Street is granted immunity from those foreign demands for gold which have precipitated every great crisis in our history."

Twenty thousand banks have failed to enter the Federal Reserve. "Scarcely a bank," says Frank Vanderlip, of the National City Bank, New York City, "which has been permitted voluntary choice, has chosen to enter it."

HOW AN OYSTER FARMER PLANTS HIS CROP

THE oyster industry has assumed impressive proportions. There are "oyster farms" in some of the salt-water bays on the Atlantic coast that extend over 25,000 acres. The crop on these "farms" has to be reaped in water fifty or sixty feet deep. About all most of us know about oysters is how to eat them. The oyster has to go through various processes before it is ready to be eaten. The first of these processes is thus described by Henry C. Rowe in the *National Sunday Magazine*:

"The planter having purchased or leased such grounds as he may need from the State authorities, he scrapes from the bottom, with dredges worked by oyster steamers, the trash or loose material, and the enemies of the oyster that may be oc-

cupying it. This is usually a vast labor, and involves great expense. In one case which fell under the observation of the writer, many thousands of bushels of starfish, besides a vast amount of debris, were removed from one hundred acres of oyster ground in Narragansett Bay.

"After 'cleaning the ground,' as it is called, the oyster farmer distributes, say, 500,000 bushels of empty oyster shells over a thousand acres of sea bottom, and plants among these shells 50,000 bushels of mature oysters, to furnish the eggs and milt.

"A single female oyster lays from five million to thirty million eggs during the month of June. These are expelled about the end of June in northern waters and earlier in southern waters, and are fertilized by the milt while floating. The milt is produced by the male oysters in numbers almost beyond computation.

"The oyster of the multitude, meaning the moderate-sized oyster, is, by all odds, the best oyster. The biggest joke ever perpetrated on the oyster-consuming public in this country is the fancy, mammoth oyster served in expensive restaurants and hotels. These bloated, unwieldy bivalves on their eight-inch shells are supposed to represent the acme of succulence, and the price deludes the diner into the belief that he must be swallowing something choice. "As a matter of fact, these pallid monsters are poor eating. The small oyster has twice the flavor, looks healthier, is healthier and yields better value for the money."

A large mercantile concern in the East, says Kendall Banning, in *System*, investigated the losses involved through colds contracted by employees. The estimate reached was that each cold costs the house \$24.00. Moral: look to your ventilation.

THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA GOES INTO THE SHEEP INDUSTRY

THE sheep industry has so declined in the Eastern states, says the *Farm Journal*, that in many neighborhoods the children have no conception what Mary's little lamb looked like. It is seldom that one sees a sheep on an Eastern farm, and, if asked why, ninety farmers out of one hundred will answer "Dogs!" Much can be said for sheep as a farm asset, says the *Farm Journal*: "They are easy to keep, are very little trouble, are capital at clearing fence rows and rough places, and, moreover, do wonders in fertilizing the land."

Dogs are still a menace, but with the present high prices for wool and mutton, the Secretary of Agriculture

of Pennsylvania thinks the industry can be restored to the farms of that state and with the cooperation of state and county officials and bankers, as well as farmers, he is trying an experiment that will prove of general interest. It means, briefly, that the state goes directly into the business of raising sheep in partnership with the farmer. The state supplies the sheep and the farmer supplies the land and the oversight and they divide the usufruct—if there is any. Here is the way the plan is outlined:

"The movement contemplates the purchase of ewes outside the state, and the placing of them in the hands of farmers

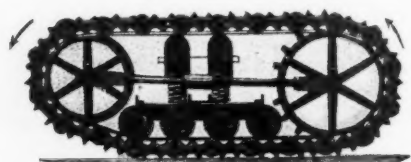
who are competent and willing to take them under the plans formulated by Secretary Patton.

"It is proposed to place with each farmer ten thrifty ewes, and to give him, for the proper feeding, watering and care, all the wool and one-half the lambs produced by the sheep.

"The idea is to have a number of farmers in a community go into the scheme, so that a car-load of sheep can be shipped to a central point and the community be supplied from that station. This will serve to keep the costs as low as possible. The ewes, bought outside the state, will be carefully examined before being placed on the farm, by veterinarians of the State Livestock Sanitary Board, and will be healthy and free from all disease."

"TANKS," TRACTORS AND OTHER PREHISTORIC MONSTERS OF TO-DAY

ABOUT this time look for an attempt to sell stock in the tractor companies! The accounts from Europe of the operations of the "tanks" in the battles on the Somme have stimulated interest in the tractors, and magazines and newspapers all over the country are telling what herculean feats these tractors can accomplish. They can walk through a brick wall. They can uproot trees. They can crawl



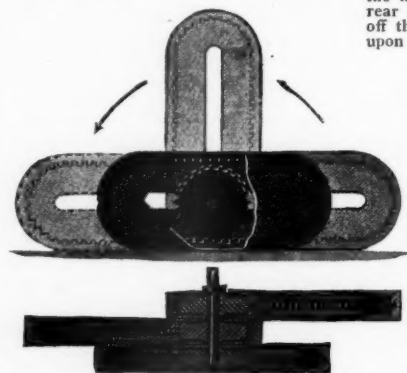
In the "caterpillar" form of tractor "the machine travels on a tractor chain or belt, driven by a rear sprocket wheel, which passes over a smaller idler at the forward end. Intermediate between these wheels are rollers, which bear against the inner surface of a chain. This is in effect an endless road built for the machine to travel upon."

over trenches and climb up cliffs. They can plow and harrow and thresh, pull up stumps, knock down a house, chase a man around a lot turning as he turns, and, in fact, do almost everything except nurse the baby and thread a needle.

It is assumed that the "tanks" used in battle last month for the first time are simply caterpillar tractors which have been lengthened and armored. Thousands of these tractors are in use on American farms. One company located in Peoria, Ill., admits that they have shipped 1,000 tractors to the British government since the war broke out. All the warring nations, indeed, have been using them to drag the heavy guns; but the British seem to have been the first to adapt them to actual

warfare. "It is true," says an official of the Peoria company, "that these tractors can go ahead over almost anything or through almost anything. They can straddle a trench, go through a swamp, roll over logs, or climb through craters like a ground juggernaut. It looks uncanny to see them crawl along the ground just like a huge caterpillar. In a thick forest, if they encounter trees they could not brush out of their way they could easily be used, to uproot them and clear their own paths."

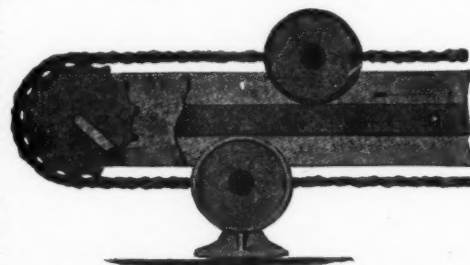
The largest of these uncanny monsters, that are said to suggest dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals, are 23 ft. long, 9 ft. wide over all, and weigh about 25,000 lbs. without armor. They have



In this tractor the mechanism furnishes a series of toothed tracks for the driving wheels to travel upon. "Each unit consists of three toothed driving wheels, each wheel engaging an endless rack. The racks are set one in advance of the other. When a wheel reaches the end of its track, further rotation of the wheel results in swinging the entire rack over to a new position in advance of the other two racks. The machine can thus proceed, always traveling on a good toothed track and laying the track ahead of itself."

two speeds, one of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, the other of 4 miles. They have 120 horse-power. Here is a description of their operation:

"Speaking broadly, the tractor crawls on two belts, with corrugated surfaces, on either side of the body. The corru-



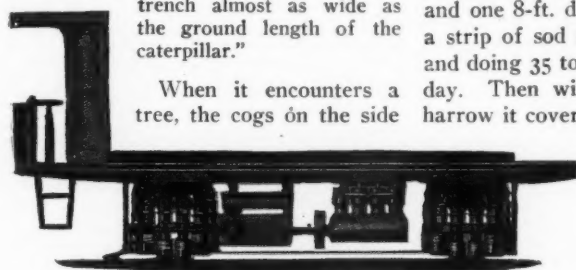
This tractor walks. "The machine travels on feet which are carried by an endless chain, and which support rollers that bear against rails on the machine. The feet are planted upon the ground and the chain drags the machine forward while the feet stand still. At the rear end of the belt mechanism the feet are picked up off the ground and carried forward, only to be planted upon the ground at the forward end of the machine."

gated surface is on the ground. On the inside of the belts, on each side of the body, are two lines of steel rails, making four lines in all. These rails are in short sections, jointed, and operate over a cogged mechanism that actually lays them down with their belt attachment as the tractor moves ahead and picks them up again, so that the car runs on its own self-made track continuously. The short joints in the rails make it easy to turn to right or left."

The length of rail in the usual caterpillar tractor that is on the ground at any one time is 7 ft. Each side is under independent control so that the machine can turn around in its own length. The width of each "caterpillar," as the track with its belt is called, is sometimes 24 in. The center

of gravity is far back and not more than 18 in. above the ground. There is a fore wheel which acts as a sort of pilot.

"When it moves across a trench the front wheel, on which normally no weight rests, crosses first. The forward end of the caterpillar would then move forward over the open part of the trench, and the machine would be supported by the rear of the caterpillar, where most of the weight was concentrated, on one side with the guide wheel forward to act as a steadier in front. Then by the time the rear part of the caterpillar had reached the edge of the trench the forward part would already be across and there would be very little displacement of the machine. In this way the machine could cross a trench almost as wide as the ground length of the caterpillar."

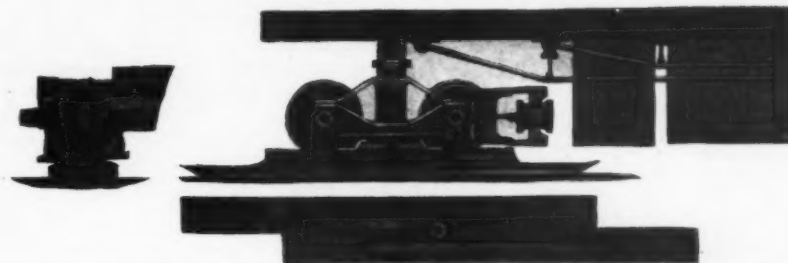


When it encounters a tree, the cogs on the side

"The wheels of this vehicle run on a vertical shaft, and on the lower face of each wheel is a cam surface which engages the upper ends of a series of feet. As the wheels revolve, the feet also revolve on the same axis, but are brought into contact with the ground successively, one at a time, so that there is a steady forward movement."

of the track-plate take hold of the tree and the machine starts to climb up the trunk! If the tree is not big enough to support the weight, down it comes, snapped off or uprooted.

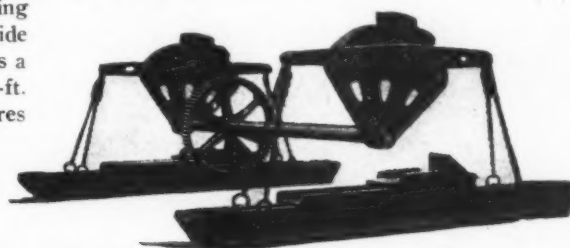
In farm work, one tractor that cost \$700 is told about by Frank G. Moorhead, in the *Illustrated World*, that plowed 30 acres of the toughest prairie



This is described as a walking apparatus which imitates the motion of a man on snow-shoes. "There are two long shoes or runners, which are alternately lifted by the action of springs and slid forward, while mutilated gear-wheels travel upon the racks which form the upper faces of these shoes."

sod in 10 days, using 25 gallons of kerosene and 3 gallons of lubricating oil a day. Four horses would have taken twice as long to do the work. Then the tractor dragged one 12-ft. and one 8-ft. disk, cutting a strip of sod 20 ft. wide and doing 35 to 40 acres a day. Then with a 30-ft. harrow it covered 80 acres

tractor in three years. The engine has been laid up only 3½ days for repairs costing \$23.60, and the tractor is as good as new except for four boxings which need repairing.



When this machine for excavation is being moved into a new position "a camshaft is operated to which are hung a pair of broad shoes or beams. As the camshaft revolves, these shoes are moved forward and planted upon the ground in advance. Further rotation of the camshaft then brings the toothed peripheries of the cams into contact with the upper surface of the shoes, thus bodily lifting the entire machine, dragging it forward on the shoes as a fulcrum and setting the turntable down a step in advance of its previous position."

The caterpillar tractor is not the only kind. These smaller tractors described by Mr. Moorhead are constructed with large wheels resembling those of a steam-roller. The *Scientific American* describes half a dozen types of tractor mechanisms on record in the patent office, the illustrations of which we reproduce.

CUTTING THE HEART OUT OF OUR EXPORT TRADE TO SOUTH AMERICA

AS everybody knows, the war in Europe, has given us a great opportunity in South American trade. It has simply thrown trade at the heads of our merchants. Commerce between this country and Latin America footed up \$766,000,000 under normal conditions in 1913. This last fiscal year it was \$1,150,000,000—an increase of \$384,000,000. And this in spite of the fact that the war has enjoined upon most Latin-American countries a much stricter economy than in former years.

The chance to make this increase in commerce a permanent one and to displace European merchants in many lines of trade is one that ought to put our merchants and manufacturers, one would think, to the top knot of efficiency. It is disquieting to find in what a slipshod manner many of them are meeting the situation. The Na-

tional City Bank of New York City, in its little periodical entitled *The Americas*, tells of a formal protest that has been issued by the Union Industrial Argentina, "a responsible association of the leading business men" of Argentina, made to our consul-general in that country, against the methods of United States exporters and asking him to use his good offices to induce such exporters to carry out explicitly their engagements with Argentine merchants. This is perturbing; but still more so are the facts presented in *The Americas* as the results of the investigations by National City Bank agencies. They find "an almost unpardonable aggregate of slipshod export work, some of it hardly believable," and this not alone by a few irresponsible and dishonest houses, but by "a considerable number" of houses of the best standing. Specific

cases are given in abundance, without names of dealers. Here some of them:

On February 1st a Buenos Aires jobber ordered 5,400 pieces of drill for delivery in April, May and June, and a like amount for delivery in June, July and August, total orders amounting to \$62,100 in U. S. gold. The order was confirmed in New York. The jobber resold his goods to merchants in the interior of Argentina, and because of the non-delivery of the goods has taken a loss of about \$20,000.

2,230 pairs children's hose received from the — Hosiery Mills. Entire shipment supposed to consist of black stockings. As many as twelve different shades of black were noted; even the color of the two stockings of a pair varied. Quality varied to a great extent, altho supposed to be uniform. Sizes were evidently marked on the stockings at random. Lengths of the feet of stockings compared showed that smaller numbers were in many cases the longer. Amount of invoice \$2,253.60.

Order sent to — & — for suspenders. Merchandise received entirely distinct from that ordered. Style P. 2 60 dozen, three different color assortments ordered. None of these received, 16 dozen equal to sample in quality, other 44 inferior.

Silk and cotton crepe from —, New York, invoice dated June 22, 300 pieces invoiced at \$1,721.50, inferior weave, giving the goods a spotted effect, rendering them practically unsalable. Of 22 colors sent to customer, 15 were returned as unsalable at any price. Consignee figures that goods may be liquidated at 50 per cent. of invoice value.

\$90,000 worth of a certain article was ordered for delivery in January and February. In anticipation of a receipt this merchandise was sold. It never arrived, and in order to fulfill their promise they were obliged to purchase this material in Buenos Aires at exorbitant prices, at \$7.50 per case above those at which they had ordered. The strangest point in this matter is that — were forced to purchase from a stock held by the representative of the manufacturer from whom they had bought, the manufacturer having sent a consignment to his agent and neglected orders of his clients.

On one occasion an order for hosiery

was cabled to manufacturer and accepted at \$3 gold per dozen, and a week or two later manufacturer cabled that price had advanced to \$3.50 and that shipment would not be made unless the higher price was met. Order was immediately cancelled.

These are but a few of the cases, taken almost at random, from those given in *The Americas*, and it publishes only a part of the first batch of reports sent by the National City Bank agents as the results of their investigations.

TURNING THE SWAMP LANDS OF FLORIDA INTO TRUCK FARMS

ABOUT one and one-half million acres of the Everglades in Florida have already been reclaimed by cutting 2,000 miles of drainage canals. According to reports made by the state engineer, supplemented by the investigations of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, two and one-half million acres more of the Everglades can be reclaimed by drainage canals leading from the rock rim of Lake Okechobee to tidal rivers, and one and one-half million acres in addition, in another part of Florida, are susceptible to reclamation in a similar way.

Special dredges have been con-

structed and a floating dynamite plant for blasting out the hard rock. The largest of the dredges, according to the *Scientific American*, is equipped with a 150-horse-power plant and a suction pipe with what is termed a revolving cutter head.

"The latter was forced through the water, the plant growth, and the mud, carrying the material scooped up in a liquid state through the hull and depositing it on the bank of the excavation. The suction excavator was operated by a 12-inch pump with a capacity for removing 5,000 cubic yards in ten hours.

"One of the ditchers, operated by gasoline power, not only digs trenches but

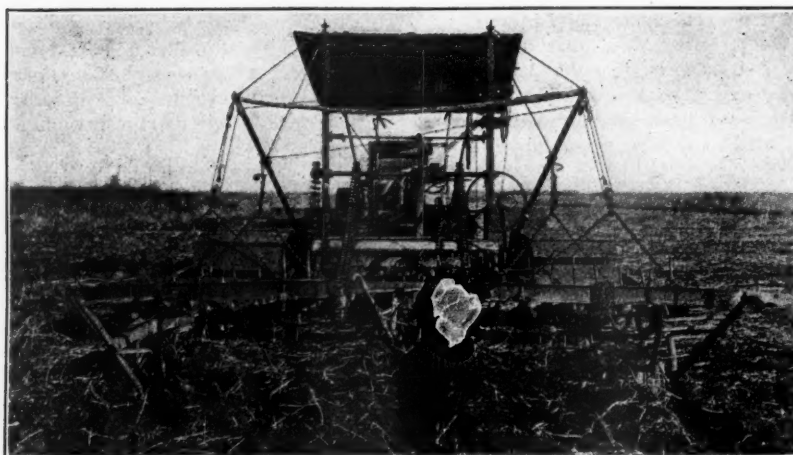
also pulverizes the surface of the muck lands so that they are ready for farming after the drainage has been completed. The same machine, it is claimed, has a capacity of over 500 linear feet of soil in 10 hours.

"Still another type of ditcher, operated by a gasoline engine, is equipped with a cabin placed over the power plant.

"In this cabin there are berths for all members of the crew, who can sleep comfortably in their lofty quarters, no matter where the machine may stop work for the night. On top of the cabin is a searchlight, which serves in good stead in nocturnal operations and for the pleasure of the crew."

Within a year, according to the *Scientific American*, one and one-half million acres of these Florida swamps will be ready for the farmer and settler. Already in the Everglades settlers from many parts of the country are beginning to raise fruits of various sorts. "Every kind of fruit and vegetable raised in the temperate zone," it is claimed, "can be cultivated at a profit in Florida," and oranges, bananas and pineapples may be added to the list. The new land is being sold in large tracts by the state authorities to corporations in various cities, by which the tracts are divided into farms, and sold to individuals.

The total area reclaimed in the United States, at an estimated expense of \$50,000,000, by the U. S. Irrigation Service is about two and one-half million acres. Florida expects to reclaim four million acres at an expense of \$4,500,000.



DITCHING THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

The machine at work above not only digs trenches four to six feet deep but it also breaks up the soil preparatory to farming it. Millions of acres of swamp land are, it is expected, to be reclaimed in the next few years.

WHAT MAKES A RUBBER TIRE BLOW OUT?

ASK a tire-maker why tires break down and he will promptly answer, "under-inflation," or, what is the same thing, "overloading." So Waldemar Kaempffert tells us in *McClure's*. The rubber tire is a compromise between two conflicting ideals. The thinner the tire, the more elastic it is; the thicker the tire, the less susceptible it is to punctures. We want

the tire elastic and we want it to resist puncture, so it is made thin on the sides and thick in the tread.

Now a highly inflated tire is almost as hard as solid rubber, and as most of us ride for pleasure we prefer the tire to be less hard and more springy, for in that way it absorbs the shocks better. The less it is inflated the more it bends at the sides, and it is this con-

stant bending that generates heat, weakens the rubber and results in a blow-out. Says Mr. Kaempffert:

"That incessant bending and straightening of side walls to which a tire is subjected generates heat. Bend a piece of wire back and forth in your hand many times, and it will become so hot that your fingers cannot hold it. Heat, similarly generated, breaks the chemical union be-

tween the inner fabric and the outer rubber and reduces a tire to separate layers. No longer are the strains equally distributed. One layer is pulled this way, another that way—moreover, with unequal forces. Blisters, corrugations, bumps large and small, appear on the surface."

Many think a tire blows out because it has been heated by the sun. But as a matter of fact, we are assured, the increase in temperature in a tire is less on a hot day than on a cold. If the temperature is 32° F. (freezing weather), and the tire is blown up to 72 pounds pressure, a run which raises the temperature of the tire 35° will on a hot day, with the thermometer at 90°, raise the temperature of the tire not 35° but 33° higher than at the start. The resulting increase in pressure will be greater on the cold day (6 pounds) than on the hot day (5¼ pounds). No tire manufacturer, says Mr. Kaempfert, makes any allowances for hot weather, for the expansion caused by the heat of the sun is negligible.

"How very much more destructive is the heat due to utter disregard of everything but speed, the tire bills of record-breaking drivers abundantly prove. The maximum life of a racing tire at the Indianapolis Speedway is about three hundred miles; the minimum about fifty to sixty miles. Rushing along at an average speed of eighty miles an hour on a day when the thermometer stands at ninety degrees in the shade, the temperature of the tire surfaces reaches three hundred degrees. The rubber is actually burned."

It is not to the rubber, we are reminded, that the pneumatic tire owes its wonderful qualities, but to the air confined within the rubber. A pure rubber tire, moreover, would be a failure:

"India rubber has the curious property of digesting almost all kinds of earth, metallic oxides and even vegetable substances. It is fortunate that it does. A tire made of pure rubber would be a failure. Pure rubber does not endure as long as rubber combined with a percentage of metallic oxides; it would tear too easily. Some ingredients help the rubber to resist oils, and assist in the delay of the destructive action of acids and hot water; some herbs give it a soft putty-like consistency; others make rubber hard and only slightly elastic. A tire depends for its strength not upon its rubber, but upon the fabric with which it is combined. The rubber serves simply to make the tire elastic, air-proof and water-proof."

It takes about 240,000 car-loads of sugar to satisfy the sweet tooth of the American people. That number of cars would make a train reaching from Boston to Denver. The American Sugar Refining Co. alone makes seven million barrels a year—22,364 for each working day—to hold its product.

INDUSTRIAL MIRACLES WROUGHT BY THE CHEMIST

THE miracles of to-day are wrought by the chemist. The trouble over dyestuffs in this country has aroused the public to the importance of this science in the textile industries, but Waldemaar Kaempfert, editor of *Popular Science Monthly*, tells in the *Philadelphia Ledger* of some of the achievements that have been wrought by American chemists in some less conspicuous industries:

"A company which conducts three bakeries in Pittsburgh finds that, altho the same materials and the same methods are employed by all three, the bread produced is not uniform in quality. It consults a chemist. He finds that the water supplied to the three bakeries is not the same. He prescribes the addition of certain salts where they are needed. Forthwith, the bread of all three bakeries is standardized in quality!

"A soda-water bottler is unable to pro-

The maker's name tells who made the lamp; the mark MAZDA tells what standards of excellence governed its making :: :: :: ::



MAZDA

*"Not the name of a thing,
but the mark of a service"*

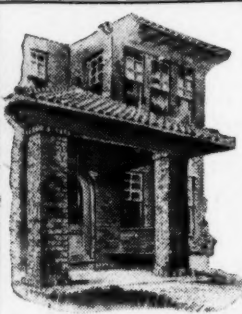
The Meaning of MAZDA

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this Service. MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York.


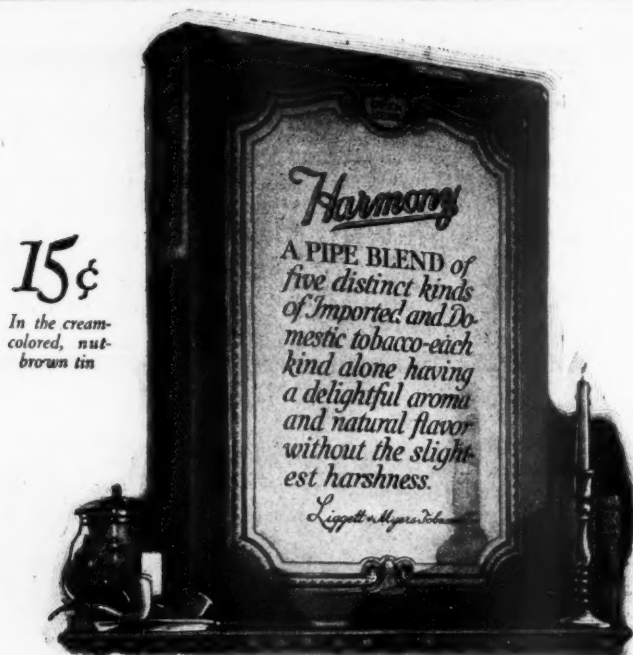
The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

 **RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY**

4636



Like Beautiful Houses of the Old World
Houses built of
Greendale Rug Brick
have the mellow charm of Old World buildings which the long centuries bestow—wonderful effects of light and shade and colorful warm tones.
If you are planning to build, don't do so until you have asked your architect about Greendale Rug Brick. They are indestructible and moisture-proof, and are made in many beautiful fadeless colors.
The perfect building material for houses, churches, hospitals, institutions and office buildings.
Avoid inferior texture bricks. Insist on Greendales. They have a quality and beauty far superior to all imitations.
May we send you color plates, samples and full descriptions?
Hocking Valley Products Co.
188 S. High St., Columbus, Ohio

A PIPE BLEND THAT HAS MADE "RICH-MILDNESS" POSSIBLE

By selecting and blending just enough of each kind of tobacco—not too much or too little of any one kind—Harmony Pipe Blend gives you a flavor such as no other tobacco has ever accomplished. The Harmony flavor might be called "rich-mildness" so skilfully does richness shade into mildness. And best of all, absolutely without a trace of harshness or discord.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

To be had at clubs, hotels and most tobacconists. If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, and we will send you this full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City

HARMONY

A PIPE BLEND

duce a marketable beverage, altho he has not varied a hair's breadth from his regular method. He has the good sense to call in a chemist. That worthy analyzes the ingredients employed and finds nothing wrong. Since he is a scientist he is not content with that. He summons a bacteriologist to his aid. A bacterial growth is discovered in the water. The bacteriologist advises the use of distilled water. At once the trouble disappears.

"A glass manufacturer, struck by the complexity of his processes, consults the chemical department of a university. A young post-graduate student is assigned to the study of glass-making. He finds that his manufacturing client has employed a formula which specifies no less than 24 compounds for the making of glass. A few months' research results in a process for making glass with only four. . . . One thousand five hundred dollars paid to a chemist for a laboratory study of the chemical treatment of wood gave a shrewd business man a wood finish which is not only brilliant and resistive to ordinary corrosives, but is 43 times harder than varnish and is applicable as a resisting coating to steel and cement."

Chemical research applied to industry is apt to lead to unexpected results. The discovery of mauve, the first coal-tar dye, paved the way to the whole dye-industry of Germany.

"Start a manufacturer on the road of industrial research, and he is sure not only to reach his intended goal, but to enter a new Eldorado, the existence of which he never suspected.

"In all this there is a tinge of adventure. Instruct a metallurgist to discover why barbed-wire fencing rusts, and you may find yourself branching out as a maker of automobile steel. Try to discover what can be done with a vile-smelling fish-oil, and you may become a soap-maker. Employ a chemist to find a use for your lumber mill waste, and you may decide to engage in the making of alcohol or artificial silk. Every manufacturer is a potential Columbus. He has but to embark on the ocean of industrial research and to steer his course by the star that a chemist will indicate in order to reach that golden Cathay of which he has always dreamed."

ONE COUNTRY STORE THAT FOUND A WAY

DOWN in one of the cotton states is a little town of 700 population by the name of Collinsville. In it is a general store that did a business of \$150,000 last year. It is run by three brothers named Hall, and one of them tells in *System* how they have built up such a trade in such a community. Of course they do not get all the \$150,000 out of the 700 persons in the town. Their business extends to a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles, embracing five counties, and they have also built up "quite a little mail-order business."

Their advertizing methods are unique. They have acquired a mailing-list of 4,000 names, and to each address they mail every month their four-page store paper of the same size page as the county papers. Each month a farmer's bulletin is mailed, containing material culled from the reports of the Department of Agriculture and from farm papers. But the really unique part of their advertizing methods is found in their "special stunts." One of these is their "annual turkey-trot," held the day before Thanksgiving, and the other is the reunion of the Smith family.

The "turkey-trot" has become the greatest event of the year in that town. Here is the account of it:

"On that day we let loose from the roof of our store, just above the front entrance, ten or twelve turkeys, as many guinea-fowl, and generally two or three pea-fowl. These are released one at a time, just about noon, to be scrambled for by anyone who wants to join in the fun.

"And such a crowd as we have! If the weather is fair, the people begin coming shortly after it gets light. Every road leading into Collinsville is choked with wagons, buggies and horsemen. Local trains from both directions bring crowds. . . .

"The crowd begins to assemble in front of the store about noon, and the scrambles for birds which follow are often extremely funny; and naturally they are keenly enjoyed by those who take part, as well as those who do not. Each man or boy who catches a bird not only gets a good Thanksgiving roast but he finds attached to the leg of the bird a ticket which entitled him to a dollar's worth of merchandize at our store. If there are ever any heart-burnings on the part of those who fail to catch a fowl, we never hear of them."

Last year the crowd numbered nearly 4,000 persons and 90 per cent. of them visited the store. The sales on that day amounted to over \$2,000. In addition to the contest, substantial cash prizes are given on that day for the best pumpkin, the best ear of corn, and the best of other farm products.

On the mailing-list of the store sixty-six Smith families are represented, and every two or three years they are all invited to hold a reunion. "Every Smith who is able to climb into a wagon or ride a horse comes, and a lot of other folks whose names are not Smith, come along to see the fun." The Smith reunions have been such a success that the plan is now to make them an annual or perhaps even a semi-annual affair.

There are other reasons why the Halls have succeeded, but the dominant aim is to identify the store with the community, and their success in doing



Many workers with much labor and time cannot equal the 100% cleaning of the ARCO WAND. Does away with drudgery and fatigue



ARCO WAND cleaning tools reach everywhere and do all the cleaning in the easiest way and shortest time—no need of many workers

Equals many workers

Not only in *thoroughness* but in the *great variety* of uses does the ARCO WAND take the place of extra help and servants. The operator is not fatigued at all—the real work is done by the ARCO WAND machine in the basement or side room.

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

The suction does the work! ARCO WAND cleaning tools are feather-weight, being made of aluminum and there is no bulky and heavy machine to drag around the house. The magic ARCO WAND and hose is attached in an instant to the lid opening of a central suction pipe on each floor. Turn the switch button and the ARCO WAND is in action for the quickest, easiest, and most thorough cleaning you ever have seen.

There are no dust bags—attachment, plugs or twisty wires to fuss with. The ARCO WAND will work for you steadily, silently, and without losing the pull of its suction, for a score of years. Like other ARCO products, it is built for a life-time of service.

Ask Your Dealer—Guaranteed at \$150 up

ARCO WAND shows wonderful success after 5 years of use in all kinds of buildings—Residences, Apartments, Schools, Hotels, Churches, Clubs, Office Buildings, Factories, etc. Costs about a penny a day to run. No other up-keep expense. Also made for gasoline engine power.

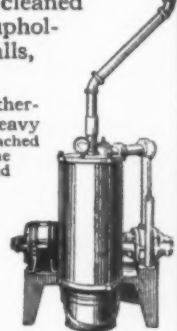
Write for copy of book "Arco Wand"—tells the whole story with many illustrations of the equipment and its uses.

Write to
Department
C-2

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

\$16-322
S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago

Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators



Machine is set in basement or side-room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at \$150 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

**LUDEX'S Stop
Rainy Day Sneezes**

Feet wet—clothing damp? Take Luden's to prevent after effects. Give Quick Relief.

In the Yellow Box **5c**

WM. H. LUDEN
Mfg. Confectioner
Reading, Pa.

LUDEX'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
CANDY

**Hotel
ST. CHARLES**

Along ocean front, with a superb view of strand and famous Boardwalk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. 12 stories of solid comfort (fireproof); ocean porch and sun parlors; sea water in all baths; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Golf privileges. Booklet mailed. **Atlantic City, N.J.**

**POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL**

ALWAYS FRESH
THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL



An Advertisement by
THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Convenience. Through the service of the Pullman Company it is not only possible to secure in advance accommodations in a car never crowded beyond its normal capacity, but it is possible to enjoy, while traveling, comforts and conveniences usually associated only with the most modern hotels in larger cities.

By building its own cars the Pullman Company has been able to test every innovation which might add to the convenience of its passengers. Constant ventilation, comfortable temperature, electric lights, electric fans, modern plumbing and other distinctive features of the Pullman car have been provided in spite of the difficulties arising from the natural limitations of car construction, and the fact that these conveniences must at all times be available while the car is moving from place to place.

A brief comparison of the early Pullman car, with its oil lamps, coal stove and almost entire lack of conveniences, with the modern steel-armored sleeping or parlor car, sanitary, electrically lighted, automatically ventilated, steam-heated and supplied with every comfort and convenience that ingenuity can devise, testifies to the progress which has been made by the Pullman Company in fifty years of continuous service to the traveling public.

this they count the chief element in their business success.

THE SLIGHT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OUTLAWRY AND LEGAL BUSINESS IN INTERSTATE TRADE

OUR political system, divided as it is into forty-eight "state sovereignties," makes queer situations sometimes for the business man. A corporation organized in Indiana, for instance, is as much a "foreign corporation" in Illinois as one organized in Siam. Henry S. Blum, writing in *System* on "Legal Pitfalls to Watch When You Extend Credit," lays stress upon this fact and upon the necessity that lies upon a corporation organized in one state and doing business in another to conform to the legal requirements of the latter state. An Illinois corporation that opens an office, let us say, in Racine, Wisconsin, and proceeds to sell goods from that office, doing business (in a legal sense) in Illinois, becomes, as to every transaction in Wisconsin, a legal outlaw, and can not enforce any legal claims through Wisconsin courts. But if the same corporation sends traveling salesmen to Racine and takes orders to be filled from Chicago, the case is quite different. Mr. Blum gives the following case to illustrate this difference:

"Robinson—that was not his real name, but the following facts of the case are correct—was the agent for a southern shipper of bananas and other tropical fruits. This principal we shall call the Southern Steamship Company.

"Robinson did business entirely in car-load lots on quotations furnished from New Orleans, where the office of his principal was located. He had desk room in an office building in Chicago, subleasing in the name of the corporation. The only property actually owned by the corporation at Chicago was about two dollars' worth of stationery and a sign on the office window. This stationery was headed: 'Southern Steamship Company, John Robinson, Agent, Chicago, Illinois.' The sign read: 'Southern Steamship Company, John Robinson, Agent.'

"This steamship company became involved in a controversy about a shipment of bananas, which a customer rejected. Robinson then learned from the court that he was doing business illegally in Illinois, because his company, as the sign on the window indicated, was maintaining an office in Illinois.

"The steamship company and Robinson profited by this experience. Robinson consulted a lawyer, a printer and a sign-painter in turn. As a result of their collaboration, the Southern Steamship Company apparently disappeared from Illinois. The stationery was now headed, and the sign painted, to read: 'John Robinson, Agent for the Southern Steamship Company, Chicago, Illinois.' This arrangement, together with some trifling

LANDA "Preparedness" BILLFOLD

Elegant, Practical Xmas Gift—Model result of 25 years' experience. Combines currency fold, coin purse, card case, memo pad, 1917 calendar, identification card and photo frame. Made of finest, soft, black Seal Grain Leather. Compact, thin, flexible. Will fit any pocket—for ladies or gentlemen. Size closed, 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches; open, 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches. Special Price, direct to consumer 50c. \$5.40 doz. postpaid. Order today! \$1.00 each. Any name or monogram in 23 kt. gold FREE. Packed in handsome gift box, containing engraved Xmas card and tinsel cord. Landa "Bismore," same in finest Morocco Leather. Special Price, direct to consumer, \$1.00. Worth \$2.50 each, \$10.00 doz. postpaid. Order either kind for yourself and friends. Send today direct, M. O. or postage stamps. Order shipped day received. Write for Landa Xmas Gifts catalog. A. Landa & Sons Co., Mfrs. Dept. H-67 Chicago

Money Cheerfully Refunded

50c Postpaid

Name Engraved Free in 23-kt. Gold

For Ladies and Gentlemen

These in Engraving

COIN PURSE

TWO CARD POCKETS

34 1/2" GOLD

They mean foot comfort, safety and economy. No dirt-gathering holes. 50c attached—gray or tan—all Dealers

LOOK FOR THE RED PLUG-IT PREVENTS SLIPPING

SPRING-STEP

RUBBER HEEL

Send 30c to Spring Step, 105 Federal St. Boston, and get 2 pairs of Tally-ho Quality Playing Cards that would cost 50c elsewhere



The Man and the Motor Car

Judge the Cadillac by this Criterion

THE qualities you admire in a man—are they not also the things you most admire in a motor car?

When we speak with deep affection of a friend, we say of him that he is "always the same."

And what is there that pleases us more than this constancy in a motor car, year after year?

A friend who is always the same, and a car that is always the same—they are both valued because they never disappoint our needs, no matter how much nor how often we call upon them.

Character in a man, and character in a motor car—both are the product of principles deeply embedded.

Character in the man expresses itself in conduct unswervingly true—under every circumstance and condition.

Character in the car expresses itself in performance—equal to every emergency and satisfying in every conceivable situation.

We admire a man of quick decision—a man who never fumes and frets, but goes straight to the root of a decision.

We admire a car which is instantaneous in action—which does not halt nor hesitate, but does what it has to do, decisively, and without a moment's delay.

We admire power, and especially control of power, in a man—and

we admire it, above all else, in a motor car.

We admire the man whom we know to be possessed of reserve power—and we admire a motor car which always has power to spare, for heroic occasions.

We admire the strong man who makes no show of his strength—and we admire the car which gives no sound or sign of strain, or stress, or labor.

We admire a man who is quietly effective—and how we admire a car that is quietly effective!

We admire a man who wears the outer marks of good breeding—and we admire a car whose appearance bespeaks its quality.

The analogy could go on indefinitely. It is interesting for one reason.

It indicates how much of themselves, men can build into motor cars.

A motor car rarely rises above the motives of its manufacturer.

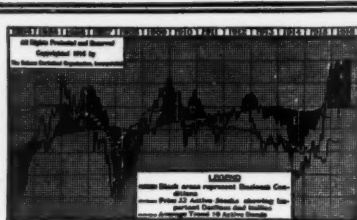
The integrity of a car is measured by the integrity of those who build it.

If it is the product of high ideals and rare ability, it will express them both in performance and in length of life.

As you would inquire into the record and the ancestry of a man seeking your friendship—so it is well to inquire into the antecedents of a motor car seeking your favor.

The Type-55 Cadillac will be available with a complete variety of body styles, as follows: SEVEN PASSENGER, PHAETON, ROADSTER and CLUB ROADSTER, \$2080. CONVERTIBLE STYLES: SEVEN PASSENGER, \$2675; VICTORIA, \$2550. ENCLOSED CARS: COUPE, \$2800; BROUGHAM, \$2950; LIMOUSINE, \$3600; LANDAULET, \$3750; IMPERIAL, \$3750. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit. Prices are subject to advance without notice.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.



Watch Your Profits

On November 21 our bulletin, "The Investment Situation" will be issued. It will deal in a thorough manner with the conditions which exist at this time.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Copy of November 21 Bulletin sent free. Write Department B-31 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Statistical Offices Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in the World

Good Investments in Public Utility Preferred Stocks yielding 5% to 8%

and enhancement possibilities of

Common Stocks

Outlined in our **CURRENT LETTER "J"** Copy sent on request

Williams, Troth & Coleman

Investment Securities

60 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Direct Wire to Columbus and Phila. Markets

CARTER'S CICO

The New Liquid Paste always ready for instant use

Good-bye water well, lumps, waste and sticky fingers! This Carter Ink Quality Product is the last word in convenience, economy and stickability. Sticks best when spread thin. Has adjustable brush holder.

NO WATER

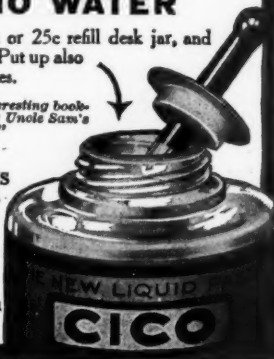
Get a 45c or 25c refill desk jar, and try it out. Put up also in other sizes.

Send for interesting booklet, "Writing Uncle Sam's Good Name."

THE CARTER'S INK CO.

Boston
New York
Chicago
Montreal

*Pronounced "By-ko"



adjustments in the routine for handling of orders, was found to be perfectly legal; and it enabled Robinson, as an agent for the Southern Steamship Company, to pursue the business of selling bananas in car-load lots as before."

The market prices of stock in the Standard Oil went on such a boom last month that each share held in the company before it was forced to split itself up into fractions became worth over \$2,000. The high-water mark before the "dissolution" five years ago was \$750.

POINTERS ABOUT BUSINESS LETTERS IN DEALING WITH LATIN AMERICA

IN Latin America correspondence is looked upon as a most important art, especially in business matters. "In the business life of a Latin-American merchant," says Ernst B. Filsinger, "letters are events," and are scanned much more closely than in the United States. Young men in business are given special training in letter writing, and neatness, care in composition and accuracy are strictly enjoined. In many Latin-American business houses the heads of the firm still frequently use the typewriter and type out their own letters.

Mr. Filsinger calls attention to these facts in a handbook for merchants, manufacturers and reporters, entitled "Exporting to Latin America," just published by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Filsinger is president of a mercantile house in St. Louis and was formerly president and commissioner to Latin America of the Latin-American Foreign Trade Association. His work (365 pp.) contains information and suggestions on all phases of export trade with South and Central America. One entire chapter is devoted by him to this subject of correspondence, and he says that it is considered so important in Latin America that whole volumes dealing with this one subject have been written by authorities, and many firms attribute their success to the painstaking care with which they have conducted their letter-writing. We quote the following suggestions from Mr. Filsinger's very practical book:

"A serious objection to many letters written by American houses, even tho in Spanish, is that they are literal translations. The result is fearful and wonderful to behold. When a letter is drafted in English and given to a Spanish-speaking clerk for translation, it should be with instructions to do it in idiomatic Spanish. In this connection, the importance of having a well-educated clerk should be emphasized. Many manufacturers employ young men whose native language is Spanish but who, because of lack of training, particularly in business correspondence, cannot render adequate

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MINNESOTA TYPEWRITER EXCH., Dept. N.
310 Third Avenue, So. Minneapolis, Minn.

service. If the manufacturer himself does not speak the language, he should satisfy himself that the clerk is competent in order that his letters may not be held up to ridicule.

"The Latin-American people who are accustomed to attend to their business as to their ordinary pursuits—in a leisurely manner—object vigorously to the terse, blunt form of correspondence so much in vogue in the United States. This is because they are used to the other extreme—a more extensive salutation, thoughtfulness, a delicate touch, and what might even be considered a florid close. The average letter received by the Latin-American merchant fails to impress him as it should, and he is often completely at a loss to account for what, in his estimate, amounts to a lack of respect or good breeding. Another cause for much criticism of American letters has been the employment of slang or idiomatic trade phrases peculiar to this country. These, whether literally translated or used as in the United States, are utterly unintelligible. Impolite or imperative phrases, which so frequently creep into American business letters either because of lack of education or in consequence of the haste in which business is conducted, are always extremely disagreeable to the sensitive Latin American. The omission of such titles as Mr. or Messrs., that is, Sr. or Sres., is another source of criticism. The Latin American is extremely punctilious and resents the omission of the prefix in correspondence. The signature which is stamped instead of written also arouses his ire. Form letters are instantly recognized, and if it is desired to build a permanent business of any volume they should not be used. Another serious fault for which American letters are condemned is the use of a signature "Per —," instead of the actual signature of an official, accompanied by his title. It will invariably prove advantageous to use the signature of one of the heads of the concern."

A new kerosene engine has been developed, says the *American Exporter*, by the John Lanson Mfg. Co., in New Holstein, Wis., which simplifies the method of handling fuel and makes the kerosene engine as easy to start and operate as any gasoline engine.

A REAPER OF THE SEAS

THE reaper that cuts hay and wheat is an old story; but the reaper that cuts kelp is something new. Vast kelp beds are found in the Pacific Ocean, and they contain an ingredient that the European war has made scarce and very valuable—namely potash. It is wanted not only as a fertilizer but for chemical purposes. Several industrial plants are now in operation trying to get the potash out of the kelp. One of them, at San Diego, is said by *Popular Mechanics* to represent an outlay of approximately one million dollars, and as a result huge harvesters have been constructed, some of which are capable of cutting and transporting to the

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While you are celebrating Thanksgiving do not forget that in many a foreign home there is an empty chair at the head of the table and hungry women and children who are not as fortunate as ourselves.

You can add much to your own happiness by helping these unfortunates who are suffering through no fault of their own. This Committee will help you by forwarding in full, without any deduction, any contribution (no matter how small) you feel like sending and will further guarantee that every penny will go toward the relief of the widows and orphans of Germany.

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dock 500 tons of wet weed at a time. One of these has been built by a Chicago packing company at a cost of about \$20,000. *Popular Mechanics* describes it:

"This device is 150 ft. long, 38 ft. wide, and supplied with dual engines developing a total of 500 horse-power. It navigates under its own steam, cuts a path 23 ft. wide and from 6 to 8 ft. deep, chops the kelp into small pieces as it is harvested, and stores it aboard in bins. The knives are secured to an endless chain that passes around a steel framework held on the adjustable inclined conveyor that extends over the prow of the craft into the water. This arrangement seems to be new, for usually reciprocating blades held in a horizontal cutting bar are used. Obviously, since the barge moves forward as the cutting is done, the kelp as it rises to the surface comes in contact with the conveyor and is carried on deck to the chopping knives."

• Shear Nonsense •

No Directions.

Little Edward's garden, according to a story in *Harper's Magazine*, had just been completed, each tiny row had had its seed-envelope fastened on a stick, picturing here a radish, there an onion, etc., but, alas! a heavy rain had already washed away the envelopes. Edward was in tears. When questioned, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mamma, the pictures have all been washed away. How will the seed know what to grow up into?"

The Best Sticker.

A Washington business man, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, desiring to test the relative efficiency of two makes of mucilage, handed the bottles one morning to his shiny-faced negro messenger.

"Here, John," he said; "try these and see which is the stickiest."

John did not show up at the office again until about noon. He approached his employer's desk somewhat cautiously and gingerly deposited thereon the two bottles of mucilage.

"Well, John," asked the boss, "which did you find the stickiest?"

"It wuz lak dis, boss," was the reply: "Dis one gummed up ma mouf de most; but de other one, de taste lasted de longest."

The Man With the Straw Hat.

It is said that Mr. Asquith has only once been known to laugh outright when on a public platform. The record-making occasion was at a political meeting in Scotland, described by *Tit-Bits*. The Premier was constantly being interrupted, one of the chief hecklers being a farmer wearing a large straw hat. Suddenly from someone in the hall came a very personal remark concerning Mr. Asquith.

"Who said that?" he demanded, quickly. There was sudden silence. Then a man in the audience stood up, and, pointing to the farmer with the straw hat, shouted:

"It was him wi' the coo's breakfast on his head!"

The reply was altogether too much for Mr. Asquith, and he had to join in the general roar of laughter.

Sufficiently Logical.

A teacher in the primary department, *Harper's Magazine* tells us, had been holding forth on the three great divisions of nature—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. When she had finished she put this question:

"Who can tell me what is the highest form of animal life?"

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A little girl bounced from her seat and with the certainty of being right exclaimed: "The giraf, mum."

"I'm A Blooming Bulrush!"

The conditions in the trenches, as described in *Tui-Bits*, were dreary in the extreme after the drenching and long-continued rainfall, but the irrepressible spirits of the "Pals" were not yet entirely quenched when the order came to leave the trenches. "Hurry up out of this, my gallant soldiers," was the cheery call of the sergeant to his waist-deep and rain-sodden men. "Soldiers!" came the derisive answer from one of them. "I'm not a soldier; I'm a blooming bulrush!"

Known by Their Numbers.

To, one of the members of a committee of inspection on its tour of a penitentiary a convict, so we learn from the *Times Magazine*, confided:

"It is a terrible thing to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police."

"But you will not be alone, my friend," said the visitor, consolingly. "The same thing happens to people who own automobiles."

Restaurant Slang.

A down-town city restaurant, described in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has made its reputation upon one waiter who has never yet been found wanting in translating an order into a language of his own, and he and the cook understand each other absolutely.

"One order of pea soup," one customer will say.

"Splash of spit peas," cries the waiter. "Couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee without cream," another will order.

"Two submarines and a mug of murk—no cow!" orders the waiter.

"An order of ham and eggs," says a customer.

"Roast two on a slice of squeal!" the waiter shouts into the tube.

"Beef stew and a cup of tea for me," a new arrival says.

"Bossy in a bowl—boiled leaves on the side!" sings the waiter.

"A dozen raw oysters," orders a busy business man.

"Twelve alive in the shell!" shouts the waiter.

"Where's my eggs on toast?" complains a man who has been waiting.

"Rush the biddies on a raft!" cries the waiter.

"I want a rump steak rare," orders another man.

"Slab of moo—let him chew it!" the waiter calls.

"I want a bowl of tomato soup," ordered one man, "a plate of beans, bread and butter, a piece of apple pie and a glass of water."

The waiter seemed puzzled for an instant; then he shouted into the tube:

"One splash of red noise, platter of Saturday nights, dough well done with cow to cover, Eve with the lid on and a chaser of Adam's ale!"

A Dangerous Drink.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, we read in *Everybody's Magazine*, was lunching one day—it was a very hot day—when a politician paused beside his table. "Judge," said he, "I see you're drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. In this weather you want to drink iced drinks, Judge—sharp iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the Judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who have."

Did Not Wish to Intrude.

Here is a story, says the *New York Globe*, of a London recruit who had mounted guard for the first time.

The colonel had just given him a scolding because of the state of his equipment. A little later the colonel passed his post. The recruit did not salute. The indignant colonel turned and passed again. The sentry ignored him.

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The New Way in Typewriting, radically different from any other system, is conceded to be the greatest step in writing efficiency since the invention of the typewriter itself.

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Don't confuse this new way in typewriting with any system of the past. There has never been anything like it before. Special gymnastic Finger-Training exercises away from the machine bring results in days that ordinary methods will not produce in months.

Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this system are hundreds of graduates of business colleges and special typewriting courses—great numbers were so-called touch writers—yet there has not been a single one who hasn't doubled or trebled his or her speed and accuracy, and the

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We cannot describe here the secret principles of this new method. But we have prepared a book which tells all about it in complete detail, which is free to those interested. It is a big book, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how by this unique new method you can in a few short weeks transform your typewriting and make it easy, accurate and amazingly speedy—how you can surprise yourself by the increase in salary you can gain.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get this book at once. It will be a revelation to you.

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ANNA H. CURBISON,
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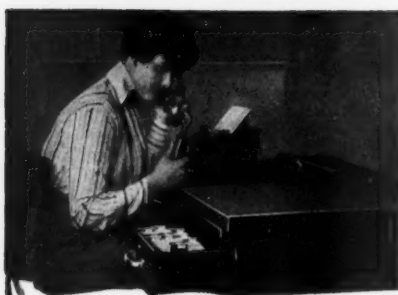


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Rochester, N. Y.

"Why don't you salute, sir?" the colonel roared.
"Ah!" said the man softly. "I fancied you were vexed with me."

The Noblest Bridegroom.

From a story told in Little Rock and repeated by *The Youth's Companion*, it would appear that a certain young man of that town was terrified by the conventionalities that appeared to him to be necessary in the case of his marriage to a girl of that town. The youth sent a letter to a large clothing concern in New York to ask:

"What is the proper dress for a groom?" Now, it seems that the clerk who opened the mail referred this inquiry to the livery department, and that the head thereof dictated a brief reply:

"Bottle-green coat, fawn-colored trousers, with top boots, silk hat with cockade. We can quote you prices as follows."

In a short time came this plaintive letter from the young man in Little Rock:

"I always knew it was expensive to get married, but can't you suggest something a little less elaborate?"

Human Sympathy.

A humane society had secured a downtown show-window, according to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and filled it with attractive pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. A placard in the middle of the exhibit read: "We were skinned to provide women with fashionable furs." A man paused before the window and his harassed expression for a moment gave place to one of sympathy. "I know just how you feel, old tops," he muttered. "So was I!"

Among the Reformers.

The reformer heard of a case which interested him more than the ordinary, so he sought out the reformed one, the San Francisco *Argonaut* reports, and asked: "You stopped smoking because she asked you to?" "Yep." "And you stopped drinking because she asked you to?" "Yep." "And you stopped swearing because she asked you to?" "Yep." "And you gave up your poker parties and went into refined, serious society for the same reason?" "Yep, yep." "And yet you never married her!" "Well, you see, after I'd reformed like that I found I could do better."

THE NEW BRITISH MOTOR "MONSTERS" IN ACTION

[One of the most sensational tales of the war has to do with the new armored motor monsters, or "tanks," built in America, perfected in England, and used recently by the British army with telling force against the Germans in northern France. We quote from an article written by Philip Gibbs for the London *Daily Chronicle* and cabled to the New York *Times*.]

THE secret of them had been kept jealously for months. Only a few days ago it was whispered to me. "Like prehistoric monsters, you know, the ichthyosaurus," said the officer. I told him he was pulling my leg.

"But it's a fact, man." He breathed hard and laughed in a queer way at some enormous comicality. "They cut up houses and put the refuse under their bellies and walk right over 'em."

I knew this man was truthful, yet I could not believe him.

"They knock down trees like matchsticks," he said, staring at me with shining eyes. "They go clean through a wood."

"And anythings else?" I asked, enjoying what I thought was a new sense of humor.

"Everything else," he said earnestly. "They take ditches like kangaroos; they simply love shell craters, laugh at 'em."

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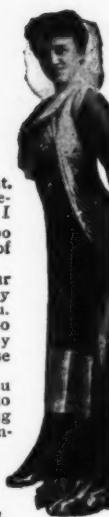
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Don't wait, you may forget it.

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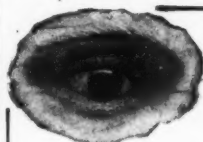
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We have prepared an **Illustrated Treatise on the Eyes**, Booklet No. 1631, which will be sent you free of any cost and is most interesting. It contains many novel facts and much useful information about the eyes in general; also grateful letters from people of prominence. Among the many whom the Ideal Eye Massour has benefited there may be one in your locality who will testify to its unfailing efficiency.

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It appeared also that they were proof against rifle bullets, machine-gun bullets, bomb and shell splinters, just shrugged their shoulders and passed on. Nothing but a direct hit from a fair-sized shell could do them any harm.

"But what's the name of these mythical monsters?" I asked, not believing a word of it. He said "hush." Other people said "hush, hush" when the subject was alluded to in a remote way, and since then I heard that one name for them is the "hush, hush," but their great name is tanks.

For they are real and I have seen them, walked around them, got inside their bodies, looked at their mysterious organs and watched their monstrous movements. I came across a herd of them in a field, and like a countryman who first saw a giraffe said: "Hell, there ain't no sich animal." Then I sat down on the grass and laughed until the tears came into my eyes (in war one has a funny sense of humor), for they are monstrously comical, like toads of vast size emerging from the primeval slime in the twilight of the world's dawn.

The skipper of them introduced me to them.

"I felt awfully bucked," said the young officer, who was about five feet high, "when my beauty ate up her first house, but I was sorry for the house, which was quite a good one."

"And how about the trees?" I asked.

"They simply love trees," he answered.

When the British soldiers first saw these strange creatures lolloping along the roads and over the old battlefields, taking trenches on the way, they shouted, cheered wildly, and laughed for a day afterwards. Yesterday the troops got out of their trenches, laughing, shouting, cheering again, because the tanks had gone on ahead and were scaring the Germans dreadfully while they move over their trenches and poured out fire on the German side. . . .

SOUTHEAST of Courcelette, beyond the shell craters and bits of a broken trench, stood the ruins of a sugar factory which the Germans had made into a redoubt with machine-gun emplacements. It was one of those deadly places which had cost so many lives among the British in other parts of the battle ground, but they had a new engine of war to destroy the place.

Over the British trenches in the twilight of dawn one of those motor monsters lurched up and now came crawling forward to the rescue, cheered by the assaulting troops, who called out words of encouragement to it and laughed so that some men were laughing even when the bullets caught them in their throat. "Crème de Menthe" was the name of this particular creature, and it waddled forward right over the old German trenches, went forward very steadily towards the sugar factory. There was a silence from the Germans there, then suddenly their machine-gun fire burst out in nervous spasms and splashed against the side of "Crème de Menthe," but the tank did not mind. The bullets fell from its sides harmlessly.

It advanced upon a broken wall, leaned up against it heavily until it fell with a crash of bricks, and then rose on to the bricks and passed over them and walked straight into the midst of the factory ruins. From its sides came flashes of fire and a host of bullets, and then it trampled around over the machine-gun emplacement, "having a grand time," as one of the men said with enthusiasm. It

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crushed the machine guns under its heavy ribs and killed the machine gun teams with its deadly fire. The infantry followed in and took the place after this good help, and then advanced again around the flanks of the monster.

ON the left of High Wood was a very fine body of troops who had no trenches to lie in, but they just lay out in shell craters under the constant fire of the whizz bangs, that is to say the field guns, firing at short range, which was extremely hard to endure.

"It was cruel," said one of these men, "but we went forward all right when the time came over the bodies of our comrades, who were lying in pools of blood, and afterward," he added, "the Germans had to pay."

They were cooperating with some troops on their left who went straight to Martinpuich. These men went across No Man's Land for nearly 1,000 yards in six minutes' racing. They made short work of the Germans, who tried to snipe them from shell craters, and they only came to a check on the outskirts of Martinpuich, where they were received with a blast of machine gun fire.

It was then the turn of the tanks. Before dawn two of them had come up out of the darkness and lumbered over the British front line trenches, looking toward the Germans as tho hungry for breakfast. Afterward they came across No Man's Land like enormous toads with pains in their stomachs and uosed at Martinpuich before testing the strength of its broken barns and bricks. The men cheered them wildly, waving their helmets and dancing around them. One company needed cheering up, for they had lost two of their officers the night before in a patrol adventure, and it was the sergeants who led them over, and now, when they saw the ichthyosauri, they shouted with the others and laughed loudly.

Twenty minutes afterward the first waves were inside the first trenches at Martinpuich and in advance of them waddled a monster. The men were held up for some time by the machine guns, but the monsters went on alone and had astounding adventures. They went straight through the shells of broken barns and houses, straddled on top of German dug-outs and fired enfilading shots down the German trenches. From one dugout came a German Colonel with a white, frightened face, who held his hands very high in front of the tank shouting "Kamerad, Kamerad."

"Well, come inside then," said a voice in the body of the beast, and a human hand came forth from a hole opening suddenly, and grabbing the German officer.

For the rest of the day the tank led that unfortunate man about on the strangest journey the world has ever seen.

Another tank was confronted with one-hundred Germans, who shouted "Mercy! Mercy!" and at the head of this procession led them back as prisoners to the British lines. Yet another tank went off to the right of Martinpuich and was so fresh and high-spirited that it went far into German lines as if on the way to Berlin.

The men were not so fortunate as the monsters, not being proof against machine gun bullets and shell fire. The Germans concentrated a very heavy fire upon them and many fell. It was late in the evening before the whole of Martinpuich was taken after fierce fighting, and it was the crowning triumph of a successful day.